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ELIHU E. MENDENHALL

Taken at age of 55

The Guilford Collegian.

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ELIHU E. MENDENHALL.

In the year 1756 James Mendenhall and his brother John came from Chester County, Pennsylvania, to what is now Guilford County, North Carolina. They came with the great Scotch-Irish wave which flooded the central section of this state. There were Welchmen also amongst these emigrants, James himself having married Hannah, the daughter of Richard Thomas, a Welchman, whose son of the same name was a Quaker colonel in the colonial army. He was also a member of congress many years. This fighting Quaker declined all worldly honor and attended Friends meeting faithfully.

The Mendenhall family had come to Pennsylvania in the company of William Penn from Mildenhall, England, and were Quakers as far back as Quakerism extends. They secured numerous farms and estates in Pennsylvania, which they must have decided to leave to others and come South upon a venture, to see what they could see. They were millers and tanners, and had an eye for choice sections of land with meadows and streams of water. They settled along the banks of Deep River, built mills, established tan yards, kept store, and farmed. James, indeed, moved on to Georgia, where he died. His wife Hannah returned to North Carolina and lived many years with her son at Jamestown. His sons Elijah and George remained in Carolina, George taking the original homestead near Jamestown and Elijah establishing himself farther up stream at what we now call Deep River.

This Elijah was the grandfather of our lately deceased friend, Elihu Emery Mendenhall, he being the son of James, eldest of the three sons of Elijah and Mary Kendall Mendenhall.

Elihu Mendenhall was the twelfth of fourteen children. He was born in 1817. His mother was Miriam Hockett, a minister of the gospel. His early life was spent, as usual in those days, on his father's farm, assisting with whatever came to hand. He availed himself of every opportunity for intellectual development, walking three miles to school and doing the chores at home morning and evening. After such instruction as could be secured in the common school, he entered New Garden Boarding School. While there he pursued his studies with interest and advantage. He was a diligent student and his advancement was correspondingly satisfactory.

Upon his return home he again engaged in the pursuits of his father until his marriage. As his brothers and sisters one by one had left the paternal roof, it was necessary for him to return and he became the stay and support of his father in his declining years.

In 1841 he was married to Annie Hill, daughter of Samuel and Mary Hill, a young woman of great loveliness of character. Three sons and a daughter were born. In 1856 the mother died. Within a few years the youngest son, Allen, also died.

During early life Elihu Mendenhall was conscious of the call of God for service and the affairs of the church were always considered first in all of his arrangements. Meeting days found him in his place though the Deep River meeting house was situated three miles from his home and the road over which he must travel was often very bad. He allowed neither heat nor cold, sun nor rain to prevent his presence. While a middle aged man he became the "head of the meeting," and for many years was the acknowledged "head" of North Carolina Yearly Meeting. His attitude was liberal and full of encouragement, and his home became a place of rest and refreshment to all visiting Friends from whatever section of our Quaker heritage they came.

In 1859 he was married to Abigail N. Hill, who survives him. She, too, has always been steadfast in her devotion to the principles of the Society of Friends, and has served the meeting to which she belongs in almost every capacity, having

been for many years a most efficient Clerk of the Yearly Meeting. Two sons were born of this marriage, of whom one is living.

The influence of these two dear friends, Elihu and Abigail Mendenhall, in their community and over the entire Yearly Meeting has been great. Their home was a delightful resort not only to ministers and "high seat" Friends, but as much so to the young life in the neighborhood. They encouraged the formation of the Deep River literary society, and by giving their support and throwing their large hospitable home open to its entertainment, they helped to keep it in successful operation. This society had a very decidedly uplifting influence over the entire body of young people in the meeting and community. They enjoyed it all, both the literary efforts of the young and the lively social fun-making seasons after the regular sessions had closed. None of us can ever forget those occasions, nor the fact that the fun was more enjoyable and the laughter more refreshing because these two, instead of being seated in their own room, were in the midst enjoying it all as much as any of us. Hence, when at meeting if we took our seats in the rear and Elihu arose and asked the young Friends to "please come forward and occupy the empty front seats," we, too, arose and did as he bade us do. His warm handshake and his few well chosen words of encouragement were a kind of benediction. His interest in young people was not confined to his own community. He greatly desired that every child in the Yearly Meeting should have an opportunity for an education.

For thirty years he was a trustee of New Garden Boarding School and Guilford College, and for quite a number of years chairman of the board. During the early part of his service, the school was in a very precarious condition: debts were heavy and patronage small. The period just after the Civil War was a very depressing time educationally, as well as every other way. At one time things reached such a distressing pass that some were ready to sell the property and close out, but Elihu Mendenhall stoutly resisted this measure, and said, "We can keep the school going and we must do it;" and

the school continued. He was always ready to back up his word by his deed and to give of his means as well as of his time and strength for the college. Through all the years of recuperation and growth when at last the boarding school was transmuted into Guilford College, no one stood more steadily for its every advance than he. And even after the establishment of the college, when according to the custom of educational institutions, it became involved in debt, it was his word of pleading which brought to our aid that prince of beggars, Allen Jay, through whose efforts every penny of the debt was raised and Guilford stood free.

There was a charm about the man which might well cause the question whence does it come? He was good and upright and true; "not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord", except that serving the Lord came first with him. He served the Lord in his business as much as in the meeting. His whole life was sweetened with service; not slices of it or days of it, but the whole of every day and all days he was serving God in whatever he did. So when it came time for him to enter upon his reward, we could only sorrow that he was gone to be seen of men no more. We did not mourn for him. His work was done and well done, and we felt that his reward was sure. May God raise up standard bearers of his race who will carry on the work which he so nobly shouldered in his day and generation, and may his life be an inspiration to us all to do what we can now, not waiting until we are better fitted or more comfortably situated or have more leisure. The sands of life flow on and the time for service is, as he found it, all the time—wherever we are, with whom we are, in our simple every day familiar intercourse.

MARY M. HOBBS.

CHILD LABOR IN THE INDUSTRIAL SOUTH.

(Oration winning first place in the Websterian Oratorical Contest.)

We no longer have negro slavery. That evil is an evil of history. But to-day there is a more cruel kind of slavery hovering over us than that practiced by our forefathers. Nor is our present slavery confined merely to the South. It concerns the entire nation, yet it touches the South in particular since we are, as it were, a new nation just awakening from a state of dormant lethargy. The long discussion of this problem of a new slavery has indeed taken the very life from it. The phrase "child labor" no longer makes our blood flow with more rapidity. It no longer makes us see horrid visions. It no longer makes us desire to aid the ones to whom it means so much, but only suggests to us reports, dull discourse lobbying for legal reform and dry statistics. These two words so incongruously linked together have now assumed the form of a mere stereotyped heading. It only serves as a watch-word to deter the hurried reader from wasting time on what he considers a necessary evil. Nevertheless there are facts that when brought to light showing the humane side of the question, will make the heart of every true citizen swell with indignation and desire to aid the almost countless thousands of little children whose rights, pleasures and happiness have been taken from them. But whence this monster? What is it? Who is it that takes from these little ones their blessings?

Yonder six miles to the east lies one of the greatest cotton factories in the world. If you could be there to-night, you would see one of the monsters that hold the children within its grasp. In a great gloomy room, thick with small particles of dust, you would see, standing around the long dye tanks, little bread-winners toiling through the long hours of night for an existence. Their eyes are sunken, their faces pale, and on their lips is the purple pallor of death. Their ragged garments hang loosely about their gaunt frail frames. There

stands the flower of our South fading, withering, dying From that class came the immortal Lincoln, the grand Clay, and the noble Webster. There they stand, placed not even on an equality with our criminal; not only is liberty denied them, but the blessings of light and God's blessed sunshine. That is the picture that presents itself all over our South.

The cause of this evil is the southern factory. It is in a way our twentieth century molach. When we speak of the factory the average southern community understands the cotton factory, because it stands out as the most conspicuous representative of our new industrial transformation. It has been and will be a benefit to us no doubt. But has not our new South begun building upon the sands of illiteracy in preference to the solid rock of intelligence and learning? Let us see if this is not the case.

When we view the last quarter of a century, we see that our cotton mills have increased from one hundred and eighty to one thousand; we see that their capital for the first ten years increased from twenty-two million dollars to one hundred and thirteen millions and that now it has reached a figure nearly beyond our conception. And it is in this occupation that the great mass of the Southern people are employed. Then what has brought about this wonderful development? From whence did it come? What has made it possible? It has been due to the South's vast stores of available and unexpensive fuel. It has been due due to her ample water supply, her mild climate and her possession of the raw material. But chiefly to her cheap and teachable laborers. It is this last factor rather than the possession of the raw material, that has lured northern capital South, made southern men invest their money and brought about one of the most remarkable industrial transformations in history.

What is the source of this labor? Are they educated? Are they workmen strong and skilled? No. This labor lies in the unlettered white population of the South. This class feeling the power of poverty, has been enticed away from the little mountain home and wended its way to the inclosures of the cotton mill. Having made a failure in agricultural

pursuit they seek to shift the perplexing problem of life to the shoulders of their little children who are sadly in need of an education. These little ones are forced into the mills just when they should be given the opportunity to build up a strong character.

When we remember that sixty per cent. of the operatives in North Carolina in the spinning rooms alone are under sixteen, that eighteen per cent. of the textile workers are under the same age and that there are twenty thousand children under the age of twelve laboring in our mills, are we surprised that the "Old North State" is no longer noted for her achievements, no longer noted as the mother state of great men? No longer noted for her wealth, but noted instead for her illiteracy, noted for paying her penitentiary guards more than her school teachers and noted for her poverty. Her children on whom rest the heritage of the past and the possibilities of the future are held fast in the sheekles of illiteracy and poverty. Behold them, weak, ragged and down-cast, see them as they go to their daily toil, never enjoying the pleasures and possibilities of life.

Yonder is a child toiling in the mill. He is not allowed the opportunities of an education. He works on, he makes more at eighteen than his brother recently returned from school, but he has reached his zenith. He becomes old, he dies. He has never left his state. He has never realized his mission in the world. His life has been a mere blot. On the other hand, see his companion, who has been kept from the mill. He goes to the public school, and there having aroused that little spark of fire within him called ambition, he goes to college. He finishes. He becomes a man of influence in his state, he grows old, he dies. He has accomplished something. What wrought the change? What made one loved the other hated, one rich the other poor, one happy the other miserable? It can be for no other cause than that the one kept from the mill was given a chance to sip from the great fountain of knowledge which enabled him to stand like the majestic oak in the forest overshadowing his companions. He looks out upon the world and drinks

in the happiness of the grand and glorious life above.

When we call to mind the fact that in North Carolina, West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee and Georgia, out of a million men at the age of twenty-one, there are about two hundred thousand who can neither read nor write, when we remember that twenty-five per cent. of the entire population of South Carolina over ten years of age are illiterate and when we find that seventy-five per cent. of the children enrolled in our public schools leave school by the time they can read and write, we need not wonder at the present sad condition, nor need we wonder when we behold a cloud of ignorance imperiling the welfare of our land. Then let us seek to give them freedom. Let us seek to educate them. Let us have child labor legislation.

Poor children far too soft, too good, too fair to be cast among the briars of this work-a-day world. Far too valuable to fall and bleed upon the thorns of life. What more is necessary in order to convince the legislators of the wretched condition of the factories? Like a strain of sad sweet music which came floating by us on the wings of night and silence and which we rather feel than hear, like the violet dying on the sense it charms, so are those little ones. Nevertheless they are being consumed by the mills in order that our present day golden calf worshippers may feast their eyes on their millions. But some day there will be an end to this outrage. Some day child labor laws will be enacted. Then we shall see education and liberty go down the corridors of civilization hand in hand, then we shall see the old South blossom like a rose. We shall see her once more noted for chivalry, for education, for her wealth. Then again will Virginia become the mother state of Presidents, and the dear "Old North State" be filled with wealth and knowledge. Then the South will stand on the firm rock of liberty and education. The storms of finance may come and the floods of panic arise but the old South will stand forever.

C. C. FRAZIER.

ONE OF THE NEEDS OF NORTH CAROLINA.

We are proud of what North Carolina, in her poverty, has done for the education of her sons and daughters. She was a pioneer in higher education, and has done much for the common schools. But we deplore the fact that so many bright youths are yearning for the higher training beyond their grasp, while men of influence and power are content to let our educational progress cease just as we could keep a breast the times without strenuous effort.

Our University and various colleges afford good opportunities for higher education. The city public high schools and some private high schools supply these with many students well prepared for entrance. Yet all our higher institutions fairly overflow with applications for entrance to Freshman Classes, from very poorly prepared or altogether unprepared yet ambitious and capable youths from rural communities. Our alma mater and some other colleges find it necessary to maintain preparatory departments which they would be glad to discontinue. These preparatory departments as well as the private and denominational high schools, while giving an excellent training and preparation are almost if not quite as expensive as our best colleges. Our rural graded schools are working wonders in many communities; but they can not give the training and preparation needed for college entrance, for teaching in the public schools, nor for competing in life work with the high school graduate. At present there are many who find it almost impossible to attend a good high school. If cheaper high schools were more numerous, these persons could attend them a year at a time, and with increase of training and ability, earn enough to finally complete the course. Then they could begin and at length complete a college course. Truly a toilsome road, but better than none.

Dr. W. T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education, estimates the average salary or income of the illiterate at \$150 to \$200; of one having taken a partial elementary course

at \$300; the eight year elementary course at \$500; the high school graduate at \$1,000; the college graduate at \$1,500. Dr. W. W. Smith, of Virginia, is of the opinion that an uneducated child has one chance in 150,000 of attaining distinction, and that a common school education will increase his chances nearly four times, while a high school education will increase the chances of the common school boy twenty-three times and give him eighty-seven times the chance of the uneducated. Believing these things we should not rest upon our inadequate achievements. Rural communities should have cheap yet good high school facilities. The existing high schools do not fully meet the needs of the boys and girls who do not go on to college and who wish to remain on the farm. Too many of our boys and girls are going to the towns and cities to work for paltry salaries, with little prospect of ever rising much higher. Often they fall into the ways of the wicked, for new temptations assail them which they had not had at their quiet homes and which they had never been trained to meet elsewhere; so they become useless as citizens, costly as criminals.

We need an educated husbandry. Other trades and professions demand and have scientific and professional knowledge. In his report for 1905, Secretary of Agriculture Wilson, says: "Since the permanent success of agriculture depends on the intelligence and technical knowledge of farmers, the Department can engage in no more important work than to aid in arousing agricultural people to a keen sense of the importance of establishing in this country a system of education which will make men and women not only intelligent citizens but also efficient and successful workers in agriculture and the other industries which must ever engage the attention of the great mass of the population."

An elementary textbook on agriculture is all right in the public schools if the teachers know how to use it, but we need expect only elementary results from that. Our state cannot yet establish the county high school as do some of our states north and northwest. Compare a special tax of one mill in Guilford County with what a tax of several mills would raise in Caswell and many other counties having no large towns

and no great amount of wealth. But there is one thing we can do and no one be hurt but many be helped: that is, establish agricultural schools. We should urge the next Legislature to provide for the establishment of an agricultural school and experiment station in every congressional district of North Carolina. In these schools the tuition should be free, excepting a small incidental fee. Living expenses should be kept quite moderate. These schools and small experiment stations can be maintained by an annual appropriation of \$2,000 to \$3,000 per school. The incidental fees and products of the experiment farms will be material aids. Then let every boy and girl receiving free tuition there be taught practical and scientific agriculture, horticulture, floriculture and such other studies as will prepare them for teaching in the public schools of this state. But few graduates of our State Normal and Industrial College ever teach in rural public schools; students from these agricultural schools could more easily afford to teach their neighborhood schools. A good course of four years beginning where our rural graded schools leave off should be arranged not only to enable such as should desire to enter the University, the A. and M. or any other college, but would prepare much of this present and many coming generations *to do* or *to direct* honorable work. Alabama has maintained nine such schools for about eleven years; their success has been remarkable. They are the blessing and the pride of their respective districts. The Legislature of Georgia has just provided for the establishment of such a school and experiment station in each of the eleven congressional districts. Already many places are eager to secure the school for their district. Offer to give buildings and land—in some cases hundreds of acres—are pouring in. It is thought some of the new schools will be ready for the reception of students by January, 1907. Such agricultural schools have become a necessity in North Carolina if we would do our duty.

When we get these schools the value of farm property will increase; people will see the need of and will build better roads. The waste places will be built up, the wild places

broken up and our old Carolina hills become as terraced gardens. Contentment in the country will increase and the resident sections become much more desirable. Many good law-abiding and refined citizens will seek locations in rural communities that now bid fare to become deserted by the better class of people, many of whom have moved to towns in search of school advantages. Every community will be benefited and the people raised to a higher tone and a greater degree of happiness and usefulness that cannot be measured in dollars and cents. '03.

SPELLING REFORM AGAIN.

The gift of ten thousand dollars by Andrew Carnegie to support the spelling reform movement seems to have given the cause new impetus. Also a still greater impetus and a turn of real practical value has been given to it by President Roosevelt's order, that all public documents be printed in the simplified spelling. The sudden prominence which has been given to the movement by the President's order has led many to assume that it is something new. Much that has been said about it in the public press, sounds as if the writers thought that spelling reform was an innovation concocted by Carnegie and Roosevelt. Indeed one respectable publication calls it the Carnegie Spelling Reform Movement. So far has this misapprehension gone that the President has felt obliged to publish a letter of explanation, showing that by his order he only ment to giv a practical endorsment to a vital and powerful force always at work in a living language. And to this point his illustrations ar as apt and forcible as if they had been chosen by an expert in English philology.

Nor is it quite true as another publication puts, that "the Simplified Spelling Board, financed by Andrew Carnegie, has begun a campaign to introduce a system of expressing the English language with as few letters as possible." As a

result of such general and only partially correct statements, the general impression has been made that the promoters of the new spelling have given their sanction to Josh Billings. The truth is it is not a proposition to turn every one loose to spell as he pleases. On the other hand, the Simplified Spelling Board has proposed certain words and general rules for immediate adoption. It is those that the President has recommended should be used in public printing, and which the Civil Service Commission has announced would be allowed in Civil Service Examinations.

Mr. Carnegie's gift was pledged on condition that twenty well-known men adopt the proposed new spellings. As an indication of the company one is keeping who adopts the reform, may be mentioned Justice David R. Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court; Dr. Wm. T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education, and editor of Webster's International Dictionary; Dr. Isaac K. Funk, editor and publisher of the Standard dictionary; Dr. Benjamin E. Smith, editor of the Century Dictionary; President N. M. Butler, of Columbia University; President D. S. Jordan, of Leland-Stanford University, and many men of letters of established reputation.

It will be seen from this list that the editors of three of the greatest dictionaries published in this country are members of the Board and Sponsors of the movement. As said above it is not a new movement, but a new lease of life assured to an old organization by the magnificent gift of Mr. Carnegie.

During our Centennial year and at Philadelphia during the Centennial Exposition, there was organized The Spelling Reform Association, the membership of which was largely made up of the membership of the American Philological Association and the English Philological Society. The Spelling Reform Association met annually for a number of years for the consideration of spelling alone. They have laid down the principles which should guide the reform, and chronicled from year to year the progress it had made. As a result of its efforts The Independent has used certain simplified spellings ever since. Among the prominent leaders of the move-

ment at that time were such men as W. D. Whitney, the original editor of the Century Dictionary, and the greatest philologist that America has produced; Francis A. March, consulting editor of the Standard Dictionary. As a result of their efforts and interests, the movement is recognized in both of these great works of lexicography. Prof. Whitney in his preface to the Century says: "The language is struggling towards a more consistent and phonetic spelling,—and it is proper to cast the influence of the dictionary in favor of this movement, both by its own usage in the body of the text and at the head of articles by the order of forms, or the selection of the form under which the word shall be treated."

From the introduction to the Standard we quote the following: "That there is a drift, conservative, yet real, toward the simpler forms of spelling, has been recognized throughout the work. Weight has been accorded to the phonetic canon, Write as you speak." The American Philological Association and the American Spelling Reform Association recommend the application of the principles of Spelling Reform to about 3,500 words—to these reform spellings vocabulary place is given in the Standard."

J. FRANKLIN DAVIS.

THE MOST RESOURCEFUL SERVANT OF MAN.

There is in the universe a force which we cannot define. From the beginning it has painted pictures upon the sky in the vivid colors of fire; it has torn the forest asunder. It has cleft the mountains from their snow capped peaks to their fertile valleys. And it has executed the will of God, by striking men to the earth. On the one hand it excites the admiration of man for its skill as an artist, on the other it awes him with its mighty strength.

As we turn the pages of History we find widely divergent sentiments regarding this strange, powerful, yet invisible force. The Greeks six hundred years before the Christian

Era knew that amber if gently rubbed contained some strange force.

But it was not until the beginning of the sixteenth century that Dr. Gilbert christened it electricity. For nearly two centuries great men studied this electricity and became well acquainted with the physical laws governing its actions. However, little did they dream that it was identical with the beautiful yet dangerous spark which flits across the clouds. When Franklin by his famous kite experiment proved that they were one and the same force, the scientific world was awakened to new ideas. Doctors and chemists immediately entered the field of investigation. And at the beginning of the nineteenth century Volta produced the first battery that would give off a steady current. Orsted followed by Ampere studied this current thoroughly and as a result deduced the laws governing its actions. Then it was that Faraday was enabled to produce the first dynamo which, when touched by the magic hands of Gramme and Edison sprang into the modern generator.

The early investigators found a mighty force. The engineers of the last century conquered it. And today, under many forms it does the work of man. In the small dry battery we have it as a most useful, prompt and obedient servant. It rings a bell when a stranger comes before our door. It sounds a gong if the temperature becomes too great in any part of our factory, thus being an everpresent, wakeful and faithful guard against fire. It also gives the alarm when a thief pries at a window or attempts to force a lock, thus rendering our homes safe from burglary.

But greater than these are other of its services. If we harness it to the telegraph, it will carry messages to our friends in nearby towns, distant cities or even descend beneath the mighty ocean and faithful to its trust deliver the message safe into the hands of dear ones in foreign lands. And too if we will but place it in the telephone it will bring to our ear the very voice of our friends who are far from our sight. There is but one limit to these services and that is the cost of line and cable construction. But true to the spirit

of the twentieth century Marconi came forward with a system of telegraphy which requires no wires, thus obliterating the only hindrance of this wonderful servant.

But let us turn to the larger sister of the battery, the powerful dynamo of Edison. Here we see a giant who generates a current which is the very handmaid of man. It is ready, willing and capable of doing man's work. It comes into the home through two small wires, goes throughout the house shedding abundant light over all, warms the rooms to the desired temperature and goes into the kitchen and prepares the meals with a steady, smokeless and odorless heat. But it does not confine its energies to the home. You will find it at the smith shop welding and forging. You will find it at the glass factory cutting down the time of fusion, from thirty hours to twenty minutes. You will find it at the aluminum works reducing the price of that valuable metal from one dollar to forty cents. And if you will go to the laboratory, you will see it in the electric furnace, whose intense heat has added so much to our knowledge of the rare elements, and made possible valuable compounds that were unknown to our forefathers.

Again in the vast field of power transmission this gigantic force has gained honors which are great but no greater than are deserved. Common mechanical transmission of motion is being superseded by electricity, because it moves not as a mass but in its molecules. It is virtually a perfect fluid so that a single center of power may replace with economy a score, a hundred or even a thousand steam engines inherited from pre-electric times. Through this special ability of electricity to transmit power, we are able to harness the many powerful waterfalls scattered throughout our country, and furnish power to the varied industries of the cities and towns for miles around.

In transportation as well as in other industries electricity is rapidly supplanting steam. So that before many decades shall pass the country will be blessed as London and New York City, with smokeless tunnels and cinderless trains. Then there will be pleasure in traveling. Then we may enjoy

the freshness of the open car window and then we will be freed from the scorching cinder and stifling smoke. But greater than these are the blessings of electric traction. For the business man it has a two fold blessing. It combines for him the advantages and eliminates the disadvantages of city and country life. For it allows him to attend to his business in the city, while leaving his children at home in the country, where fresh air is plenteous and Gods pure sunshine is abundant. Also the farmer receives a dual blessing. For it enables him to place his produce on the market early or late. And it allows his children to attend the high schools in the city and still remain in their healthy country homes.

Turn again and view the greatest blessing electricity has for us, that of lighting. As we step into the street at night we see the great one thousand candle power arc lamps appearing as suns. The Merst lamps as moons and the myriads of incandescent lamps as the innumerable stars, each adding its ray to the cause of light. The arc lamp has many parts to play. Mounted upon a town on land or sea it is a searchlight of golden value in both peace and war disclosing in the first place a path of safety to the mariner, in the other making as clear as sunshine the line of attack. Signals are flashed upon the clouds and read hundreds of miles away.

The incandescent lamp although feeble by comparison is capable of more varied services. Since there is almost no heat and no combustion it is safe in a powder magazine. It requires no match to light it and thus we avoid the greatest danger of accidental fires. It performs its work where no other lamp can go. Under water as an aid to the fisherman and diver. Beneath a balloon or within it as a signal thousands of feet above the ground. Down the throat of the patient guided by the skillful hand of the surgeon in search of disease. Although extremely useful it is not lacking in the art of decorating. In the theater it gives the actor his dawn of day, the gorgeous sunset, and the romantic moonlight.

Electricity has entered the field of light and gained a rapid and well merited victory. She has raised all the old arts of

lighting to a new power and creates a beam with powers denied to the solar ray.

In surveying the work of electricity we can only stand in awe at its greatness. We can hardly imagine that the fierce flash across the angry cloud is the same as the gentle light by which we read. Neither can we realize that it is in any-way connected with the small current, the life fluid of the telephone and telegraph. Every day we hear of something new that electricity is doing, and some new and cheaper method by which it may be produced. Yesterday it carried our messages over wires, today it flashes them through the air. Yesterday it ran our electric cars about the streets, today it whirls our interurban trains from state to state. Yesterday in the incandescent lamp it gave us a light that seemed wonderful, today in the mercury arc lamp it gives us a light that rivals the sun. But who will look into the future? Who will say what electricity will do tomorrow? Some there be who say that it will give us a heatless light, transportation through the air and even communication with other worlds. Its past has been sensational; its present is a series of surprises; its future will be grand. Grand because as in the past its sole aspiration will be service to man.

D. M. PETTY.

WOULD YOU TURN BACK?

Yes; would you go back, over the years, months, or even a single day that is behind?

Answer truly; Would you return to the days that have disappeared, to the "touch of a vanished hand," or to the sound of "voices that are no more"?

The seriousness of the question at once brings our thoughts together, and for a while we cannot answer. Then it seems only a gay challenge, and with a smile upon the face, the answers almost escapes the lips, when suddenly the question becomes a more grave one and there comes no answer at all. But then when the pleasant memories of young days, sweet

friends and fair festivals of the past come into the mind, the smile reappears and out comes the answer; Yes! I would gladly leave the future and go back to the happy days of youth.

Well, then, Why do you wish to go back? What is there really in the past, that is worth giving up tomorrow for? What is there that is worth the happiness that a few moments of the future may bring? The question is again a serious one and again it is difficult to find a fitting answer. We once more consider the question (and more gravely than before) what the past stands for with us, and what the future with all its bright prospect may be. Then with a constant look upon the face, we answer, Nay; Nay, I will not go back, young years, sweet friends, and happy festivals it may not be.

We must not turn back for even one moment. This life faces only one way. For every thing in the past towards which we yearn, for all the love that has kept the days behind us bright, we cannot turn back. As we glance ahead and see the bright prospects that await the man that is ever marching onward, we reinforce the resolution never to make one step backwards.

Back to the very beginning of life, we see no yesterday, which is as much to us as we hope may come tomorrow. Just so true as is the old saying "No real good ever perishes," just so true it is, that we leave no real treasure behind our yesterdays. "All things of value are immortal." Only the false things die. The tense of our possessions may be in the past, but the possession itself is ours now and forever. We have them all here to-day, and the grandeur of tomorrow is, that its possibilities exceed all previous possessions, and that its promises are in men's esteem, worth more than all their goods yet gained. Then there are possibilities that many of us have thought less of, but are some day to become great in our esteem. It seems to us worth while, to live in a world of improved machinery. But it is a much greater thing to live in a world where men can have new hearts. Put a man with a new heart beside an old, and the contrasts between ancient and modern machinery are immediately forgotten. We go

down to the harbor and inspect one of the modern improved gunboats, and we remark to our fellow man, that it is good to live in a day of such developments. But a new motive in the human heart is more than all thy improvements, since the first days of discovery. And the man who lived a new life yesterday, makes all other lives about him, more worth living tomorrow.

It is good to have lived in the past, it is good to live at present, but the tomorrow is yet brighter and fuller than any yesterday or to-day. We are not chasing shadows when we are going forward into the future with its substantial good and great attainments that are holding out real hands for us to grasp and realize our unfolding ideals.

What is there in the past to go back to. Old homesteads have vanished, circles of friends have dissolved, and the things we used to enjoy are no more. The vision backward will not stay with us. The stair over which we came crumbled to dust, when our feet left it, and now there is no ladder over the abyss. Therefore, hinder us not "O memories of the past," for the way is great and to beckon us back would mean only a halt in our steps as we march happily and hopefully on to the joys and blessings that await us.

GEORGE W. BRADSHAW.

NORTH CAROLINA YEARLY MEETING.

That Guilford College is fast becoming the mecca of Friends all over North Carolina is evident from the large and representative body of men and women who gathered here August 7-13 in the two hundred and ninth session of North Carolina Yearly Meeting. This is the second consecutive time that the annual gathering has been at Guilford College for a number of years, and almost every one was convinced that, on account of the unequaled advantages for entertaining the representative and guests, and the excellent opportunities for making and renewing friendships, the present arrangement should become permanent.

The delightful weather, distinguished visitors, quiet and orderly crowds of visitors, and the harmonious spirit, which characterized every session, helped to make this year's meeting the best ever held in North Carolina. Among the visitors present were Dr. Geo. A. Barton, of Bryn Mawr College, Allen Jay, of Indiana, Arthur Chilson and wife, prospective missionaries to Africa, and our distinguished Governor, Hon. R. B. Glenn. One of the most unique features of the meeting was the very strong address delivered by the Governor on the temperance problem. The laying aside of his official duties, and coming to spend an entire day with his Quaker friends, signified his interest in the suppression of the liquor traffic, for which he has labored so earnestly and fearlessly since his election.

The reports from the various phases of activity in the Yearly Meeting were unusually encouraging. Gains have been made all along the line. The increased interest in Sunday Schools, in Evangelistic and Church Extension Work, in Foreign Missions, and in education, especially in Guilford College, was noticeable. An especial effort is being made to establish churches in some of the towns and cities of the state, and to elevate the entire ministry of the church to a higher plane. An advanced step was taken in this direction when the paper on pastoral work was adopted. It was plainly evident that the field is open, and the present situation can be met only by a systematic way of doing business. The Conference of Christian Workers held on several evenings of the week showed that many young men and women are much interested in the welfare of the church.

The report of Guilford College was all that any one could ask for. The enrollment was the highest in the history of the institution, and the entire year's work was characterized by a general harmony and progress. The great need of the College and the Yearly Meeting, as made apparent in other places, is for more material equipment to accommodate the increasing number of young people who are coming in. At the present time the demand can hardly be met. Mrs. Mary M. Hobbs and others are working hard soliciting funds for

the new dormitory for girls. Prospects are very encouraging, and work on the new building will doubtless begin at an early date. No less apparent is the need for a similar building for boys and also a new fire-proof library building. The Yearly Meeting could not but be gratified at the work Guilford is doing, and on every hand a strong spirit of harmony and loyalty to the College was manifested.

Considering what has been done in every department of the Yearly Meeting's activities during the past year and the spirit that characterized the representatives from different quarters of state, we may justly look forward to progressive movements the coming year. We copy the following from the Friends Messenger: "Shall we not hope to see the following onward steps consummated before another Yearly Meeting: the conversion of scores of souls, a better distribution of and care for the ministry, the establishing of Friends Meetings in towns such as Asheboro and Burlington, a large number of our young people at Guilford College (many of whom will be preparing for active Christian work), additional equipment at Guilford College, building of girls' dormitory, and the erection of a house for our workers in Cuba. Trusting in the Source of all our strength let us all join hand to hand and heart to heart to bring to pass these and other blessed results."

The Guilford Collegian.

Published Monthly by the
Henry Clay, Philagorean and Websterian Literary Societies

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VOL. XIX

OCTOBER, 1906.

NO. 1.

Editorials.

The year's work has begun under very auspicious circumstances. Professor Wilson is back at his old place as Governor. His class-room work has been divided, Professor Floyd taking general charge of the Physical Department, and Professor Wilson giving his entire time to Chemistry. Professor Binford, after taking his M. A. degree from Chicago University, August 29, has resumed his old place as Professor of Biology and Geology. While the College regrets very much to lose Professor R. J. Davis, yet we are glad to have his place filled by so able a man as Professor Hodgin. On account of his former position in the faculty Professor Hodgin is well acquainted with the

conditions at Guilford and thus ably fitted to fill the vacancy by Professor Davis's resignation.

The records show that the enrollment is nearly fifteen per cent. higher than it was last year at this time. A very encouraging fact also is the excellent personnel of the entire student body, the Senior Class being the largest in the history of the College, and the new students being better prepared for aggressive work. From every standpoint we have reason to look forward to a good year's work.

It is a source of gratification to all lovers of peace to know of the interest being aroused along the subject of Arbitration in our American Colleges and Universities. The most important minds to convert to all new movements of a fundamental character are those of the youth of our country. Charles Sumner awarded one thousand dollars as an annual prize to any student of Harvard College for the best dissertation on Universal Peace. This is the first known movement of this nature to keep the peace idea before the student mind. And since then similar gifts have been multiplied. Guilford has not been left out in this sort of inducement to keep the subject of International Peace before the students. Two sisters, Misses Leabury, of New England, have this year offered twenty-five dollars in prizes for the best essay written on the peace idea.

At the Mohonk Conference a year ago steps were taken toward the dissemination of the peace idea throughout the Colleges and Universities of our land. A committee was appointed to enter into a correspondence with all the Colleges and Universities of America, asking what is being done along the line of Arbitration teaching. The Inter Collegiate and Peace Conference has been organized and conferences held at Earlham and Goshen Colleges in Indiana. May we not anticipate a Peace Conference at Guilford and that a larger per cent. of the students will become interested in the peace idea and International Arbitration.

The past month has been one of prime importance to the people of our state. Aside from their political significance, the visits into our midst of two such important personages as William J. Bryan and Secretary of the Treasury Shaw are fraught with much value. Viewed from a partisan standpoint, they would be considered more for their political influence than otherwise. But it is not this feature that we wish to notice. Our people have ever been famed for their hospitality, and it was especially noticeable on the above occasions. Secretary Shaw's tour of the State was not quite so extended as that of Mr. Bryan but in the towns where the good feeling was most manifest toward Secretary Shaw, there was an equal and even greater evidence of good will toward Mr. Bryan. It is indeed gratifying that such was the case and we are sure that such a spirit will bring many other good things our way.

Secretary Shaw is without doubt one of the most prominent men in the public service at the present time and is considered "Presidential Timber" to use a political term. Mr. Bryan, on the other hand, laying aside his power as a politician, stands prominent among the orators of our day and may also be classed as one of the most original thinkers in the country. There may be those among us who disagree with him on some questions but we must admire his honesty and sincerity. Another side of his life appeals to us very strongly; that is the tender sympathy he manifested toward his friend, the late Dr. Charles D. McIver. The presence of two such men among us is worthy of more than passing notice and we regret that they do not come oftener.

The death of Dr. Charles D. McIver was a loss not only to the State Normal and Industrial College of Greensboro, of which he was President, but to the cause of education all over the state and nation. Students, alumni and friends of Guilford College very keenly feel the loss because he was one of our most devoted friends, and manifested his friendship to us a number of times. In our next issue we purpose to give con-

siderable space to the subject of education and the work Dr. McIver has done.

In collection exercises on the morning of September 18, President Hobbs very appropriately voiced the sentiment of the entire college community in the following well chosen words:

"We recognize in the death of our friend, Dr. Charles D. McIver, the removal from amongst us of the greatest champion of popular education that the State has produced; a man of great energy, tireless perseverance, and undaunted courage. His keen sense of discernment, his almost unequalled power of argumentation, and his popular and even captivating method of oratory, along with his devotion, amounting to a consecration of his entire being, to the cause of education, combined to make Dr. McIver a great man; and have won for him a name not only in North Carolina and throughout the South, but in the entire nation. He saw twenty-five years ago what was the vital need of North Carolina and worked for a definite end day and night, and produced results that have seldom, if ever, been equaled in any part of our country. He was called of God, I believe, to champion the cause of education at a time when no one could have succeeded but a born reformer. He possessed the qualities specially fitted to arouse communities and the entire State to the absolute necessity of education to preserve the life of the commonwealth through the training of young people for service. Mr. McIver accomplished a work for women that will perpetuate his name forever in the history of North Carolina; and the State Normal College stands as a monument to his genius and to his splendid power of achievement."

Locals and Personals.

C. LINNIE SHAMBURGER, '07 } EDITORS.
 FRED S. HILL, '08 }

Enrollment 235.

O. V. Woosley, '05, has recently visited the college.

✓ Florence Roberson, '06, is now teaching in the Pomona Graded School.

Ask Coltrane if he thinks one spoon is sufficient for two.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. White, of High Point, visited the college recently.

✓ Jos. M. Purdie, '06, and wife, Una Bulla Purdie, are now doing missionary work in Cuba.

✓ R. C. Lindsay, '06, is at Haverford College this year.

✓ Alice Woody, who was a member of last year's Freshman Class, is now continuing her course of study at Westtown.

✓ Ida Millis, '03, is teaching at Bessemer High School this year.

(Miss T. in arithmetic) Prof., what is a broker.

(Prof.) Have you never heard of a stock broker?

(Miss T.) Oh yes! I know; he breaks horses.

✓ C. H. Whitlock, '05, has accepted a position in the Salem Boys' School.

Arthur Payne, and wife, missionaries to Cuba, visited at Professor Woody's during their vacation.

✓ T. D. Sharpe, '06, is at the State University this year.

The Biology Class give an account of a very pleasant day spent out at Deep River recently.

R. V. Pate to Sophomore, "Say, what is the matter with my lamp? I have struck a whole box of matches trying to light it."

✓ ^{moment} Prof. C. O. Meredith is spending this year at Johns Hopkins University taking an advanced course in Latin.

✓ ^{u. s. s.} R. W. McCulloch, '03, is Adjunct Professor of English in the Georgia School of Technology.

✓ J. Waldo Woody is now at Union Theological Seminary, Richmond, Va.

✓ Gertrude Wilson, '06, visited at the college recently on her way to Bryn Mawr College.

Professor Binford gave a very helpful lecture on "The Nervous System," Sept. 22nd.

Rev. J. Edgar Williams, pastor of the Friends church in Greensboro, addressed the Y. M. C. A., at their Bible Study Rally September 20th.

✓ Professor Samuel H. Hodgin and Miss Olive Jenkins were married in Richmond, Ind., the home of the bride's parents, August 22. We are glad to welcome them in our midst. Professor Hodgin now occupies the Chair of English and History.

Mr. C. D. Daniel, Y. M. C. A. Secretary for the Carolinas, spent a few days at the college recently. His address before the Association, Sunday the 23rd, on the "Investment of the Life," was much appreciated.

(New Girl), "Are you going to the lecture to-night?"

(Old Girl), "I think not."

(New Girl), "Yes, and Miss Louise will give you a *notch*."

✓ ^{William} W. G. Lindsay, '05, is tutoring in a private family in Mexico.

✓ ^{Wm. S. F.} Maria Bristow, '03, is teaching in the High School at Woodland, Wayne county.

E. P. Dixon, '04, is teaching at Merritt, N. C.

Guilford County Sunday School Convention held at Bethel church, September 22, was attended by Alma Edwards, Mabelle Raiford, Wiley Pritchett and George Bradshaw, who were delegates from the College Sunday School.

✓ We are sorry to note the departure of Miss Lillian Glass on account of ill health.

Mr. Arthur Payne gave a very interesting lecture about the condition of affairs in Cuba on the evening of the 15th.

✓ David H. Couch, '06, is working with the General Electric Company, of Lynn, Mass.

✓ At the regular meeting of the Henry Clay Literary Society, September 28, a very beautiful portrait of Hon. Jos. M. Dixon, Member of Congress from Montana, was presented to the Society. President Hobbs made the speech of presentation. The event was of peculiar interest, because Mr. Dixon was a charter member of the Society.

During the summer months the condition of the Library was greatly improved. Miss Mary Martin, of South Carolina, was employed to catalogue the entire Library. Her work was done so efficiently that now a student can conveniently find almost anything on any subject in a very short time.

✓ Professor Royal J. Davis, Professor of English and History at Guilford for the last two years, is teaching in St. John's College, Annapolis, Maryland. He has recently been married to Miss Louise Stanton, of Indiana.

The following members of the Junior Class have been chosen as marshals for the year: Alya E. Lindley, Chief; Mabelle Raiford, Fred Hill, Kittie John, and Henry Doak.

Ask Shelly about drinking coffee.

✓ Alvin Parker and Deborah Tomlinson, former students of Guilford College, were united in marriage in the Friends church at High Point, September 26.

To all of our newly married friends the COLLEGIAN extends congratulations.

D. M. C. A.

THE SOUTHERN STUDENT CONFERENCE.

So much has been said previously about these conferences that much mention of the one held at the Asheville Farm School June 15-24, 1906, would hardly be necessary at this time. However, Guilford was represented by five men, a much larger than the average number of delegates from the colleges of our size. Let it be said to Guilford's credit that her delegates participated in almost every feature of the conference life, and no doubt left some indelible impressions on the many friends they made during the ten days spent on the mountain tops. Three of our men played on the All Carolina baseball team, and one of them succeeded in getting the only hit made by Carolina in the game against Tennessee. Davidson was so fortunate as to capture the championship pennant in the inter-collegiate games, but it does our delegates good to think that three of our men were "ringers" on the Davidson team. In the track meet Guilford won first place in the only event we entered.

In many respects the conference was the most successful ever held in the South. The personnel of speakers, leaders, and delegates was all with which any college man need wish to be thrown in contact. The mention of such speakers as Dr. William Anderson, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Nashville; Robert E. Speer, of New York; Dr. E. I. Bosworth, of Oberlin University; Dr. John Timothy Stone, of Baltimore; Dr. Edwin Poteat, of Furman University, and Messrs. W. D. Weatherford and R. M. Harper, student secretaries of the South, strikes a tender cord in the hearts of many Southern university and college men.

In the hearts and minds of the delegates one could read a strong spirit of intellectual and spiritual life. Indeed the 250, or more, men there were the very flower of our young manhood, and they will most probably be the *men* of the next few

decades who will rise up as leaders of the great Christian and philanthropic movements in their battles against ignorance and sin.

No one can justly question the extreme importance of these conferences. On account of their inauguration the ideals of college life have been lifted, and literally hundreds and thousands have been led to Christ and to an intelligent realization of their correct place in life. Of course some *may* doubt the value of such conferences, but it is only those who have not known what these annual gatherings really are. Such men as Drs. Anderson, of Nashville, Smith, of Chapel Hill, and Kent, of the University of Virginia, expressed themselves as being surprised at the magnitude and importance of the conference. As much might be said of the whole Y. M. C. A. movement. It has numerous critics who think its days are nearly numbered, and who doubt its real value, but they are men who do not know what the Association is doing. They do not know that it is the only center of religious life in a great many colleges and universities of America. Truly "we must know the truth in order to vindicate it."

But our delegates to the conference, as well as all members of the Association, should ask ourselves the question, "What are we doing to make the conference of real value to the young men of Guilford College? Let us take a retrospective view to see if we have done anything of merit.

To begin with we adopted a policy at the conference thoroughly mapping out the entire work for the Fall Campaign, and we have been unusually successful in putting it into practice. Let us learn the lesson of doing our work according to a definite plan. One of the great messages of the Y. M. C. A. is to do everything systematically. To some extent a number of our members are learning this great lesson.

According to the policy, we mailed hand-books and wrote personal letters to all the prospective new students, whose names we were able to secure. When the men arrived we met them at the train, some men going as far as Greensboro and others to the college station. Assistance was rendered in different ways, and we feel that now we are reaping the

results of our labors. The membership committee, although being handicapped on account of the illness of the chairman, Mr. Anderson, has enrolled an unusually large number of men. The Bible study committee is also doing a good work, having already started more classes than in any previous year. The Bible Study Rally conducted by Rev. J. Edgar Williams, of Greensboro, was a decided success in every particular.

The Association was greatly benefitted recently by having the presence of our new secretary for the Carolinas, Mr. C. D. Daniel. While here he met the cabinet and discussed the situation and the problems before us. On the evening of September 23, he delivered an address before both the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. which has rarely been equaled here by so young a man. The subject of his address was, "The Investment of the Life," and he handled his subject so well that many were led to make decisions about their life-work. By his warm, genial disposition, his wonderful business ability and his eloquence as a speaker, Mr. Daniel endeared himself to the entire faculty and student body.

Everything considered we have just cause to feel grateful to Him who supplies our needs for the work. He has enabled us to do. However, we feel that much is left to be done. Let us forget the past with its successes and failures and push forward to the great work the Master has called us to do, remembering that if we are active in our college life, we lay a foundation for future usefulness.

Y. M. C. A.

THE ASHEVILLE CONFERENCE.

The eighth of last June is a day long to be remembered by the four hundred young college students who met at Kenilworth Inn, Biltmore, to attend the Southern Conference of the Young Women's Christian Association. The common cause that drew these lives from almost every college in our

South-land to this beautiful place of meeting, together with the earnestness of our leaders, made our first meeting on Friday evening one of sacred devotion. And when Mrs. Atkinson, whom we had known and loved before, was stricken in our midst while speaking to us in our first meeting, it must be said that an unspeakable halo settled about our gathering. God's presence was made so real through the home-going of this devoted life, and His comforting love so wonderfully manifested in the calm resignation of her many friends that to many came an inspiration which lasted throughout the Conference.

There were doubtless young women who went up to Asheville with no definite aim in view. The thought of those beautiful mountains, dim in the morning mist and then a sheen of golden light in the evening sunset, brought only the idea of rest. But those were very busy days. The four mission classes enrolled almost the entire number of delegates, while the two Bible classes taught by Dr. Hulley, of Sletson University, and Miss Porter, of Detroit, were equally successful. The presence of Miss Radford, missionary to India, and Miss Ellen Stone, whose story as captive in the far East interested us a few years ago, added much to the efficient instruction in mission study.

Among the speakers who came to us through these days were : Dr. Ogden, of Knoxville, Dr. Tompkins, of Philadelphia, Dr. Bosworth, of Ohio, and Robert E. Speer, of New York, and these, with the Christian Association workers who were leaders of the Conference, made the time a delightful period of rich experiences for every girl present. The hours spent in teaching those receptive young hearts were truly not spent in vain.

On the nineteenth, after having spent ten days in the "Land of the Sky," we separated, feeling that it was truly good to have gone up into the mountains.

Exchanges.

D. M. PETTY, '07.

The exchanges for May and June are hardly up to the standard. The greatest fault is the lack of good fiction and poetry and the over abundance of local reports.

The State Normal Magazine comes to us with a very promising appearance. But we find it contains only a few articles and no fiction. Almost the entire magazine is filled with reports of commencement. The article entitled "Industrial Life in North Carolina During the Proprietary Period," is very instructive, and the writer is blessed with a clear style, easy to read and understand.

The Haverfordian comes to us strongly edited, but there is a lack of fiction without which a magazine is too heavy. The local editors contributed liberally. While it is true that the magazine is for the interest of the students, it is not well to forget the outsiders.

The writer of "Educational Conditions in New Mexico," showed himself to be familiar with the subject. Such articles add strength to a magazine. More material of this kind should be published.

The ambition of the *Crescent* seems to be "to see how close they can get the front cover to the back and still have them apart." We could overlook this lack of quantity, but cannot fail to notice the lack of quality. With the exception of one story the entire magazine is taken up with local matter. The editors would do well to publish more fiction and essays, and should not fail to give due consideration to the poets of Newburg.

The Penn Chronicle for June is hardly an average issue. We find that fully seventy-five per cent. of the material in the magazine is taken up with local affairs. This should never be the case. The editor should give the poets and authors of

Penn more attention. The article "A Day in London," is fairly well written, but fell far short of our expectation.

The April-May issue of the *Davidson College Magazine*, being a double number should be stronger than it is. However, it is equal to the average regular issues.

In the editorials we enjoyed the sketch on, "A Piece of Unwritten History." Such articles add interest to the magazine, and are not only enjoyable but instructive. The writer of "America's Weakness," acquitted himself well. "Graft" truly is our besetting sin and we all agree it is bad; therefore we should get rid of it. But we do not all agree when we begin to consider the method of clearing our country of this besetting sin.

Clippings.

WHEN I AM DEAD.

When I am dead, if men can say
 "He helped the world upon its way.
 With all his faults of word and deed
 Monkind did have some little need
 Of what he gave"—then in my grave
 No greater honor shall I crave.

If they can say—if they but can—
 "He did his best, he played the man,
 His ways were straight, his soul was clean.
 His failings not unkind nor mean.
 He loved his fellow men and tried
 To help them"—I'll be satisfied.

But when I'm gone, if even one
 Can weep because my life is done
 And feel the world is sometimes bare
 Because I am no longer there—
 Call me knave, my life misspent—
 No matter, I shall be content.—*Ex.*

Three is a crowd and there were three
 He, the lamp and she;
 Two is company and no doubt—
 This is the reason the lamp went out.—*Ex.*

Johnnie—Paw! what is a talking machine made of?
 Father—Well, the first one was made of a rib.

"So you enjoy seeing your son play football?"

"Yes," answered Farmer Jones. "If he ever gets into the habit of workin' that hard, mebbe we'll make the farm pay yet."

Directory.

Guilford College.

L. L. HOBBS, PRESIDENT.

GEO. W. WHITE, TREASURER.

Literary Societies.

PHILAGOREAN.

Alma Edwards, President

C. Minnie Shamburger, Secretary

Pauline White, Marshal

HENRY CLAY.

A. E. Lindley, President

R. J. M. Hobbs, Secretary

Fred S. Hill, Marshal

WEBSTERIAN.

C. C. Frazier, President

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W. T. Boyce, Marshal

Young Men's Christian Association.

E. J. Coltrane, President

Fred S. Hill, Secretary

Young Women's Christian Association.

Alma Edwards, President

Lillian Jinnett, Secretary

Athletic Association.

L. L. Hobbs, Jr., President

R. J. M. Hobbs, Secretary

D. D. Carroll, Base Ball Manager

Louis L. Hobbs, Base Ball Capt.

R. E. Dalton, Tennis Manager

E. J. Coltrane, Track Manager

John Anderson, Basket Ball Manager

Classes.

SENIOR CLASS.

D. M. Petty, President

Lillian Jinnett, Secretary

SOPHOMORE

E. E. White, President

Margaret Davis, Secretary

JUNIOR CLASS.

A. E. Lindley, President

Mabelle Raiford, Secretary

FRESHMAN.

James Anderson, President

Pauline White, Secretary

The Guilford Collegian.

VOL. XIX.

NOVEMBER, 1906.

NO. 2.

AUTUMN.

How lightly the leaves are dancing,
All crimson and bright with gold,
Leaving the boughs in barrenness
To endure the winter's cold !
The blue-bird's song grows fainter
As he flies for a sunnier clime,
And soon no blossoms cheer us
For this is Autumn time.

But vain were bird and blossom,
The green earth and the sky,
Did none than we enjoy them—
They're gently gliding by.
Somewhere, I trow, 'tis spring time,
Somewhere sad hearts shall glow,
Somewhere the beams of sunlight
Shall streak the mountain snow.

Our hearts but beat the warmer—
This the lesson we would learn:
All things grown great through ripeness
Must have a rest in turn.
Not for us to love the spring time
Nor pine through winter's drear,
Our tread must be the firmer
While the Autumn days are here.

“KEZIA.”

CHARLES DUNCAN McIVER.

Measuring greatness by the results of a life-work, no man of North Carolina has equaled Dr. Charles Duncan McIver in greatness. If a man is great who causes two blades of grass to grow where one grew before how immeasurably greater is he who causes a hundred minds to grow where one grew before! If he be great who discovers a chemical or a physical element which advances Science and so revolutionizes the world's industries, how much greater is he who discovers the elements of a people's greatness and who convinces them of their power to make good those elements! If the inventor of rapid transit or of telephonic communication be great, how little he is compared with the man who waited not for the speedy car nor for the telephone to take to the people the gospel of work which should lift them and their children's children out of the darkness of ignorance, who pointed the way and led them up the steep places! What sort of greatness is worth that which in twenty years touched for betterment the lives of 200,000 children, who will in an endless chain multiply his work so long as North Carolina shall stand as a Commonwealth. This has been Dr. McIver's work. Can any man show a greater?

The leading facts of his life are known to most of our older people, but for the younger an outline should be published in every school and college magazine of the South till a worthy "Life and Work" be published.

Emerson says that every man is a quotation from all his ancestors and Dr. McIver's ancestors were Scotch-Irish. So many of that sturdy people have lived among us that one need but be told of that strain in a man's blood to account for any fine, strong trait.

He was born on a farm in Moore County, N. C., September 27, 1860. For seventeen years he learned the lessons of the farm, of the home, and of the neighborhood schools.

To one who has known the quiet, sweet-voiced mother who guided his baby feet, nothing of tenderness, of forbearance,

of sweetness in the heart of the son is a surprise. Discerning strangers in his early life saw in his face the reflection of a noble mother. Once in the beginning of his career he was in a city and suddenly found himself without necessary cash. He went to a bank and asked to have his check honored after stating conditions. It was done and when he expressed his thanks, the answer came, "You must thank your mother for giving you that honest face." His love for her was a light to his feet and showed him the way to aid and to honor all women. To a few friends, he delighted to tell of his father's teachings. This writer has heard him say that he owed it to his father that he felt no bitterness toward the North, no antagonism on account of the conflict which was, in his infancy, waged between two sections of his country. It was this unbiased mind which enabled him to affiliate with all who—like himself—were giving their best to the uplift of humanity. Though the union was to him "My Country," no one who knew him accused him of a luke-warm love for North Carolina or for the South. He was intensely southern, honoring the sentiments and the traditions of the South, yet he saw the other picture in its highlights as well as in its shadows.

In 1877 he entered our State University from which four years later he graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. He was never a laggard in anything he undertook, and his college record shows that he fell behind his class in nothing. He led oftener than otherwise. And—like several of his name—he took the Greek Medal.

Dr. McIver was among the first of our young men to take upon himself the financial responsibility of his education. Farmers no longer knew the patriarchal life of plenty which had been their lot and in the McIver home there were younger brothers and a sister. He, in consequence, left college with a debt which he paid as promptly as the compensation of a teacher's work enabled him to do.

During the years 1881-1889, he was in turn: Assistant in a private school in Durham and Principal of the same, Principal of the newly organized graded school in Durham; Princi-

pal of the newly organized graded schools of Winston; teacher at Peace Institute at Raleigh; worker in County Institutes; Principal of a Summer Normal School at Wilson; Superintendent of a State Summer Normal School at Sparta; worker in North Carolina Teachers' Assembly; Chairman of the Committee to memorialize the State Legislature in behalf of a Training School for teachers in 1889.

Since 1886, he with other teachers, had been laboring to bring this great subject to the consideration of our General Assembly, but it was not till 1889 that they could get the law makers seriously to consider the matter. At that session, the bill presented by the Committee from the Teachers' Assembly passed the Senate by a large majority but failed in the House by only a few votes. By that time, not only the teachers and the women were convinced of this great need, but citizens generally were aroused to think and talk about it. Governor Fowle in his message urged its establishment; the King's Daughters and the Farmers' Alliance petitioned the General Assembly and the late Hon. J. L. M. Curry appeared before that body, making a powerful plea for a Normal College. The Act for its establishment was passed in the General Assembly of 1891.

It is almost superfluous to tell North Carolinians that the creation of this College was in consequence of the noted campaign of education and for education conducted by Dr. McIver and a body of enthusiastic young men. From September 1892 he, with E. A. Alderman, J. Y. Joyner, M. C. S. Noble, E. P. Moses, Alex. Graham, E. L. Hughes and Jno. L. Blair, conducted State Institutes in every County in North Carolina. So great enthusiasm rarely fires a people as these young men aroused wherever they went. It is not wonderful that men, women and organizations with one voice demanded a college where our girls and consequently our people might receive the educational opportunity formerly denied.

Dr. McIver stated in his report to Superintendent Finger for the year 1889-1890, that his work "had been conducted with a view to stimulating and encouraging the teachers and

to making friends to the cause of public education among the people." Time has told how well he did his work. It is today being exemplified when the name "North Carolina" is a synonym for educational progress.

His wisdom and his foresight have been verified by the complete or partial endorsement by the State of the suggestions made in that report. They were: First, an increased school fund. We have it and are demanding its steady growth. Second, a change in the superintendence of schools urging the State to pay living salaries to efficient men who might give their entire time to the work instead of a pittance for an occasional day as was then the method. That in most of our Counties has been accomplished with rich results. Third, the abolition of third-grade certificates. But few of these are now granted and those who get them can act only as assistants. Fourth, the giving by the State of life certificates, thus placing the teaching profession, in the public mind, on a par with that of the law or medicine. Such certificates were once granted. The law has been repealed to the great injustice to the profession. Fifth, a State Normal and Training School.

He stated in that paper what he did not cease to proclaim till North Carolina acknowledged her duty to her women, viz: that "by the help of the State, the Churches, and philanthropists, a fair opportunity of getting an education was given to every white boy, negro boy, and negro girl in North Carolina. Neither of the three had to pay more than one-fifth of the expenses of tuition. But the white girl had to pay for every cent of hers." He showed that the State gave as much to train one negro woman as it did to train four white women. How his words went home to the hearts of North Carolina men is proved by the existence of the ten stately buildings, the beautiful campus, the fine park of the State Normal and Industrial College at Greensboro; by the brighter lives of 3,500 women who have passed in and out of these buildings carrying help and hope to the grand army of children in this and other States; by the birth and growth of other schools and colleges for the training of women; by the enlarged

advantages of these institutions which, before he thundered the truth far and near, thought that a woman needed but little education, nor needed that little longer than she could marry.

The work among us has been so great because of the tireless passion for the people's welfare in the heart of this inspired teacher that the movement has passed beyond our borders, and other States both North and South of us have felt the impact and been shaken into new life. They called to him from Maine to Louisiana and from the far West, saying: "Come and help us."

To no call was he deaf. He went as gladly, with as much fire and zeal to the country school closing presided over by one of "the Normal girls" as he did to a National Educational Association's Meeting where he touched and measured up to the great minds the leaders of thought of the world.

Since the opening of his college in 1892, its growth and usefulness have been his first wish. To that he has given his life. He made it what the editor of the last Review of Reviews calls it: "The wonderful institution" and "one of the finest schools for the culture of women in the world." The same writer speaks of Dr. McIver as "one of the most useful and important men of his generation in America."

It is safe to say that there was no educational or civic cause to which he did not lend himself. If not his voice, pen or presence then his purse was opened and always with a gracious, and generous hand. No organization in his home city was complete without him. He was Greensboro's and North Carolina's first and best beloved citizen. Men once were jealous of him—but not towards the end. He lived down the littleness in the hearts of others. The last time this writer saw him, he suggested the writing of a paper which should bring into favorable notice the work of one who years ago had striven to injure him. It was a public service which had been rendered and he thought it ought to be acknowledged publicly. His stern, sturdy devotion to public duty was superior to any thought of self but he treasured no wrath, he kept alive in his heart no bitterness. His heart was the heart of a

boy. It was the eternal youth in him that kept him bubbling over with fun, with laughter, with the quick sympathy, with the impulse to do and to do without delay. It was this mirthful, loving heart of the boy that drew all hearts to him with a magnetism not to be resisted. In his pocket, when he had so suddenly fallen asleep, was resting a communication from a little girl who had "copied for Dr. McIver's amusement" a rollicksome anecdote which she thought would make him laugh. He did laugh over it and made her little heart glad by an appreciative message.

He married Miss Lula Martin of Winston, August 29, 1885. In the early days of his career, some friends called her his buoy and no woman ever more truly kept alive in her husband the hope and buoyancy so necessary for the success of such far-reaching plans and labors as were his. At his side in the conflict, marching abreast with him through the thick of the battle for "State Aid," she did not cease to strive with him and for the cause till success came. Then like the loyal wife and mother that she is, she retired to her fireside proud and happy.

God laid his finger upon him and he sleeps—the body sleeps. The spirit lives. Honesty and faithfulness to his vision were his characteristics. No other man so filled with civic virtue has lived among us. His impress upon North Carolina will never be effaced. Our young men and women have largely imbibed his traits. These will teach coming generations to honor him as their greatest teacher.

As a leader of men, he was wise and brave. When opposition, misfortune, trials came, he was constant. When justly offended, his wrath was temperate. As a husband, father, friend, he was loyal and loving down to the gates of death.

ANNIE G. RANDALL.

CAROLINA'S NEED AND OPPORTUNITY.

The prosperity of a country depends not on the abundance of its revenues, the strength of its fortifications, nor the beauty of its public buildings; but in the number of its cultivated citizens, in its men of education, enlightenment and character, here are to be found its true interests, its chief strength, its real power.

'Twas this ennobling idea of happiness and prosperity which actuated the makers of our North Carolina Constitution in the perilous days of 1776 to insert a clause providing for the encouragement of all useful learning in one or more Universities.

During the long period of growth and conflict previous to this time little educational progress had been made, but ere a score of years had passed after this provision there was established at Chapel Hill a State University, the first such institution in the South. It contributed perhaps more than any other cause to diffuse among the people a taste for reading and to excite a spirit of liberal improvement. 'Twas the influence of this noble temple of Science that made possible the system of common schools which was to follow. It sent forth men who were to redeem their commonwealth from ignorance and to develop her natural resources. Among the beacon lights which illuminated our state and nation was Archibald D. Murphy "The father of the Public Schools." He sat for many years in our legislative chamber at Raleigh and in 1817 presented a compact and connected scheme for the education of society from base to summit. This like other great enterprises was slow in its development, yet the foundation had been laid on which the system of universal education was destined to be built. Altho it was more than a quarter of a century before the movement became important, public interest had been aroused and soon an act was passed for the creation of a literary board which should care for all funds relative to public education. This was the initial

act in regard to common schools in North Carolina and from this time forth they began to come to the front.

Two million dollars were added to our fund in 1837 when it became necessary to have a better regulation of the common schools. A bill was introduced in the legislature providing for a single executive head. Yet for twelve years the system drifted without a pilot. When at length Calvin Henderson Wiley, a son of Guilford county, took the helm. His voyage against the swelling tide of illiteracy was not without opposing winds. The novelty of the common schools and the idea that they were an institution of charity, a lack of sympathetic harmony and a sense of irresponsibility among the citizens, together with a great scarcity of teachers were immense difficulties which faced him at the outset and to meet which was a task herculean.

His broad conception of the need of the State and the time, his strength of moral purpose, coupled with a never failing devotion for the cause, admirably fitted him for the work awaiting his execution. At the close of his term of office which came with the opening of the Civil War, on account of his persistent effort and laborious service, the schools had been organized thruout the state and the course of study made uniform; tho the population was on a decline the school attendance had increased thirty-six per cent. and North Carolina in her schools was the banner state of the South.

The spirit of emigration had been replaced by a growing attachment for home. The idea that Carolina was merely a nursery in which to grow up, was superceded by an awaked confidence in her natural resources, and intellectual training was revealing itself in the industrial progress of the Rip Van Winkle State.

At this period, however, opened the darkest chapter in the history of North Carolina education. As the death angel swept o'er the camp of Israel bearing on its wings death and destruction, so the Civil War left in its train an irretrievable loss of property and a people of crushed spirit. In this catastrophe the "Old North State" was not without her full share. She emerged to find her school fund all spent and a debt of

thirty-eight million dollars heaped upon her. Hopeless indeed was the outlook. The State University was without occupation, the public school houses deserted and for three years there were no officers, no funds, nothing but martial law. Such were the discouraging conditions during the dark days of reconstruction subsequent to the Civil War.

The same aspirations that lead all defeated people to have for their chief concern, the care of the rising generation, was not lacking in the breast of North Carolinians; on the contrary, while bowed down beneath a load of poverty and bankruptcy they were zealous in the promotion of the educational interest and the general welfare of their posterity. Measures were soon taken for the organization of a better school system than had formerly existed. In this movement Guilford county was to take precedence and ever since has she sustained this worthy position. In 1834 the city of Greensboro levied the first local tax for the support of the first graded school in the Tar Heel State. This was to serve as an object lesson by which the neighboring cities were to profit, and to mark the beginning of the educational renaissance destined to sweep over the State from mountain to sea, from the Old Dominion on the north to the Palmetto State on the south.

The increased expenditure in the erection and betterment of public school buildings, the establishment of rural libraries in the remotest parts of our territory, the improvement of the teaching force by means of County Institutes, the consolidation of districts, local support of graded schools and the institution of North Carolina Day which arouses an interest in the study of state history, are potent agencies which have wrought a revolutionary change in the educational outlook throughout the ninety-seven counties comprising our commonwealth.

The closing of the Nineteenth Century found a new era in our public schools both in support and administration. Within its last quarter the funds had quadrupled and the school term lengthened and made more efficient. Yet the fact remains that less than three years of inferior training

is allotted to the nine-tenths of our school population who are absolutely dependent on the schools for their education.

'Tis these six hundred thousand citizens of tomorrow who are to govern the affairs of state and nation and help determine the destiny not only of this people but of millions beyond the sea. As the crowning feature of the public school system is the possible adaptation to meet all conditions in life, may it be the lofty aim of him who cherishes true love of neighbor as taught by the Nazarene, to bequeath as a heritage to the coming generations a perfect system of public training from kindergarten to university.

As the prime duty of any state is the education of its people, as voiced by MacCaulay, so it is incumbent on North Carolinians to care for their greatest resources—the undeveloped intellects and morals of the rising generation in which is locked the weal or woe of the future. Greater than her towering mountains, her rushing rivers and her fertile fields, greater than all these combined are the minds and hearts of North Carolina's school children—upon them must depend the development of all her other resources and rest the pillars of government and society.

The record of the old century is made up—the book is closed. A new century is opening its portals at our feet. The spirit of the new century is universal education. Equality of opportunity for every child born into the world is the inspiring song whose divine music fills the earth today. Carolina has caught the spirit of the new century, has seen her need and opportunity and is beginning to thrill with the music of this new song,

“Out of the shadows of night
The world rolls into light,
It is day break everywhere.”

ANNIE LOUIS HENLEY.

“ONE STRIKE, TWO STRIKES—OUT!”

“There, Kate, read that notice, quick!”

Katharine Munroe dropped her history and grasped the paper that was thrust upon her.

“Oh, Eleanor, is it” —yes, there it was!

“Baseball!

Kenwood vs. Eaton,
Decisive game of the season!
Friday afternoon, 2 o'clock,
Kenwood Ball Grounds.”

“Glorious! I knew dear old Kenwood could be relied upon,” and the girl waved “The Morning Post” enthusiastically in the air. “Score last year was 3 to 2. Remember?”

“Of course. How——”

“Let’s see. ‘Friday,’ oh Friday’s easy. ‘Afternoon—2 o’clock;’ fits exactly! ‘Oh, Evelyn, Evelyn, do you suppose we could go?’ interrupted Katherine, as her eyes began to sparkle.

“Go? when we’ve been attending ‘Kenwood vs. Eaton’ since the days of our grandfathers! Go? when we wouldn’t miss the chance for a sixpence! Go? when Charles Benton stands behind Eaton’s bat! Kate Munroe, you’re beside yourself! Of course we go; or, at least I go, and I should think you——”

“But——”

“Oh; Uncle Jack will chaperone us. Lady Prudence; and as for our studies—why, they come more than once a year! Oh, we’re going; so there!” announced the decided young lady.

“Now, what do you suppose father would think at beholding us ‘snapping’ school like that? We would be sure to see him,” Katherine exclaimed after a moment’s reflection.

“Oh, the ‘pater’ will be only too charmed to see us. We shan’t worry on that score,” assured Eleanor.

“Alright; let’s risk it at any rate. We’ll have lots of fun for our loyalty! Wonder if any other Seminary girls are going.”

"Oh, what matter? We're excellent representatives of Ingleside, my dear! But, say, Kate, you remember that Charley plays on the team, don't you?" as the speaker sank gazing dreamily out upon the afternoon.

Katherine looked up and uttered an amused laugh. "You little silly, of course I remember. How could it be otherwise when I've heard you——"

"Now you cold-hearted disbeliever, you shan't tease! Mark me, you'll some day be justly repaid for your sneers!" But as this prophecy was one oft repeated, the seer immediately resumed her attitude of campus-scrutinizing, "Kate, I mean, you know that—well—er—don't you think, really, that 'tis lots more interesting to know some one who is playing?"

"Why——"

A knock sounded at the door, and both girls started to their feet.

"The afternoon Post. Looks interesting, doesn't it?" as Katherine flourished aloft an envelope addressed to the "Misses Munroe."

Both heads were soon bent over the inclosed sheet which read:

"Misses Katherine and Eleanor Munroe
are cordially invited
to attend
The Eaton-Kenwood Reception,
May thirteenth,
Kenwood University, 9:30 p. m."

Eleanor's eyes danced as she drew forth an accompanying card, and placed it significantly before her sister's eyes.

Katherine smiled. "Yes, dear, it is lots more interesting to know some one who plays," she said.

"Friday afternoon."

The afternoon was such as all base ball enthusiasts wish for! Just the faintest of cool breezes fluttering the crimson ribbons as the Kenwood supporters answered the yell borne across from the wearers of blue. Patches of the bluest of blue sky showed here and there, as fleecy cloudlets played hide and seek with a genial sun; and the stretch of diamond-

inserted ground lay white and smooth in the softened rays. The grand-stands were filling rapidly, and the buzz of anticipation swelled tumultuously as shouts and yells followed in quick succession. The tides of blue and crimson surged impatiently,

Two o'clock. Out marched nine crimson-lettered heroes! A blue-clad opponent grasped the bat, the signal was given, and the game was on!

"Oh, Uncle Jack, did you see how beautifully that ball was caught — by the catcher. My, but — there, they put him out! Hurrah for Kenwood!" cried a girlish voice from the crimson throng, and a pennant was waved frantically in the sunlight.

"Eleanor, little maid, you seem to thoroughly enjoy the proceedings," remarked her uncle.

"Yes, for Kenwood will win!" panted the girl in answer.

"You mean that the whole game will be won by Charley, don't you?" questioned the annoying sister.

"Katherine!"

"Kenwood wins!" "Hurrah for Eaton!" shouted the crowd through eight well-fought innings, and still the score remained 0 to 0. Loyal hearted students grasped half-drooping banners, breathless. Eaton lost a last chance with a man on third base. Kenwood resolutely stepped into position. One out! Two out! The air quivered with excitement.

"Melborne, make it home!" came from Kenwood's lines.

The ball came straight and was hit—it whizzed between bases, and on.

"Come on! We've won!" arose the shout. Melborne cleared third base, and—the ball stopped safely in the hands of the left fielder.

"Ward! Ward! Ward!" stormed Eaton.

One crimson pennant was raised in agreement.

"Kate Munroe, what do you mean?" shrieked Eleanor, as she snatched down the Kenwood banner. Katherine turned and grasped her sister's hand impulsively. "Oh, I knew he would, I knew it," she cried.

"What do you mean?" stormed Eleanor.

Katherine recovered herself. Her face flushed and her eyes sought any other face than her sister's. "Oh, nothing," she murmured.

"Come, come, young ladies, we must not be left alone," interrupted the uncle's voice.

The two were soon speeding toward the Belworth Inn. "Oh, that ending was miserable," sighed Eleanor. Katherine looked away and smiled happily.

"Ward, who saved the day for Eaton—he's a new man, isn't he Uncle Jack?" she asked a moment later.

"Yes, just this year. Fine looking isn't he? And a dandy fellow, too," but the speaker looked queerly and sadly into his questioner's eyes and glanced away.

"Where did you know him?" came again.

"Oh, I saw him over at Eaton a few weeks ago."

Katherine resumed her pleasant—and newly-acquired reflections. "Wonder if he's nice, and if I'll meet him tonight," she thought.

Kenwood University 9:30 P. M.

The evening was as pleasing as the afternoon had been. The reception hall was brilliant with the throng of happy guests, as they moved to and fro. The score had been a tie, and everybody could be happy!

"Ward, this is Miss Munroe—Miss Katherine Munroe of Ingleside Seminary," introduced Charles Benton as two parties were collected into one group.

"Miss Munroe, I'm delighted."

"I believe they say, Ward, that this young lady turned traitor this afternoon on your account," resumed Benton.

"I'm not so fortunate as that, I fear, my dear Benton, but may I ask, was it your crimson colors, Miss Munroe, that I thought I detected flying this afternoon in Kenwood's stand just at the last round?" as the speaker turned to Katherine.

"Yes, Mr. Ward, I think I can truthfully say the colors were mine, for I seem to have been the only traitor, as Charles expressed it," answered the girl.

"Well, goodbye, I shall have to leave you, for there's Eleanor

all by her lonesome," exclaimed Benton; and Katherine was left alone with Philip Ward.

That was the first meeting—but not the last. Katherine returned to Ingleside quite changed but she confessed to herself—happy! Philip gracefully accepted his first honors from loyal admirers, but deeper he rejoiced that he had caused a crimson penant to turn traitor!

The summer fled, a winter passed, and Katherine and Philip found themselves spending their vacations at the same resort. One year seemed long for them to have known each other, for they were friends—dearer than friends they soon decided.

It was the evening before they were to part. Katherine was waiting—sadly waiting. It would be long before another summer! There was a hurried step upon the piazza, and Philip rushed in. He sank into a chair and buried his face in his hands.

"Philip, dear, pray tell me what is it," whispered the astonished Katherine.

"Katherine—oh Katherine, I can't—yes I must," and as he raised his eyes much light had gone from them.

"Katherine, listen—I would not, but I must—*now*. Will you forgive me for telling you something that you have been as unaware of as I have been?"

"Anything, anything. Tell me!"

"Do you know, dearest, you are not the sister of Eleanor Munroe; you are not the daughter of the ones you have known as father and mother, began Philip.

Katherine paled and shuddered violently, "What——!"

"No, dear, let me tell you all. I wish it had not fallen to me, but—do you know, your own father and mother long years ago parted never to speak to each other again. Yes—you had a brother; your father took him. Dearest don't shudder so. Shall I go on?"

"Oh—yes—go on!" the girl cried piteously.

"You lived with your mother until a few months after, when she died. Yes, it is true, sadly true, dear. You were intrusted to your uncle whom you know as father, and he

gave you his own name—reared you as his own daughter. Until your twentieth birthday it was to be kept secret from you and Eleanor you are only nineteen now, but—oh I didn't want to tell you, I wish I hadn't."

Katherine looked appealingly at him through her tears. "But Philip, why should you tell me? Oh, Philip, does it cause you not to love me?"

"No, dearest little girl in all the world," and he drew her close, "because, can't you see—I'm your brother!"

"RANTHA."

FATE.

As two proud ships, upon the pathless main,
Meet once and never hope to meet again,
Meet once, with merry signalings and part,
Each homeward bound to swell the busy mart,
So we two met one golden summer day
Within the shelter of life's dreaming bay.
And rested, safely anchored from the world,
For one brief hour, with snowy pinions furled;
But when the sun sank low along the west,
We left our anchor with its peaceful rest,
And floated outward on life's tangled sea,
With foam-kissed waves between us, wild and
free; §

As two ships part upon the trackless main,
So we two parted. Shall we meet again?

—EX.

THE LITTLE QUAKER LAUGH.

There's a maiden in our village,
With hair of sunny hue,
And eyes of woodland loveliness,
Like violets and dew.

Her face is sweet with roses
That blush against the gray
Of her little Quaker bonnet,
Suggesting March and May.

She talks with quaint decision,
Which is music I'll allow,
When she meets me, as she greets me,
With an earnest, "How art thou?"

Though in manner she is charming,
There is nothing that is half
So perplexing and bewitching
As her pretty Quaker laugh.

Defying rules of discipline,
Its mirth is full and free
When'er I greet her in return:
"Friend, is it well with thee?"

She knows I am not of the fold,
Mayhap she likes to chaff,
But 'tis certain that I love her
For her little Quaker laugh.

S.

DISCIPLINE IN EDUCATION.

It was the great Duke of Wellington who once said that the battle of Waterloo was first won on the play-grounds at Rugby. What does such a statement as that mean? It seems to lead us to the question, What is the real meaning of education? When we try to answer this question we will find that education ought to be conceived as having primarily to do with the development of power and efficiency in the individual.

In education there are two factors, the pupil with his capacities, and the social order in which he finds himself. This social order is a complication of activities. Now education takes place by the ripening of instincts and the enlarging of activities. The possibilities are so great in human education because the pupil can make conscious adjustment and correct valuations.

The student's world is a world of ideas, of values, of appreciations, far more than the superficial thought would indicate, rather than a world of cold facts. The pupil then has not a mass of facts to be learned but emotional values to be realized.

The whole subject of educational values has but recently been investigated and studied. Studies are easily classified into those having a practical value and those having a disciplinary value. The latter class has to do with the development of the mental powers rather than in gaining useful knowledge. The disciplinary values will be found either specific as in mathematics and science, or tonic as in geography, literature and history, or cultural as those giving mental satisfaction in their possession.

Now with this in view it will be seen that teaching is a training process, and this process must be based on the laws of mental development, and must conform to the natural order of development. Education will thus be found to be a stimulus, a standard and a method. All education needs to

focus its work so its forces will be best utilized in teaching what a pupil will need most, and find out when he can learn it best, so as to give the most thinking power, doing skill and character force. In a course of study many facts will be given, many processes will be introduced, but the great aim will be to stimulate the mind to search for new facts and furnish a tonic which will make the mental vigor demand new facts and new processes continually.

What is the supreme need in American society today? Perhaps we will all agree to say that it is men who can think, according to logical process, for thinking, judging and weighing evidence is a great need today. What is there in school and college training that will help in making this class of citizens? Plato has said that the purpose of education is to give to the body and to the soul all the beauty and all the perfection of which they are capable. Matthew Arnold has said that education is the preparation for complete living. The purpose of a college training then is to enable the student to understand his proper relationship in the world about him. It is to enable him to perfect his notion of society. A college education is never an end in itself, for there is no excuse for one to store his mind with facts merely to find out new things and add to his fund of information, but his aim should be to enlarge life and to fit into the world process as a citizen. Why are certain studies generally taken rather than others? If we look through the catalogues of different schools and colleges we will find quite a sameness in the course of study. We certainly believe these have been selected with forethought, and a system has been found that will make education most practical. There is a strong demand for education and training for the entire individual. There should be no less stress put upon culture and scholarship, but more upon discipline and training. Every student after leaving school ought to be able to use himself skillfully in some life work, and be able to utilize his common experiences. Of the thirty-two million bread winners in the United States about thirty million must work with their hands, and all of them must have the power to think. The discipline of education ought

to enable the students to attack the duties of life. We have been keeping too close to the book and too far from nature and life. Has there not been too much instruction and too little construction? What is the purpose and highest duty of an institution of learning? It certainly is not to turn out accomplished scientists or profound mathematicians or learned linguists, but the first duty of an institution of learning is to give to the world good alumni, men and women who have the right conception of life, its duties and its opportunities.

College education ought to be a valuable means of concentrating and condensing experience. Four years in a good college ought to be worth many times four years in active business life, but whether it will be worth so much will depend upon the environment and teaching. The idea of training and discipline then must be fundamental in all teaching, and college training is not merely or mostly intellectual culture but it has to do with the physical and spiritual as well.

It seems to me that there ought to be an organic relation between college training and good citizenship. Loose college discipline is sure to produce seeds of anarchy and revolution in some phase of life. If obedience to law is not exacted in college training it will be very difficult to exact it in after life. All college discipline should have for its end to make students see the great and important fact, that in nature punishment always follows disobedience. One course of study ought to be as good as another for disciplinary purposes. The fact that would determine the choice between science and classics or history and mathematics would be their practical value. If one is to be an engineer he would prefer a mathematical course. If he is to be a statesman he would prefer a historical course, but whatever course he pursues, and whatever be the aim in life, college training should emphasize certain fundamental truths, without which no one can be a valued member of society. These fundamental truths are not mere arbitrary rules but they are solid principles upon which all true statesmanship and practical business life are founded. The qualities that go to make manhood, must be

dealt with in college training. One of the first of these is devotion to duty. In all academic training duty must be regarded as sacred; whether it be religious duty or secular duty, the preparation of a lesson, or obedience to college regulations. Students should learn to do exactly what they are told to do and no amount of scholastic glibness will atone for a lack in devotion to duty, for lacking this key, a member of society cannot be trusted, and life in the truest sense will be a failure. Tolerating carelessness and haphazard work the student is being trained for defeat, even though he may know his mathematics and Latin.

Again all school and college training should tend to create a spirit of humility, gentle manners and true worth. All procedure that tends to puff students up and make them pretend to be what they are not, is false and superficial, and will produce bitter fruit in later days. However much or little of the knowledge of the books a student may know, if he goes forth with a gentle, teachable and magnanimous spirit he will find success, but knowledge without these will lead to failure.

The gaining of knowledge must also lead to training in habits of attention, punctuality and regularity. Citizens lacking these attributes can never bear the responsibilities of life. Large funds of information will not atone for a lack of these traits, and smartness is no sort of a substitute for a genuine life.

There are two educational ideals extant, and they are far apart. The one emphasizes the means of education, and measures educational ability by years, terms, pages, chapters, problems and diplomas. The other looks at what a pupil can do rather than what he has done, his present intellectual and mental health, rather than his past record. These two ideas must be united and harmonized. The undesigned education tells more forcibly on life than the assigned work, and the spirit in which the student does the assigned work will react on him in the way of character force.

This will explain how Waterloo was first won on Rugby fields, and also will explain how success or failure is being

worked out in college halls and college play grounds. One student is winning a battle, or a fortune or high honors, another is winning disgrace, dishonor and death. The Latin, Greek and Mathematics that Wellington learned when a boy at Rugby were practical studies, although he did not use them as such at Waterloo, but he did use the vigor of mind, perseverance and stability gained at Rugby.

I believe we are coming to realize Herbart's idea that education has a threefold office, of instruction, training and government. Instruction lays the ethical foundation in the mind, training exerts a direct and powerful influence upon the mental disposition, and thus forms character, while government maintains order and harmony between instruction and training.

THOMAS NEWLIN.

NOVEMBER NIGHT IN THE CITY.

A wind in the luminous darkness,
A shudder and throb through the elm,
A monotonous murmur of millions,
Like the throb of the sea at the helm.
A sky, filmy, draped, in the midnight,
A moon dimmed by delicate cloud,
A world beneath sleeping in silence
With darkness its covering shroud.

—Ex.

THE DECLINE OF WAR.

"History is the record of the decline of war, but the slow decline."—Emerson.

Were Emerson living and as vigorous as when he penned the foregoing he would likely say the decline has been more rapid than he anticipated.

As proof of war's decline we remember that war was once universal, or well nigh so, but now exceptional.

There were seven year's wars, thirty year's wars, one hundred year's wars. Now there are a few month's wars, two year's wars, four year's wars.

The severe cruelties of war, as they are called, are fewer. Women and children, aged and decrepit men, are not outraged, slaughtered or sold into slavery by so called civilized nations as once they were. Indiscriminate robbery and burning have decreased.

Since the days of Florence Nightengale's service in the Crimean, and later the organization of the Red Cross movement in all lands, hospital service is incomparably improved. Our country has ceased to give prizes for naval victories.

Simpler soldier uniforms, wider reading, greater facilities for travel and adventure outside of the army make army life less attractive. Closer acquaintance by travel, reading and commerce with foreign nations and a constantly growing confidence in international arbitration show war to be more repulsive, senseless and futile than we had ever thought it. The increased cost of wars, standing armies and navies make taxpayers protest and rebel against the needless throwing away of their hard earned money.

A new battleship like the North Carolina lately launched costs six and a half or seven million dollars which is more than the value of all the land and the ninety-four buildings of Harvard University with all the land and buildings of Hampton and Tuskegee Institutes thrown in. Such battle ships are thrown out of service in a dozen years by new and improved inventions. This causes a continually growing

expenditure of money—taxes direct or indirect, mostly indirect—hence we know so little about the cost and therefore fail to raise our voice and vote in protest against it.

Did we know that the average tax per capita of the people in the United States for war, army and navy purposes irrespective of age, sex, race or condition is \$5 annually—that the students, teachers, employees of Guilford College, say two hundred and fifty persons, make an offering to the God of War of \$1,250 annually, and that the people of Guilford county immolate more than \$200,000 annually upon the same altar, and that North Carolina devotes over \$9,500,000 to the service of Mars, we would be more willing to see something we would rather devote our \$5 to for our personal benefit, or the \$1,250 to help the Girl's Aid Fund this year, and next year to spend the same amount of greenbacks over the campus to change the spots of red clay to green and flowery colors, and the next year to help the Boy's Aid Fund, and so on year after year for some better purpose. And that the \$200,000 in the county be used to grade and macadamize the road at once from here to Greensboro's western limit at West Market street and out to the Guilford Railroad Station and on to Friendship and Oak Ridge or elsewhere in the county; or the whole state's \$9,500,000 to build up our University to surpass Harvard in a faculty and equipment superior to anything else in America.

These facts and figures will help us to see what Longfellow saw long ago in "The Arsenal at Springfield," when he said :

" Were half the power, that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth, bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts."

If teachers now would drill their pupils on "The Arsenal at Springfield," as Dr. Nereus Mendenhall did his pupils at New Garden in the war time forty years ago, and also on other good selections, there would be more good vocal readers than there are and there would be more cordial lovers of peace and arbitration and fewer advocates of war and bloodshed.

Napoleon said : "The more I study the world, the more am

I convinced of the inability of brute force to create anything durable."

Washington: "My first wish is to see this plague to mankind banished from the earth and altho it is against the profession of arms and would clip the wings of some young soldiers soaring after glory, to see the whole world in peace and the inhabitants striving who should contribute most to the happiness of mankind."

General Sherman: "I confess without shame that I am tired and sick of war. Its glory is all moonshine. It is only those who have never heard a shot nor heard the shrieks and groans of the wounded who cry aloud for more blood, more vengeance, more devastation. War is hell."

General Sheridan: "War will eliminate itself * * * By the next Centennial arbitration will rule the world."

General Miles: "The contrast between war and peace is illustrated by the fact that what has been expended on the Phillippines would have put water on every quarter section of arable land in our country where it is required; it would have built a splendid system of good roads, or for commerce two ship canals across the Isthmus."

A writer in *The New Age* (London) says: "The people, and the people alone, can stop wars, because it is only the people who lose by them. The classes gain. We shall look in vain to the classes to stop the wars which enrich and ennoble them. Pensions, titles, orders, for the classed; for the masses only just the murder, and the work house to die in."

This reminds us that Cowper in the *Task* said: "War's a game, that were their subjects wise, Kings would not play at."

Had Cowper been writing for Americans he would have said: "War's a game which were the people wise, Presidents and Senates would not play at."

From this it appears that the people must become wise before wars shall cease. Let us aid in teaching them wisdom.

F. S. BLAIR.

THE VIEW AGENT'S SPIEL.

"Good morning, ma'm; I've something here to
show you.

If you'll allow me to step in a minute,
I'll open up my box—and now I know you
Will not object to see what is in it.

I have the very finest scope that's made,
And if you'll only condescend to hold it,
I'll show you why it has laid into shade
All other kinds wherever I have sold it.

I thank you ma'm. Now hold it to your eyes;
'Twas made to fit the contour of the face.
See here's a scene, "Under Southern Skies,"
And this, "The Vatican," a lovely place.

Here you can see the famous "Appian Way,"
"The Leaning Tower of Pisa," Italy
And this the "Moonlight on Manila Bay,"
"Under the Lights," a street scene, Germany.

And now you see the great "St Peter's Rome,"
"Athens," the seat of learning and the shrine;
"A Native Filipino and His Home,"
And here you see "Fair Bingen on the Rhine."

Now, madam, these, you see, are just a sample
Of what I'll have when I come 'round again,
Three weeks from now; and this will give you
ample
Time to decide how many you'll want then.

These lovely views are only ten cents each,
This handsome scope is only ninety cents,
With carved aluminum hood. My! it's a peach,
The newest out. The value is immense.

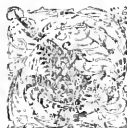
I am not selling anything this morning;
I take your order for the scope and some
Of these fine pictures. You will not be pawning
Your word for any number when I come.

You pick out just the ones you like the best,
From my immense collection of these views;
It is not much I ask you to invest,
But just as few or many as you choose.

Now can I take your order for a scope,
To be delivered three weeks from today?
Just ninety cents. This is not much, I hope,
And just as many pictures as you say.

I thank you—yes; your name is—"Mrs. Brown."
I'll come again in three weeks—so good-day,
For I must get the front door number down,
And go to see the lady 'cross the way.

—*Exchange.*



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NO. 2

Editorials.

In this issue of the COLLEGIAN we wish to state some of our plans to our readers. Primarily we believe that the literary material of a college magazine should be supplied from students' pens. But it is not our desire to limit our columns to students. We are always glad to give our space to the Faculty and to all friends who have anything of value to our college life or those who are in touch with us.

We are glad to acknowledge the kindness of Mrs. Annie G. Randall, Supervising Editor of the *State Normal Magazine*, to whose courtesy we are indebted for the very excellent article

on Dr. Charles Duncan McIver, the late President of the State Normal College. We are also glad to announce that with this issue of our magazine W. R. Fritchett begins his regular work as editor for the Y. M. C. A. Mr. Pritchett is a member of the Association Cabinet, and having had experience as a former member of the COLLEGIAN Staff, he is well fitted to discharge the duties of his position. Miss Alma Edwards will contribute material for the Y. W. C. A.

Former punters of the pigskin on the Guilford gridiron will doubtless be glad to know that a movement is on foot to resume the game at the College. Two teams have been selected and will be playing regularly in a few days. We believe that the re-establishment of this great game would be a progressive step in our college activities. As an eye-witness of conditions here, before and after the abolishment of foot-ball, we feel constrained to say that it did an immense good to the general tone of the college. It is true that there are other good sports, such as base-ball and lacrosse, but we have yet to find a game that takes the place of regular Rugby foot-ball. In taking this position we are aware of the different opinions that are entertained in regard to the sport here at Guilford, but we really believe that the subject should receive careful attention, and if at all practicable, we would urge the thorough re-establishment of foot-ball to be played according to the new rules.

If it should be found that this is impracticable, we should at least look to the establishment of some other game such as lacrosse. Base-ball is a good game, and we would not say one word against it, but in the college world, this sport must be resigned to the spring season. In credit to Professor Wilson we wish to express our appreciation for what he has done for athletics at Guilford, both in the past and at present. May we not request every student to support him in his measures for the improvement of the social and athletic life of the institution.

The institution of music in the public schools of today is an inspiring omen. In many states an examination, of all applicants for a position in the public school is compulsory, and it is to be hoped that the time is not far distant when this will be feasible in all the States. The State Normal College furnishes sufficient instruction to all who attend. And so great is the demand for this kind of instruction that other institutions are offering advantages along this line.

That music serves a purpose other than merely to please the esthetic nature is fast becoming an established fact. Oliver Wendell Holmes, said: "Pure emotional movements of the spiritual nature—that is what I ask of music. Music will be the universal language—the *vala puk* of spiritual being." Musical education has to do with the development of those powers and faculties which are called into exercise for the appreciation, the performance and the composition of music, and its aims at a full harmonious realization of those moral capacities of men which may be directed to secure those special ends.

Aside from the value of the study of music as an art, much is to be derived from voice culture which lends grace to good speaking, both public and private. One of the greatest singers and teachers of the eighteenth century, said, "He who knows how to breathe and speak knows how to sing." Perhaps he might as well have said he who knows how to breathe and sing knows how to speak. The human voice is an index of character. Few people are gifted with a very beautiful voice and fewer still have time and means for years of training, but harshness can be eliminated from any voice by a little care and practice.

It behooves every student of today to be as proficient along the line of vocal music and voice culture as possible, in order that there be a perfect symmetry of life. A pleasing voice is a power and is indispensable to a good conversationalist or a public speaker.

The significance of the work Dr. McIver and other great educators have done for the cause of higher education can be appreciated only when we consider what a college education means. In order to realize the real value of higher education it is necessary to resort to bare facts, dry as statistics may be. According to the second edition of "Who's Who in America," 7,852 men and women of more than local note were educationally classified in order to ascertain what effect education of the various grades has had on success in life. A close estimate of the latest census returns reveals the fact that there are 40,782,007 persons over twenty-one years old in the United States. To classify these people according to the grades of their educational acquirements, we find that 4,682,498 are without school training; 32,862,951 have only a common school education; 2,165,357 were trained in the common and high schools; and only 1,071,201 were enabled to secure a college or higher education.

It is extremely interesting to know that of the 7,852 "notables," only 31 came from the class without school training; 808 from those who received a common school education; 1,245 from those trained in the common and high schools; and 5,768 came from the small number of 1,071,201 persons or those who had the privilege of a higher education. It is a most surprising fact that 4,810 of the 7,852 persons mentioned above proved to be graduates of colleges.

Now, what do these facts mean?

Dr. W. W. Smith of Randolph-Macon has very carefully interpreted them to mean four things: First, that out of 150,000 chances of attaining distinction as one of service to his age the uneducated child has only one chance; second, that his chances for success in life will be increased nearly four times by a common school education; third, that the chance of the common school lad will be increased twenty-three times by a high school training, thus making his chance eighty-seven times that of the uneducated; fourth, that the chance of the high school boy will be increased nine times by a college education. This means that the man with a college training has two hundred and nineteen times the chance of

the man who has only a common school training and more than eight hundred times the chance of the man without school training at all.

One can readily see that these figures could not be entirely exact, but they are supposed to be as reliable as government statistics usually are, and the estimates were most carefully made. No one should conclude that the college man owes his success entirely to higher education and that other circumstances do not contribute to his general good. It is very evident, however, that the chances for one's success will be greater in proportion to the amount of school training one receives. When we thoroughly realize this truth we will be able better to appreciate the work our great educators are doing.

If any one thing has characterized the history of North Carolina for the past six years, no one will deny that it has been the marvelous awakening on the subject of popular education. From one end of the State to the other, the commonwealth has been stirred on this all important subject. To the late Dr. McIver belongs the credit for the beginning of this movement if it is to be ascribed to any one man. Aided by Dr. Alderman, now of the University of Virginia, in practical service, along with Ex-Governor Aycock's zeal and eloquence, he succeeded in arousing powerful enthusiasm for education. The people saw the need and responded. The Legislature appropriated money to carry out the plans for better houses and longer terms. The constitutional amendment was adopted, making education necessary for the right of suffrage. This also had its influence. Now the school houses are crowded with students, but one thing still we lack.

The pressing need at the present time is for more competent teachers. Everywhere this is evident. People are being *given* certificates to teach in the public schools who are very deficient in the qualities which make an efficient teacher. Possibly it should not be said that they are devoid of these qualities, for many have them in embryo, but they are not

sufficiently developed in their lives. Of course we would not advocate as the standard a college education or long experience, but we are painfully aware that the preparation is very insufficient and that the majority of teachers are far too young to take up the training of others. With the present salary of teachers, however, we can hardly expect anyone to make very much preparation. In fact the salary now is so small that those who are competent are deserting the profession and those in authority are compelled to take such as they can get. So it seems necessary now to make the field more inviting by raising the salary and along with it raise the requirements for certificates. Would that the mantle of Dr. McIver would fall on other shoulders as worthy and able as his to carry to completion the task he has so well and so thoroughly begun, not by increasing the zeal for education but by advocating better preparation for teachers for this more than anything else is the great need of North Carolina schools today.

COLLEGE SPIRIT.

Incidents of the first few weeks of the college year have led us to inquire just what college spirit is. Much is being said these days about the subject by both graduate and undergraduate. We venture to say that a part of what is said is hardly more than idle words, while some of it is doubtless sensible. We are aware that a great deal has been said on this subject in our previous columns, but our observations along this line during our entire college course compel us to express our sentiments to the young man entering college for the first time.

Let us examine ourselves to see if we really have college spirit. Does it mean that the raw, inexperienced and "fresh" student is to swagger around, find fault with everything, make unnecessary noise on the campus, and blow about having college spirit? If so, it means nothing more than the veneering on second rate furniture. It makes a good appearance; but rub the veneering off, and what have you. Nothing

but inferior material. If one really desires to be one's best, the analogy is sufficient.

Ask the one who is always talking of doing so much to do something requiring some real work. What does he do? Ask him to subscribe for his college magazine, join the Y. M. C. A., or contribute to something else not of immediate worth to himself. Does he do it? If we should carefully examine the records, we would find that the fees of his society, college paper, or athletic association have not been paid. Numerous instances of this nature prevail in many of our colleges.

There is a second class of college students who are as detestable as the first. They are those persons who are really interested in the welfare of the institution, but are still more interested in their club, fraternity or literary society. Some men practically "live and move and have their being" in the narrow realm of their own society or similar organization. When the call to write for their magazine or do some work for the Y. M. C. A. is made, they are always too busy to respond. But they find time to talk or even to work for their society. They are the men who are always ready to work "deals" to carry their own points to the detriment of their fellow students, and even to the expense of college honor. These men are usually incompetent to fill offices of honor and trust in college life, and therefore they "stuff" nominating committees, and go around persuading and begging men to vote for them. The disgusting thing about the whole matter is that these men are always trying to make friends just in order to "pull the wires," and after they succeed their friends may take care of themselves. This custom has reached such a point in many institutions—and Guilford has her share of it—where a man cannot be elected to an office on his own merits. We like the sentiment expressed by our friend, The Wake Forest Student, when the editor says that "the whole custom is rotten to the core." The action of this class of men is not prompted by sincere and honest motives. Certainly such men do not think carefully and act conservatively. We have known athletic teams, classes and even Y. M. C. A.'s seriously injured by this class with their "legging," or "boot-licking,"

or whatever one wishes to call it. Almost any word would not characterize it too strongly. Against this idea of selfishness and narrowness we would place the rule of *honesty* and *sympathy* and *broad-mindedness*. College life should first be considered, organization second, and self last.

But let us consider a third class—the class of pessimists. They are men who would be insulted if told that they are “fresh” or “newish.” And it is true that they are very quite and very unassuming in a way. But there is a great danger of being negative when one would better be somewhat bold and more positive. It is also true that they are not culpable of “dealing” or “legging” their way into positions of trust—in fact they never reach these positions, however much they may covet them. Some one may ask, “well then, how will you describe this class of students?” They are men who see no good in any one’s opinions other than their own. Also, on account of the condition of affairs, they see nothing but destruction to the whole college life. We have seen just this type of student on numerous occasions. They claim that societies are no good, that athletics are ruled by “bosses,” that even “corrupt politics” has entered into the Y. M. C. A. But will some one pray tell us what this pessimist, this perpetual “kicker,” is doing to improve conditions. If the records should be searched, these would be reformers would not have a single deed to their credit. They have always looked for evil and they have found it. We wonder if it would not be well for them to “clean house” themselves before demanding so many things of their friends. If conditions are corrupt it is our duty to improve them, if “freshies,” “bosses” and ignoramuses rule, it is our duty to “put them out” and not to stand off and predict what the future will bring forth. College life is not calling for visionary men, but for men with a vision—a vision of the ultimate rule of right and honesty in our college associations; and this optimistic vision, supported by *aggressive effort*, means the undoing of corruption in our civic life, because we can never hope for pure and noble manhood until our college life is thoroughly renovated.

We thoroughly appreciate the position to which our discussion has led us. Any college student knows that some elements of the three characters just described enter to a greater or less extent into the lives of all college students—the writer would not plead guiltless. However, over against this “windy patriot,” against this narrow-minded schemer, against this visionary reformer, we would place that type of student who is quiet and conservative, honest and clean, hopeful and aggressive. At the tennis tournament or baseball game he is loyal to his team, rejoicing in victory, suffering in defeat. One scarcely perceives that he has college spirit. But call on him to do something. He is always willing to do anything to serve his college in just so far as his time and ability permit. He makes no show, he does not boast, but if he is needed, he always responds. And frequently, instead of praise, he receives only abuse. He is of *real value* to his college, and has the correct idea of college spirit. When it comes to election to positions of responsibility in the college, he doesn't go around here and there, pat his friend on the shoulder, and ask his vote for himself or for his organization when really he knows that he or his man does not deserve the place. He works on the basis of friendly rivalry, and is willing to work for the man instead of his organization. He *always* works for the general good of the college in preference to the good of any one faction. When he fails to carry his point he gracefully submits. He remembers that others have opinions as well as he. He sees a thing is wrong and goes to work earnestly and carefully to make it right. In a word he is a conservative, whole-hearted, honest, sympathetic, loyal and energetic man.

Now a word to the leaders of college life. One of the great dangers of leaders is to relegate some men to a certain class on account of some prejudice however ill-founded. And when thus relegated he stays, unless his critics are sympathetic enough to overcome their prejudices. Many new men have thus been very erroneously ignored. On account of wrong opinions they refuse to join certain organizations, and on account of a lack of money decline to contribute to athletic and

other enterprises. The report soon spreads among the leaders that these men have no college spirit. But by close observation one may find that financial embarrassment, conditions in the home, or previous training are the causes for the actions of these men. The trouble with the whole thing is that we have failed to get the other fellow's point of view. Longfellow very fittingly expresses the thought when he says: "If we could read the secret history of our enemies, we should find in each man's life sorrows and suffering enough to disarm all hostility." These men, instead of being branded as "cranks," should be regarded as having a high type of college spirit and a worthy ideal, because they were really strong enough to refuse to yield to the pleadings of their friends. The redeeming characteristic of this class is that they gladly engage in work requiring energy and sacrifice for the sake of their college, if they are approached in the right way. Of course, we would not claim that all such men are justifiable in their course, but is it not the duty of leaders to help them to a proper understanding of their situation. When *we* get a proper conception of our duty to our fellow men, an interest in college enterprises will be aroused in their minds.

From the position we have just taken one can easily judge what we mean by college spirit and the importance we attach to it. What one is in college will determine largely his place in life. If he forms the habit of esteeming himself better than the other fellow; if he is continually "dealing" and scheming his way through college; if he is a perpetual "kicker" and grumbler; if he does not have a sympathetic mind to his friend below him; we may naturally expect that he will be a man after the same fashion. We maintain then that one's college spirit should be of the noblest kind, because the college deserves the best a student has while he is in college. Just as truly as the college owes something to the student, does the student owe a lasting debt to his college. If he is specially gifted as a speaker, it is his duty to speak. If he can write, he should contribute to the magazine. If he sees that conditions are wrong, it is his duty to help make

them right. Wherever he has abilities it is his duty to use them. In all his work he should remember that the primary object of his college days is training for life and its responsibilities. With this in mind he should steadily pursue his class studies, support his society, the athletic association, the Y. M. C. A., and whatever else pertains to college life. Above all he should keep a "clean house" himself, and then use his highest powers to thoroughly exterminate all graft and greed from *his* college world. "Then whether he shouts or not, he is possessed of the true spirit—college spirit, the world spirit, the spirit universal."

E. J. C.

Locals and Personals.

C. LINNIE SHAMBURGER, '07 } EDITORS.
FRED S. HILL, '08 }

Tennis!

Basket Ball!!

Foot Ball!!!

The editors of this department would be glad to expand our province and discuss the Exchanges, Christian Associations, or even the rainy, dreary weather we are having these days. But we must restrain our expansive inclinations and write notes about the campus and our friends.

Since our last "submission" to the "public scrutiny" very few things of interest have transpired at the College, and very little, either of cheer or discomfort, has come to us from our friends. However, we have not been idle.

✓ We notice that the Guilford Graded School has opened with a large enrollment. The teachers are: Professor Philip E. Shaw, Principal, assisted by Misses Connie Henley and Julia Ethridge.

The Trustees held their regular meeting at the College Oct. 3.

✓ Jos. H. Peele, '91, is pastor of the new Friends' church in Goldsboro.

Mrs. L. L. Hobbs is in Philadelphia having her eyes treated.

We were glad of an opportunity of "trying our luck" with the tennis team of the Bingham School October 1. The result of the match was 3 sets to 2, in favor of the visitors. Manager Dalton announces that other games will be played later.

✓ Eunice M. Darden, '95, was married September 12 to Leslie Meader. Their future home will be Tamworth, N. H.

Miss Railford says that an *s* is the prettiest figure in the alphabet.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson of Indiana have been visiting their daughter, Mrs. Thomas Newlin. They were both students of the New Garden Boarding School.

✓ Laura D. Worth, '92, is a very successful trained nurse in Charlotte.

Several of the College students attended the Central Carolina Fair at Greensboro and reported a very good time.

Miss Miller and Miss Grimes, both of Lexington, recently visited Miss Miller's brother, Leroy, who is a student in the College.

"Reptile" Hauser is in the bank at High Point.

President Hobbs gave a very instructive lecture on the Study of Latin October 13.

Professor Wilson is very enthusiastic over the game of Lacrosse. It is very probable that Guilford will have a team in the field this winter. It is a good game for team work and will probably be played in many southern colleges in a few years.

For advice about riding "hobby-horses" ask Misses Hodgkin and White.

✓ We are glad to welcome Annie Holland back to the College. She was unable to be here at the beginning of the term on account of sickness.

✓ R. Arnold Ricks, '06, better known as "Big" Ricks, is pursuing his studies at Haverford this year.

A Junior girl—"I tell you what, *Salmon* is the nicest canned fruit there is."

The many friends of Anna Coffin were glad to see her at the College recently.

Rev. Harold Turner of the Spring Garden Methodist Church of Greensboro conducted the Mission Study Rally

of the Young Men's Christian Association in their hall October 4.

Miss Maud Gainey, President Hobbs' private secretary, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Will Allen, at their home in Camden, N. J.

✓ Miss Mamie Holt, a former student of Guilford College, is a trained nurse in the Ithaca Hospital, Ithaca, N. Y.

We sometimes wonder when Julian White will get his hair straight.

Professor Davis gave a very interesting lecture October 6 on the spelling reform movement, of which he has been a member almost from its incipency.

The girls are very enthusiastic over basket ball, and are much pleased with their new ground, which is in the grove back of President Hobbs' house.

B. T. Hurley preached at Muir's Chapel, October 7.

✓ ^{W. P. Henley} W. P. Henley, 04, is engaged in the truck farming business near Laurinburg, N. C.

Miss Cassler, the Y. W. C. A. Secretary of the Carolinas, spent a few days at the College recently. She conducted the Bible Study Rally for the girls, October 17, and the regular Y. W. C. A. meeting on the 18th. Her subject was "God First."

Wanted, by Dean, a committee to decide why we did not have chicken when the Trustees were here.

Professor Newlin was absent from the College from 18th to 22nd. He lectured in Moorestown, New Jersey, on Friday afternoon, and before the Friends' Teachers' Association in Philadelphia on Saturday evening.

✓ Edgar T. Snipes, '03, is Principal of Corinth Academy, Conley, Va. Miss Addie Bradshaw, a member of last year's Sophomore class, is teaching Latin in the same institution.

On the evening of October 20, a large number of the students enjoyed a "spelling match" in Memorial Hall.

Webster's "blue back" speller was used, and it was quite interesting to hear Seniors and Freshmen alike in their fatal attempts to solve the problems presented in such words as *celandine*, *meerschauum*, etc. Tate Hill won the distinction of spelling every word presented to him, while Worth Anderson and Misses Shamburger and Copeland received the prizes for making the highest number of "crosses."

The Doak brothers wish to inform Mr. Petty that they have retired from the Cotton-exchange business, and henceforth he may apply at the house just this side of their home.

Foot Ball has again made its appearance on the campus. Two teams are practicing regularly, and we hope a game can be arranged for a future date.

✓ ^{hark's} C. W. Davis, '02, is Professor of Chemistry and Physics in Oakgrove Seminary, Vassalboro, Maine.

Pratt wants to know when he will get *his* name in THE COLLEGIAN.

Mrs. Nannie Curtis, National Lecturer of the W. C. T. U., delivered a most interesting lecture before the student body on the evening of October 16. Her subject was, "The Suppression of the Liquor Traffic," and rarely have we heard a more fascinating and instructive address on the subject.

Miss Papworth is again teaching *sight singing* to all who desire such a course. The young men's class meets on Monday evenings, and the young women's on Wednesday.

I have by huntsmen been assured,
Perhaps you've found it so,
That deer may often be secured,
If you've a little doe.—Ex.

Quite a number of "the Boys" attended the "One Woman" Dixon's new play.

D. M. C. A.

Since the last issue of THE COLLEGIAN the various committees have been actively at work and much has been accomplished. The Bible Study Rally, which was mentioned in the last issue, was followed by a thorough and systematic canvass of all the students. We are glad to report that seventy men were enrolled for the various classes which the Association offers. This shows a great increase in our enrollment, as there were less than fifty men enrolled last year. Of course the success of the classes depends upon the leaders and their ability to hold the classes together, but we have great confidence in our leaders and believe they will make a success.

The Association offers four courses: (1) Studies in Old Testament Characters, led by Professor R. N. Wilson. This course is intended to help one get a clearer grasp of many historical situations, and a more comprehensive knowledge of the Old Testament Scriptures; (2) Studies in the Acts and Epistles, led by E. J. Coltrane. This course helps one to get a broader view of the great writer of the New Testament. It also helps to answer some of the questions which the Gospels do not make clear; (3) Studies in the Life of Christ, consisting of two classes, led by D. D. Carroll and Fred S. Hill. A harmony of the Gospels is used in connection with this course. It is composed chiefly of an historical study of the Life of Christ; (4) The Life and Works of Jesus according to St. Mark. There are two classes in this course, led by A. E. Lindley and W. S. Nicholson. These studies are less difficult than the others and are especially appropriate for lower classmen who are just beginning a systematic study of the Life of Christ.

On the evening of October 4, the Mission Study Committee held a Rally in the Association rooms. The committee was very fortunate in obtaining the services of Rev. Harold Turner, of Greensboro, who gave a very interesting talk on the subject of missions. Mr. Turner spoke with much force, and thoroughly aroused the students. At the close of the meeting the committee made a systematic canvass of all the

dormitories and succeeded in enrolling fifty-four men for mission study. As there were only thirty men enrolled last year, the committee is to be congratulated for its effective work. For those enrolled in mission study the Association offers three courses: (1) A Study of Quaker History, led by Professor R. Binford. This treats of the oise and works of the Quakers, and deals principally with the missionary spirit of the church. This course is a very instructive one, not only for those of that church but for any one who is interested in the study of missions; (2) Daybreak in the Dark Continent, in the study of which there are two classes led by C. C. Frazier and W. R. Pritchett. The subject of this study is suggestive of the present conditions in Africa. Many wonderful things have come to pass in these first hours of God's Day for Africa. No one can study it, without being anxious to know more about the great Continent and its people just emerging into new light and hope. The study treats, not so much what the missionaries have done for Africa, but of man as he is found there; (3) Effective Workers in Needy Fields, led by W. T. Boyce. This course takes up the biography of some of the world's greatest missionaries. Among them are such men as David Livingstone, George McKay and Cyrus Hamlin, all of whom have done effective work in their various fields.

The study of missions, though somewhat neglected in the Y. M. C. A. courses, is nevertheless a very important one. It is true all of us cannot become missionaries, but we can lend our support and influence. The more we know about the conditions in the foreign field, the more likely are we to influence others to think of the missionary enterprises their life work. To one with an ambition to serve humanity, either as preacher, teacher or physician the missionary movement opens up a field of the brightest prospects. There he can preach without thought of denomination or creed, there he can teach without competition and use his medical knowledge with a telling effect. It is clear therefore that the subject should attract students of all classes and interests.

D. W. C. A.

On the twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth of last March a joint committee, composed of fourteen delegates from our two great national bodies, the American Committee and the International Board, met in New York City to perfect plans for the union of these two great Association organs. More and more as the work of the Young Women's Christian Association was studied, our leaders saw the need of developing out of the two bodies one great new movement and new corporation so that all might work together for the womanhood of our country. But perhaps to Miss Grace H. Dodge of New York City, who has so earnestly planned for the new work, is due the change. The name of the new national organization will be "The Young Women's Christian Associations of the United States of America," and the place of headquarters will be in New York City. Associations formerly affiliated with either national organization are privileged to become charter members.

In writing of the significance of this union movement, John R. Mott says: "It insures the most economical and efficient cultivation of the entire field. It presents a united front to the forces and influences which tend to prevent the realization of the aims of the Associations. It will afford members of the student associations larger opportunities for service among classes of young women who greatly need their unselfish co-operation, and it will make possible the development in America of a base adequate to sustain activities on behalf of young women of less favored lands."

The annual convention of the Carolina Associations will be held in Greensboro, November 22nd to 26th. The fact that Greensboro is so centrally located is encouraging the leaders to expect a larger convention than either of the preceding ones. We hope to have our Association represented by a number of delegates. The presence of Miss Blodgett at the meeting will be sufficient to insure the people about Greensboro of the success of the convention. Many of them knew and loved her when she was among them two years ago.

Exchanges.

Altho our exchanges have not reached a very high mark from the standpoint of quantity they have impressed us with their quality. We wish to commend the progressive policy, outlined in most of our exchanges for the year's work.

On criticising our exchanges we do not mean that we even attain to the standard we uphold, but we by our criticism hope only to help the criticised. Also we intend to help ourselves and draw even better lessons ourselves than we can offer to our co-workers.

The college men are the future leaders of the nation. The college magazine is the official mouth-piece of the college men, and the exchange department is the official mouth-piece by which one magazine speaks to another. It is the means by which we exchange ideas and point out with sympathetic criticism the mistakes of each other. Thus we all profit, for if we know not our mistakes how can we profit by them. Who is there who cannot see mistakes in his friends with a keener eye than in himself. Therefore we beg forgiveness if we notice mistakes in others and at the same time make them ourselves. So with this selfish motive of self benefit we invite criticism from all exchange editors.

There is one general commendation we offer to all our exchanges for September and October. It is the quantity and quality of the original poems. Especially is this true of *The Wake Forest Student*. "Remembered" and "Blind Baldwin" are both worthy of commendation. The authors should cultivate their poetic talents. As we read such stories as "An Invisible Master" we are interested for the time being only. There is no permanent pleasure or profit, while if we read a story like "A Costly Sacrifice" we have not only enjoyed ourselves while reading but we have a lasting memory of the faithfulness of the wife and we cannot help but condemn the harsh actions of Tom. We think the editor sounded the keynote of the Spelling Reform when he said "we are too busy and our time is too precious to spend it in writing long words

when a word with half as many letters sounds and means the same." We advocate Reformed Spelling and the Exchange Department will use it as far as possible.

The general tone of the *North Carolina University Magazine* is not what we expected. We could find only two poems, "Duty" and "The Face in the Enchanted Spring;" while both are good, we think there are more poets at Chapel Hill and they should be given a chance. The writer of "The Razer" acquitted himself well, and carried his plot to a finish, something many amateur writers fail to do. The writer of the sketch of Dr. McIver handled this worthy subject in a worthy manner. All our magazines should be open to sketches of the lives of great men of the present as well as of the past. We hope to see more such articles in the future, for the history of the lives of our great men is the history of our time.

We feel that the editors should do more in the way of editorials than they did in this issue. We find only three editorials and two of these outline the policy of the magazine for the coming year, and the other explains the Southern Inter-Collegiate Short Story Contest, all three being a credit to the writers, but there should be more of them.

The Collegian for October comes to us among the first. We commend the editors for their promptness. While *The Collegian* is not the largest, it is one of the best balanced magazines we have received. However, another story would have added to the general tone. We must avoid extremes. While we cannot afford to devote the entire space to fiction, we must never crowd it out of its just share.

While we do not agree with the editor in his short but strong editorial against Roosevelt and the Spelling Reform, we must congratulate him on his courage to stand out against it since he believes he is right. We would like to remind him that the American people never have stood back from a task because someone else had failed before in attempting it, but they carefully observe wherein lay the mistakes of the ones who have failed and bearing in mind those mistakes take up the task with that dash and determination characteristic of Americans. For example, did we say that the Panama Canal

could not be cut, because France failed in the attempt? No, but we profited by her mistakes and went to work first to correct her mistakes (bad sanitation) and then to dig the canal.

Besides the magazines mentioned above we acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges for October, and hope by the next writing to increase it by a large number, *Randolph-Macon Monthly*, *The Buff and Blue*, *Davidson College Magazine*, *Park School Gazette*, *The Westonian*, *The Comenian* and *The Wilmingtonian*.

Clippings.

He writeth best who stealeth best
 Ideas, great and small;
 For the great soul who wrote them first
 From nature stole them all.—Ex.

A member of the faculty of the University of Wisconsin tells of some amusing replies made by a pupil undergoing an examination in English. The candidate had been instructed to write out examples of the indicative, the subjunctive, the potential, and the exclamatory moods. His efforts were as follows: 'I am endeavoring to pass an English examination. If I answer twenty questions I shall pass. If I answer twelve questions I may pass. God help me!'—Harper's Weekly.

PARTICEPS CRIMINIS.

Were you not partly to blame? Confess!
 How could I know what you really meant?
 Your lips said no; but your eyes said yes.

You sat beside me, a wind-blown tress
 Touched me with ravishing blandishment;
 Were you not partly to blame? Confess!

Why did I kiss you? A tenderness
 In your glance, I fancied, gave consent;
 Your lips said no; but your eyes said yes.

How could I help it, you sorceress?
 Your eyes—why are they so eloquent?
 Were you not partly to blame? Confess!

Of course, you didn't quite acquiesce,
 But—well, I stick to my argument;
 Your lips said no; but your eyes said yes.

Who heeds, dear heart, what the lips profess,
 When the eyes say something different?
 Were you not partly to blame? Confess!
 Your lips said no; but your eyes said yes.—Ex.

When you play at love the score is likely to be a tie.

May—Why did Jack break off his engagement with Nell?

Pamela—He went to church with her one Sunday, and the fervor with which she sang “Oh, that I had a thousand tongues” scared him.

“At least,” remarked the Cherubim,

“There’s one sure thing that must delight us.”

“What’s that?” inquired the Seraphim.

“We cannot have appendicitis!”

A ROSE.

A red rose I gave to you, my love,

A rose with a heart of gold,

But you cared not for its tale of love;

The story ’twould have softly told—

A memory only, now, in days of old.

But if you had held it to your ear,

Nor torn its petals apart,

’Twould have breathed so you alone could hear

The love that was in my heart;

But you cared not, and tore its petals apart.

—Exchange.

Directory.

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Young Men's Christian Association.

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JUNIOR CLASS.

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FRESHMAN.

James Anderson, President

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The Guilford Collegian.

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NO. 3.

SELF-CULTURE.

BY M. D. H., '05.

"Men glory in raising great and magnificent structures, and find a secret pleasure in seeing sets of their own planting grow and flourish; but it is a greater and more glorious work to build up a man."—John Tillotson.

Considering this sentiment for a moment we cannot but be impressed by the force and truth of what it expresses. And to think that it lies within the power of every one of us to help on this grand work by building up ourselves and lending an influence to encourage all that is noble, good and true in those around us. Does it stir to activity all that is high and noble in us? As every young person looks out upon the world, he finds a wide field presenting many advantages and opportunities for his improvement and progress. If he sits down idly speculating on these proffered opportunities and does not seize upon them of what avail will they be to him?

The all-wise Creator has placed man upon this earth with a mind, a character and a physique which are constantly crying for development, and it is worse than folly to waste the time and opportunity by which we can raise ourselves to the highest standard of excellence.

No position in life is so lowly that true manhood and true womanhood may not be an ornament making even the meanest station beautiful with the settings of truth and honesty. No way to honor and preferment is open to man except through hard toil and intense application. Attention to little things as well as to the great makes men who are able to fill positions of trust and honor, who can do the work of the higher stations of life. A man's character is made up of the

little things, the little inclinations, and not of two or three great tendencies.

Time is an important factor in the process of self-culture; "time is money," time is, I was about to say, everything; but it is not quite everything; we must have the will and energy to use it also. It is true that without time we can do nothing, but it is equally true that each one of us can improve the time that is given us and thus make of ourselves people whose influence for the uplifting and improvement of mankind may be far reaching.

One writer says, "Every man has the seminal principle of great excellence in himself, he may develop it by cultivation if he will try. "If he will try," "great excellence," "in himself." Do these words mean anything to us? This matter of self-culture we must look after ourselves. Like most of the important affairs of life we cannot delegate it to others. Perhaps we have tried and think we have miserably failed, that we have made no advance. This is not the case, for the very fact of having made a trial has so far improved us since it is only by repeated attempts and with many failures that we can advance.

Not always are the smartest the most excellent; they may be quick, brilliant and able, but after all, is it not the excellence that is the highest goal to try for?

The race is open to all with a prize for each one who will make an adequate effort. One does not need to go to the far west to discover a gold mine for it is "in himself," and the gold is of lasting value. It is worth striving for, and lies at our doors awaiting our labor. Is it so near us that we overlook and despise it?

Remember that truly great excellence is better than fame or honor, for it cannot be destroyed by a breath. It will stand the fire of malice and envy and will not be soiled or tarnished but made brighter and more excellent. If there are great obstacles in the way the efforts must be greater, and as strength is only acquired through exercise, so just in proportion as we strive, either mentally or otherwise, to improve

and draw out all that is in us, in that measure we shall grow and advance in self-culture.

We cannot become great without steady, earnest perseverance, and many hard struggles; but when after years of toil, we attain that for which we have striven, what a satisfaction there will be in looking back and contemplating the conquests that have been made.

Even a failure to attain our object may sometimes be of greater advantage than entire success, for by it we learn our weak points and where we need to be most watchful. Let us not be discouraged by our failures but strive to realize the truth of these lines, that "men may rise on stepping stones of their dead selves to higher things," and give our attention to the cultivation of our better selves. It will be an investment of energy that will pay in our present life and in the future will pay larger dividends than the best Wall Street stock.

Let us cultivate our minds by good literature, and by reflection make the good that is in it our own. Strive earnestly to improve ourselves in every way and we will be astonished at the amount of work we can do. Some one may ask how to commence this work of self-culture, and when it is finished. To the first question I can only say choose a worthy aim, do well and thoroughly that which lies before you at the present, and strive to gain knowledge from everything, so you may be able to say with one of Shakespeare's characters that you "find tongues in trees, books in running brooks; sermons in stones and good in everything."

The only answer that can be given to the second question is that the work of self-culture ends only with life, and that as we progress it grows easier to do everything with an eye to our education and improvement until it becomes a habit.

"Let us then be up and doing
With a heart for any fate:
Still achieving, still pursuing
Learn to labor and to wait."

DECERNO.

BY JOSEPH M. PURDIE, '06.

Caesar Rhenum transire decrevit: . . . Watch Caesar as he marches with a flinty face steadfastly on and ever onward to make real his imagined greatness. It is said and with truth, that "a man that never built a castle in the air never built a cottage on the earth." Caesar doubtless had made his wonderful plans and with a life full of purpose he sets out to fill the measure of his ideal master—man. He had determined: it was settled in his mind what he was going to do. See how he succeeds!

Rome was ripe with petty strifes; Caesar's term of office in the consulship had expired and now by popular vote he gains the provinces of *Gallia Cisalpina* and *Illyricum* for five years. To this the senate added—"to prevent the popular assembly from doing so"—the province of *Gallia Transalpina*. Here was the open gate to greatness and glory; here he could develop his remarkable martial genius gathering about him a noble company of veterans who, fed by the splendor of successive triumphs, and swayed by an influence of determination, would follow their leader and honor his presence. Pompey and Crassus had gained great renown in Rome and their reputation seemed unsurpassable. But "Caesar had determined" to vie with them and even surmount their highest point of greatness. For nine years he struggles in his provinces, in Gaul, until he can say with a kingly air: "*All Gaul is pacified.*" Out of 268,000 Helvetii only 110,000 remained to see the country thus in peace. The year 57 B. C. saw the Suessiones, Bellovaci, Ambiani, and Nervii lose their power and fall before the iron-like force of Caesar. So great was this victory that for the first time in the history of the senate it decreed in honor of a general a thanksgiving of fifteen days. But this general laudation only threw ajar the gates to behold another difficulty. The Veneti, the maritime people of Britany, had instigated an insurrection and were opposing Caesar. This great man, however, skillfully labored against

the war-like hordes and again success crowned his determined brow.

Rome was becoming anachic. It was time for Caesar to enter it and wield the scepter over the seven hills. But just now when the vivid colors of a magnificent palace greet his happy vision, the whole of Gaul, headed by a young warrior, Vercingetorix, arises in one flame of war to destroy Caesar's purpose. But, no, Caesar *had determined*. He had set his face as a flint toward Rome and he marches as a conqueror thro the rebellious lines of Vercingetorix again vindicating his right to the renown of military prowess. Another thanksgiving was observed in honor of this valiant leader.

Pompey, at Rome, feared the greatness of Caesar. The senate began to consider the matter and "after much futile diplomatic finessing on all sides, the senate carried a motion 'that Caesar should disband his army by a certain day; and that if he did not do so, he should be regarded as an enemy of the state.'" Mark Anthony and Q. Cassius would not stand by this proposition and were driven from the senate chamber. They fled to Caesar's camp. Pompey thought that Caesar would lose his soldiers and his power, but on the contrary, in the midst of acclamations, crossing the Rubicon, he marches toward Rome. On the plains of Pharsalia the blood of soldiers wrote the defeat of haughty Pompey's forces. Pompey himself flees thro darkness and despair to Egypt where a murderous hand silences the ambitious heart.

Caesar is appointed, at Rome, dictator for a year and consul for five years. Marks of distinction and the insignia of fame were rapidly heaped upon him. He enters into the "Alexandrine Wars;" he declares with a magnanimous heart that he would make no difference between Pompeians and Caesarians. Gaul, Egypt, Pontus and Africa cast their diamonds for the crown of this "Father of his country."

Well could Shakespere make Cassius say:

* * * "Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the magestic world,
And bear the palm alone." * * *

"Men at some time are masters of their fates :
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

Fellowstudent, take down that old Latin Lexicon and look for the word *decerno*, and as you translate it into your own language let it be translated into your own life purpose. Ours may not be a battle upon fields of earth where we may be crowned with withering laurels ; ours is a struggle more sublime on fields of knowledge, a fight more noble of ideas against ideas. Let us determine to cross the Rhine—Latin ; to scale the heights of Olympus—Greek : to find the harmony in the melody of the spheres. With Archimedes and Euclid let us trace lineaments for our thoughts. Then in the words of Professor James : " Let no youth have any anxiety about the upshot of his education, whatever the line of it may be. If he keep faithfully busy each hour of the working day, he may safely leave the final result to itself. He can with perfect certainty count on waking up some fine morning, to find himself one of the competent ones of his generation, in whatever pursuit he may have singled out."

Holguin, Cuba.

FRIENDSHIP.

As a spark placed in kindling that's ready for burning
If left to itself will go silently out,
But, if fanned by a breeze, into life quickly turning,
Will grow such a brightness 'twill light all about.

So the spark of true love that is placed in each being
Neglected, will soon leave that bosom for e'er,
Where a breeze of true friendship could raise for our seeing
A flame of affection bright, gleaming, and clear.

And as presence or lack of this breeze is thus giving
The spark to go out or in bright flame to burst,
So the presence or lack of true friendship in living
Decides whether man shall be blessed or be cursed.

—Ex.

AFTER TWO YEARS.

BY "WINONA."

"You people will never know just what a good time you have given me in this little visit back home," Iva Lee said, to the large crowd of boys and girls gathered at the depot of a small Ohio village to bid her good-bye, and start her back to her more recent home.

"Neither will you ever know what a good time we've had in the giving, so we'll play quits on that score," returned one of the young men.

"I'm glad you're to have such good company as far as Pittsburg. It was so very convenient of Ben's business to take the unexpected turn it did," one of the girls added, and as all eyes were turned on the guilty pair a general laugh went round.

At this time the train was heard blowing in the distance and the good-byes were said. Iva and Ben with the crowd went out on the platform, and as the train rolled into the station, two people were very much surprised to see handful after handful of rice thrown at them from the fun loving crowd. For one long moment they gazed with blank faces, and then realizing from the onlookers' faces that they were taken for bride and groom, simultaneously turned and rushed for the car without so much as a farewell look at their friends left behind.

As Iva entered the Pullman followed by Ben, every one's face said as plainly as words "here are a bride and groom." When they took off their hats and wraps, rice rained in profusion on the seat and floor, and their fellow travelers smiled more than ever when two very red and uncomfortable young people took their seats.

Iva was the first to break the silence, "Ben Hoffman, if you dare look at me until we get to Pittsburg you and myself will mix."

"That was the dirtiest trick a set of crazy loons ever did," Ben replied without answering her remark.

In a short time the porter came through and stopped at section twelve, "Wife like a pillow, boss?" Ben and Iva had about gained their normal color, but at this it rose again. Just back of them an interested old lady was heard to remark to her neighbor in rather a loud whisper so that it reached the ears of the supposed bride and groom, "Aren't they about the most bashful young married couple you ever saw?"

"Say, Iva, this is getting onto my nerves terribly. Folks expect us to be silly anyway so I am going to talk a little."

"Please don't, Ben, people are looking so," Iva quickly rejoined.

"What pray do I care what anybody looks or says, except the girl at my side? It is useless to tell you why I planned to go to Pittsburg now, for you know as well as I do that it was only that I might have a little time with you by myself. You know that I love you, and—"

"Ben, please don't say any more, for while I like you better, I think, than almost any of my boy friends it is impossible that I could ever return your love in the way you want, and the way I must feel toward the man I marry. I have tried to show you this without words, but it seems I have failed."

"Anyway we may still correspond and I can hear from you occasionally."

"It is better not, Ben. We have heretofore and I have enjoyed your friendly letters more than I can tell you, but things are changed and I think that we had better stop."

The topic of conversation was changed, and although the heart of each was heavy the time passed rapidly until they reached their destination. Hurried fare-wells were said and Iva was soon speeding homeward while Ben, troubled and heavy hearted was left to tend to business and return to his home.

Two years pass rapidly in the lives of most young people and Iva Lee was no exception to the rule. With her rounds of social life and with apparently not a care in the world she ought to have been a happy girl, and yet as one of her friends remarked to her one day, "Iva there is something the matter with you, you don't seem like you used to." "Which is

another sign you are getting old yourself, Miss Marietta Leonard," Iva retorted, "for you can't expect me to act and be the same at twenty-two as when I was a girl of sweet sixteen."

But deep down in her heart Iva knew that she was different, for in spite of her determination not to do so, her mind wandered frequently to a friend in southern Ohio whom she had not seen nor heard of except through others for two years. His friends wrote glowing accounts of his progress in the business world, and one time an especially interested friend wrote, "Ben is kind and courteous as ever, but he seems changed some way, and we have come to the conclusion that you are at the bottom of it all. As for our rice joke—perhaps you remember it—it haunted Ben's mind until he wouldn't even help us give Edna a send off when she was married. No doubt he thought it would bring up recollections—but whether sad or glad I don't know, however, I surmise the former." "I know I am not fickle and changeable," Iva would say to herself. I simply was not old enough to know my own mind, and I did not realize what his friendship meant until it was denied me, and now, I am glad I am going back to the dear old place again soon, perhaps I may see him at any rate."

Two weeks later Iva started to visit again the little Ohio homeplace so dear to her heart for many reasons. The ride to Pittsburg was tedious and tiresome as such trips alone always are. After she changed trains she settled back and tried to read, but found it harder than before for her mind constantly wandered back to the last trip she had taken along the same road. Her thoughts traveled over every detail, and so engrossed was she that she did not see the object of her thoughts coming down the aisle. Feeling, instinctively, his eyes searching her face she looked up.

"Why, Ben Hoffman!" was all she could say in her surprise as she extended her hand. Then she quickly added, "Do sit down, for like common, it seems we are the center of attraction."

One thought was uppermost in the mind of each—had the

other changed in the two years they had been separated. Finally, after an awkward silence Ben said, "Iva, they say time changes all things and I am wondering, as perhaps you know by my coming to Pittsburg to meet you, if it is possible that you are an exception to the rule. Some way I couldn't give up without one more trial."

"A woman is always excusable for changing her mind, Ben."

Ben looked as if he were about to forget their surroundings, when Iva quickly spoke, "Please remember where we are, for our deportment last time we were along here was so deplorable that we must redeem ourselves."

"Say, lets telegraph the crowd waiting at the depot to meet you to have their rice ready when we get there."

"I guess we had better postpone that until a later day," she said.

SILENCE.

Dread silence. Mother Nature's mystic mate,
Who hovers o'er in awe the mighty main,
What thoughts the mind of man doth contemplate

When it beholds your all majestic reign !

The glowing sun from o'er the eastern hills
Marches in splendor to the bright midday:
And with resplendent red the sky he fills
With myriad diamonds of his evening ray.

The moon with silvery beams the darkness
drives.

And girds the earth with unheard harmony:
Cities and towns fall with their precious lives
And are forgotten e'en in history.

All these, and everything in silence moves
From age to age, and God Himself approves.

—Ex.

OUR ATHLETIC SITUATION.

BY THOMAS EDGAR SNIPES.

During the past decade, the attitude of the leaders in athletics at many of the educational institutions in the South—and I doubt not in the least that a similar spirit has flourished in many institutions of the North and West—has not been just what we could wish for. Too often the winning of games has been the only thing considered. Some have seemed to think that the usefulness of their institutions, in the estimation of the public, depended upon the number of games won by their athletic teams.

In many cases the requirement of a college athlete has been simply brawn. Intellectuality and morals have counted for nothing, and faithfulness in application to the few required hours of work has not always been insisted upon. At some colleges even the coaches and athletic members of the faculty have been secretly run into the game at the last moment as members eligible to compete with their opponents, and the privilege of canceling a scheduled and expensively advertised game, for no reason other than that the opponents might win if it were played, has been looked upon as a reserved right. In some cases, too, men have been hired and paid to play in certain games just as a negro is hired to do a days work.

During these years it took no prophet to see that there would finally come a reaction in college athletic sentiment in the South. It is now dawning upon us. Even the value of athletics in general is being doubted by some. Such people seem to view the subject as a low indulgence; tainted with many evils, that must be tolerated only. They fail to see the true value of athletics in developing the intellect, character, and positive Christian life of young men. The little risks of the game are magnified into beams, and all the virtues, at best, are only motes. The reaction to this bad system of athletics has caused some of the leading educators of the South to doubt that an institution is benefited in the least, or its influence diminished, according to the records of her

athletic teams. Presidents of some of our highest, best standing educational institutions have said that they care nothing for their institution's athletic records as far as the advertisement of the institution is concerned. This reactionary current of thought is also often unfair to poor ambitious young men who are striving hard to acquire a good education. They must often refuse positions during the summer that would bring them honest money, and all kinds of little insignificant presents from friends and relatives else it may be said that they are receiving remuneration for athletic services, and hence professional athletes, ineligible to represent their colleges in athletics when they return in the fall.

In view of the real situation confronting us, the course that we intend to pursue in athletics should be planned on a broad and liberal, but nevertheless, firm basis. The value of athletics to the student in any system of education is too generally appreciated to need discussion here. That Rugby foot ball is the most manly and the most popular college game yet known, means that it will continue to be the one great game during the Fall. Base ball is as firmly established in the American educational institutions as foot ball, and also bids fair to hold its supremacy as a Spring game in most colleges for years to come. There are many other good athletic games, but, for one reason or another, and by general consent, they will remain subordinate to foot ball and base ball in most localities. During the Fall and Spring foot ball and base ball then are the major courses in athletics.

But what shall be done in regard to eligibility rules? Here reason should rule and not a senseless reaction to the loose bad system that has sometimes prevailed in our midst. Certainly one in moderate circumstances should not be hindered in getting the means to go to school on simply because he is an athlete. But one is unduly hindered when he is counted a professional for having made a few dollars in playing summer base ball, or in giving gymnasium, swimming or boxing lessons. Being limited to a certain number of years in which one can represent a college in any branch of athletics, and being required to have a good moral and class standing

before one can represent his college on an athletic team, what reason is there for making the requisites for athletic eligibility greater in our colleges and universities? Instead of the extreme course that some institutions are now taking in this line, why not even come around so far as to give scholarships to the needy for a combination of athletic and intellectual ability? Does it not require about as much sacrifice, care, and consistent determination to become a good athlete as it does to become a good student? Why not give scholarships for unusual athletic ability as much so as for unusual intellectual ability? Such a policy, at least, would prohibit the present very general custom of secretly remunerating college athletes in a way that is deceitful to the public and detrimental to the recipient's character.

Our system of athletics is weak in another respect. Between Thanksgiving and the time for base ball practice in the Spring there is not enough interest taken in athletic exercises at most of our institutions of learning. Valuable exercises in some instances is being taken in gymnasiums, but in most cases it is genuine work and not recreation like out-door exercise. The pleasure and wholesomeness of out-door exercise to college boys, especially during the Winter when they are naturally in-doors most of the time, is invaluable and cannot be easily compensated for by gymnasium exercise. The mild winters in the South make our athletic fields more available for winter exercises than those of the North are, but we use them less. Why not take up some game in the South for this period of the year and make it of as much importance as foot ball and base ball are in the Fall and Spring? Then boys would have something to do for recreation that is clean and uplifting and would leave undone many of the unbeneficial acts into which idleness now forces them.

As an out-door winter game, the English Association foot ball has proved exceedingly satisfactory in the North, so much so that Harvard, Pennsylvania, Haverford and other leading institutions have formed an association foot ball league and play for the championship. It is a splendid sport

in which skill and activity count for the most in winning games. The merits of association foot ball have been proved and we should not be afraid to take it up for fear that we would be "the first by whom the new is tried." It is a manly out-door game that would fill the gap between Thanksgiving and the beginning of the base ball season as well, or better, than any other game. Why not give Socker a trial at Guilford?

Conley, Va.

OPPORTUNITY.

This I beheld or dreamed it in a dream :—
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain ;
And underneath the cloud or in it raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Schoked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.
A craven hung along the battle's edge,
And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel—
That blue blade that the king's son bears—but this
Blunt thing!" he snapt and flung it from his hand,
And lowering crept away and left the field.
Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle-shout
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

—Selected.

WOULD YOU SUCCEED?

BY GEORGE W. BRADSHAW.

If we were asked the question "What is time?" it would be difficult for many of us to find a satisfactory answer. Some of us would define it as the fleeting moments that glide past us as we move onward. Others would say that it is a question to be asked; that everybody knows what time is; but the only thing they know about it is that it is something that we cannot get along without.

Time then, we may say, is one of the greatest gifts that has ever come to us. It is the chief conditions in using every other gift we may have. Whenever we speak a sentence or make use of a verb in any way, if we do not imply some idea of time, the expression has no meaning. So we see that time is man's most important external property, and if most important external, surely it is the best internal, for by the use of external goods he brings to himself lasting harvest of internal blessings.

Being compelled then to take the grounds that time is one of the essential facts of existence ought not we as monopolizers of time, to make the very best use of it as we go through life? Ought we to carelessly idle away that which is most essential to life?

I would say no! There is some work, some purpose, planned for each of us, and as we try to shun that work or duty, in just that degree are the plans of the great Creator broken.

So then it behooves each of us to have a plan for every day we live. Some purpose that is within itself strict and firm enough to bring every duty or privilege to a specific point, and yet flexible enough to adjust itself to the circumstances and conditions so as to bring the best results.

At this day and time there seem to be a great many young people entering into life without this definite and fixed purpose. They are not facing life with those resolutions which are so essential both to mankind and to external success. Instead of pushing their way into some noble work, they

wait for the drifting tide to take them into this or that as it happens; rather than row up stream towards the hills where lie the treasures of life, they are waiting to float with the current. Thus the valuable time of many is wasted, by their being satisfied to live under a mere impulse, rather than under a fixed purpose.

Among the men of today we observe great differences and divisions of every kind, but the greatest differences that we can observe is that between those who have a purpose in life and those who do not. Those who have no purpose or plans for life, simply drift along and at the end of life, have gotten scarcely no farther than where they began, while those who have a definite aim, have attained to a greater or lesser degree of success.

I do not mean that we should go ahead and fix ourselves to some purpose, regardless of its character, for the character of the purpose determines in a great degree the character of the person. And the strength of the purpose determines the success. Nor do I mean to say purpose cherished with sufficient energy will always take a man to its goal—for every man has his limitations—but surely it will carry him on toward some sort of success which he would never have attained had he not fixed his determination in that direction. Providence, strangely to us, apportions great honors in life, but Providence has nothing good or high in store for those who do not resolutely aim at something good and high.

There is then no road to success but through a clear, strong purpose. Purpose underlies culture, character, position—attainment of whatever sort.

So then let each of us have some fixed ideal or purpose of high character and by the working out of that purpose, we will make the very best use of our time, the greatest of all gifts to man, and some one will say, when we have finished our course, that his life is an illustration of the power of the perseverance and consideration in elevating the character of an individual and crowning his labors with the most complete success.

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Editorials.

A great deal has been said recently by journalists and others about simplified spelling. Of course the system has its advocates and opponents. At this time we will not attempt to go into an exhaustive discussion either in favor or in opposition to the proposed method. However, we believe that ideas promulgated by President Roosevelt and Mr. Carnegie will meet with approval among the American people. With this consideration the COLLEGIAN staff has decided to allow the use of simplified spelling by any or all of its writers. Some of us may not wish to use it at all, and others only in a

moderate degree, but we want our position understood so that if any one wishes to use either system, the writing will be acceptable.

It has very truly been said that "there is great pleasure in the memory of a thing." With this in mind we want to urge the importance of two things to the students: First, keep a complete file of your college magazine. To those who have not done this in the past, we would suggest that an effort be made to collect such floating copies of back numbers as may be found. Of course there may be a great deal of material that is dry now. Some of us are hardly interested in reading news items, editorials, exchanges and the more literary contributions, but the time will come when we will be delighted to take down a bound volume of our college paper and glance over the material, which will remind us of happy days spent at our Alma Mater. Those more directly interested in the work are really writing their own history in their college journal. Some one has said that "We are idealists now, but in a short time many will be forced to become realists, and we cannot have too many ties binding us to the deeds and dreams of our college days."

In the second place, each student should keep a carefully prepared diary. Each day a number of things happen that will be forgotten unless they are written down. Important facts, illustrations, and observations should be briefly noted at the close of each day's work. It is easy to think that we do not have time for this extra work, but we should remember that it is really an educative process. By being careful in such work we will strengthen our powers of composition and improve our memory. Also by means of a diary we may be able to recall important facts and pleasant memories. We consider such a process as being an important factor in shaping a systematic and efficient character.

When boys and girls leave their homes to enter college they go into a new world—a new epoch in their career begins. The home training will greatly determine their idea of college activity and their attitude toward the same. However this may be, it is interesting to note the evolution of these students from their entrance into the Freshman class until the completion of the course, and what is true of one college class holds good in every other one.

The Freshman will be found in the library frequently and 'tis he who has time to search the fiction shelves and peruse the books both new and old. The daily and weekly papers are never neglected especially his own county paper, if such there be. The "wise" Sophomore is beginning to be a little more settled. His work in English requires much time and more attention is given to literary and historical research. The Junior year brings with it something of an air of dignity and responsibility and the assumption of college functions. The end of the course of study is beginning to appear and Junior exhibitions point toward graduation. With the coming of the Senior year the day of these is at hand and all extra time is taken in the preparation. Then scholarships are often rewarded as an incentive to do good work. The consciousness that the problems of life are soon to be solved by each one accounts for a gravity of conduct which is both natural and fitting.

If the allotted work has been done in the other college years the last year will not be so crowded with text book work and ample time will be devoted to the literary society, to athletics, to the Christian Association and the support of the college paper.

In spite of the fact that each class is stamped respectively as the green Freshman, the wise Sophs, the prissy Juniors, and dignified Seniors, there is a germ of truth in it which denotes a normal progress and it is to be hoped that a like evolution will characterize all the after years of the college student in the great school of life.

An editorial on the election which has just passed may not, in the minds of some of our readers, be entitled to a place in a college magazine. However, the outcome and the trend of public opinion indicated by it contain points which should be observed and investigated by college students, and for this reason we "try our hand" at this very delicate task.

The contest of greatest importance was undoubtedly in New York where Hearst and Hughes were the rival candidates. Hearst, though of Socialistic ideas, was the nominee of the Democratic party. Hughes, made famous by the insurance investigations, was the candidate of the Republicans. The campaign was probably the most vigorous ever made. The most interesting stage of the canvass was reached when Secretary Root made a speech at Utica in which he very ably presented the views of the Administration on the issues involved and most harshly denounced Hearst. Many laborers, made mad by abuses, supported Hearst while there was a great defection from the Democratic party to Hughes. The result was the election of Hughes but the defeat of the remainder of the Republican ticket. In other states where Hearst used his influence for men they suffered his fate but made a strong fight, which almost makes it imperative that the evils in the government on which they thrive must receive attention and be cured or the people, as a last resort, will put the power into the hands of these radical and probably rash men.

The most interesting features outside of the result in New York were the election of Governor Johnson in Minnesota, the reduced majority of the "stand-patters" on the tariff question and the Democratic victory in the new state of Oklahoma, along with the defeat of the Joint Statehood measure in Arizona and New Mexico. Two years ago Mr. Johnson, a Democrat, was elected Governor of Minnesota although President Roosevelt carried the state by 160,000 majority. The machine used as argument against him that his mother was a washer-woman, but the people would have none of it. It is indeed gratifying that character counts for so much more than riches. Another incident that will interest the

friends of Guilford is the fact that Montana will very likely replace Senator Clark, the man who is said to have bought his way into the Senate, with our own "Joe" Dixon who graduated in the first Class '89.

There ought to be great satisfaction to intelligent thinkers in the result of this election. The outcome shows that the gentle reproof administered to "bosses" in past elections has developed into open rebellion. Party organizations are no longer able to elect men regardless of their honesty and patriotism. November the sixth certainly demonstrated that the *people*, heretofore hardly reckoned with, are slowly yet surely coming to their own in matters of public concern. Organization, it will not be denied, is of great importance but the sign of the times is that hereafter organization if it is to exist must be on different principles from those of the loathsome and corrupt machines which exist in New York and Pennsylvania. It behooves us as college students to prepare ourselves by a close and careful study of the current questions and conditions in order that we may be prepared to act intelligently when these questions come to us, as they surely will come whether we be politicians or not.

LINES TO A COLLAR BUTTON.

Out upon you! Curse of evil
Smooth invention of the devil,
Sent on earth to make a man
Swear profusely when he can
Find you nowhere on the floor,
Tho' he search the whole room o'er!
Time is coming some sweet day,
When your rule will pass away.
Then it won't be hard to dress—
Then you'll never more, I guess,
Lose yourself as sure as fate
Just because a chap is late;
Having twenty minutes grace
Ere he's due to reach some place
Where an heiress whom he'd wed
Faints to see the minutes sped
Past the hour strictly set
Leaving him unmarried yet.

—A.

Locals and Personals.

C. LINNIE SHAMBURGER, '07 } EDITORS.
 FRED S. HILL, '08 }

Thanksgiving here.

Christmas coming.

The Y. W. C. A. Convention of the Carolinas was held at Greensboro November 23 to 26. Guilford was represented by the following young ladies: Lillian Jinnett, Annie Lois Henley, Alma Edwards, Mabelle Raiford, Annie Gordon and Elsie White.

Dr. Lewis, of Raleigh, Secretary of the State Board of Health, gave us a very instructive lecture Saturday, Nov. 10 on "The Care and Preservation of the Body."

✓ Delia Raiford, '03, is teaching near Belvidere, N. C.

Shorty—"Whats the matter with Fatty, he sings so much these days."

Dud—"He cant help it, you know he's *Harmonized*."

✓ Irvin T. Blanchard, '03, is cashier of the Farmers' Bank, Woodland, N. C.

Wanted, by Miss Harmon, something to keep her from talking in her sleep.

✓ Emma White, '92, is teaching in Belvidere Academy.

Dean Thomas Newlin recently attended the Baltimore Yearly Meeting of Friends.

✓ W. C. Hammond, '01, has been re-elected Clerk of the Court of Randolph county.

The Y. W. C. A. will get out a college calendar this year. We will be glad for all the friends of the college to patronize us.

W. Allen in Greensboro walking up to a peanut parcher, "Say, make her play Home Sweet Home."

Wanted—A room mate that my clothes don't fit; who's not afraid of work and can make fires and bring up wood.

Will Marler.

The Crimson and the Gray basket ball teams, composed of young women, played a match game in the gymnasium Thursday, Nov. 15. Score: Crimson 12, Gray 19.

~ Ida Hutchins is teaching at Muir's Chapel.

~ Charles M. Short, '03, has been returned to his work as pastor of the Methodist church of Dilworth, Charlotte.

The Philagorean Literary Society entertained the Henry Clay Literary Society on November 2.

Quite a number went from here to hear Bishop Wilson at Muir's Chapel, Sunday, Nov. 14.

Ask Lucas Combo, "How's Physics?"

Mrs. White and Mrs. Newlin attended the W. C. T. U. convention at Winston November 3 to 5.

Lewis Hobbs asking blessing: "Lord, make us thankful for this 'possum and help us to catch another one."

~ Bessie Benbow, '05, is teaching near Oak Ridge.

~ Flora Harding, '03, is teaching in the Pomona graded school.

Friday, Nov. 16, the Henry Clay Literary Society held a very interesting mock trial in place of their regular literary exercises.

~ Ernest Lewis, '05, has been promoted in the Y. M. C. A. work in New York City.

Halloween was observed by the "Ghosts" having their midnight parade on the top of Founders. Many handkerchiefs were hung out by the girls and the witches were very free in telling fortunes.

~ Elizabeth B. Bradshaw, '04, is teaching Latin and German in Haviland Academy, Kansas.

Mrs. Woody held a very interesting meeting in the Y. M. C. A. hall on November 15.

✓ Maggie Peele is now teaching a public school near the College.

✓ Mr. D. R. ^{Robert} Swing, one of Guilford's old students, was at the college the 17 on his way to Tallahassee, Fla., where he has accepted the position of superintendent of the gas and water plant. He came here direct from Coatesville, Pa., where he has held a similar position for some time.

We are glad to announce that "Senoir" Cutchin is ready to assist those who need coaching in any subject.

John—"Say, Bill, what kind of suit is that?"

Will M.—(Absentmindedly) "Cotton."

On the evening of November 26 the students were privileged to hear Mrs. Keller, of the Student Volunteer Movement, on her work in China. Mrs. Keller was dressed in Oriental costume and portrayed most vividly the customs of the Chinese. A noticeable feature of the address was the excellent manner in which the speaker harmonized the conditions in China and the appeal for their help.

THE "CLAYS" THE GUESTS OF THE "PHIS."

In the monotonous round of college life, a little variety is always welcomed. Like rest to the weary, with all the sweetness of liberty to the captive, does a student look upon a time when he is freed from the cares of study and allowed to feed his mind upon things of a different nature—things that are pleasant but at the same time elevating. Such an occasion was the reception given to the Henry Clay Society by the Philagoreans on the evening of November the second.

Probably there are no events of a social nature which are anticipated with more pleasure by the student body than these society receptions. This feeling of pleasant expectation was very evident on the faces of the "Clays" when they found

themselves in the "Phi" Hall on the second November evening. The program showed that the society is keeping pace with the advancement of the College. It began with a debate on the question, "Resolved, That Cuba should be annexed to the United States." Miss Shamburger spoke for the proposed annexation, showing the benefits to each country and the need of such action as shown by the recent insurrection. Miss Jinnett upheld the negative, asserting that it would be a disadvantage owing to the difference in the two peoples and also the difference in religion. She also showed that the people of Cuba were unwilling to be annexed. The argument was of a high order and skillfully handled by both speakers. The negative won the decision. Following the debate a quartet by Misses Edwards, Henley, Hodgins and Pauline White was very beautifully rendered. This part of the program was especially pleasing to the lovers of music. Miss Harmon closed the literary exercises with a recitation in which she very graphically portrayed the hardships of the poor, struggling student who by perseverance at last comes out "on top."

The two societies then proceeded to form a *co-partnership*—temporarily, in a Hallowe'en Social. Each member received an appropriate souvenir with the name of his partner inscribed on it, whom he proceeded to find. The multitude having been seated the "loaves and fishes" were then served. The refreshments, as is always understood among college students, were thoroughly enjoyed. But the saddest of it all came when the bell announced that "the ghosts must walk."

C.

D. M. C. A.

We are very much encouraged at the excellent enrollment in our Mission and Bible Study classes. On the evening of October the seventeenth Miss Anna D. Casler, who has recently accepted the secretaryship of the Carolinas, conducted our Bible Study Rally. The force with which she presented the urgent need of systematic Bible study among young women enabled the committee to enroll more than fifty girls in the classes. The class taught by Miss Julia White, in which the girls of the college classes are enrolled, presents a study of obscure Biblical characters. This course is intended to encourage a clearer knowledge of the characters of whom little mention is usually made. The second class, taught by Annie Lois Henley, is a study of the Parables of Jesus. Our Bible Study enrollment is much better than in any previous year, and the excellent attendance is promising.

Mary Woody was with us on the eighth of November to conduct our Mission Study Rally. She talked to the girls in her beautiful way about the opportunity for service in the mission field even for those of us who cannot go to the foreign work, and of what the Christian religion must mean to those who are waiting to receive it from our hands. Immediately after the meeting the committee made a canvass and succeeded in enrolling fifty-nine students in the classes. This being almost the entire number of Association members, we are especially hopeful for good work in our Mission Study this year. Annie Gordon has the leadership of the class. Just now we are making a study of Japan, but hope soon to begin work in the text-book, "Lux Christi," which presents the present conditions in India, and the work of our missionaries there. Our Association does not, of course, propose a very detailed course in missions, but we do propose to develop and deepen interest in the work so that the individual may have a broadened view of the great mission fields.

The third annual convention of the Young Women's Chris-

tian Association of North and South Carolina was held in Smith Memorial Chapel, Greensboro, from November twenty-second to November twenty-fifth. At this convention were present one hundred and thirty delegates, thirty-three of the thirty-six Associations in the two states being represented.

The opening service on Thursday evening was conducted by Dr. Martin Hardin, of Charlotte, taking for his text the convention text, "That in all things he may have the pre-eminence." With much power Dr. Hardin showed how Christ has the right of pre-eminence in our lives and the earnestness of his appeal was an inspiration throughout the convention.

Miss Florence Simms of the American Committee was present for the purpose of presenting the work of the Young Women's Christian Association in its latest development. She spoke of the great growth of the Association during the past five years and of the splendid opportunity for practical service through the Association. Miss Simms said, "It is not that we want to win young women to the Association, but we must win young women to Christ." She made an earnest appeal for the women of our Southern mills, and made it clear that while our great cotton industry brings wealth there is an alarming significance in the fact that it also brings with it ignorance and superstition.

Miss May N. Blodgett, whose wide reputation as a Bible teacher many of us know, was especially welcome among the people of Greensboro. The three Bible lessons which she gave were a development of Elijah's preparation and service for God. Miss Blodgett has a most wonderful power of commanding attention, and the large audiences that listened to her showed, in part, the success of her teaching. Her knowledge of the Scriptures, her wide experience in its presentation and her broad sympathy make her a power for good wherever she goes.

Sunday morning and evening the convention was addressed in West Market Street Church by Dr. Kelley, of Washington. The base of his message in the morning was: "Abide in me

and I in you, for apart from me ye can do nothing." In the evening he spoke from First Corinthians 1:17.

The convention was greatly indebted to Mrs. Keller, who has for eight years been a missionary to China. Mrs. Keller also addressed the student body of Guilford College on the evening of the twenty-sixth. Rarely have the conditions and needs of China been so strikingly presented as by this woman who in her earnestness seems to have no self consciousness.

There is indeed an open door for service through the Young Women's Christian Association. The almost incredible growth of the organization within the past five years, and the great number of lives which it touches today is especially encouraging to those who are engaged in its promotion. And the many who are every year won for Christ through the Association are serving to hasten the day when He may truly have pre-eminence in all things.

Exchanges.

We are fortunate this month in having before us such a goodly number of good magazines.

We come first to The Clemson College Chronicle. Here we read with pleasure the poem to "Her Eyes." The writer should cultivate his talent. Also the writer of "The Chickamauga Battlefield" deserves commendation. "The Call of the South" deals with a subject large enough for volumes but the writer handled in a general way this question not only from the standpoint of Past and Present but as a conclusion gives us a prophecy which we all should glory in doing our part to cause its fulfillment. There is only one criticism on this article and that is its non-originality. While this does not oblivate the fact of it being an interesting and instructive article, it does somewhat detract from the credit due the writer.

Next we take up The College Message from Greensboro. The article "The Beautifying of Cities" should be read by all people living in our cities. And if action was taken along this line our Southland would become as famous for its beautiful towns and cities as the South of old was for its beautiful plantation homes. "The Battle of the Books" contains some good advice concerning our reading. We enjoyed the story of "The Little God and Dicky," it is true to life and at the same time amusing.

The Red and White comes to us well edited. The article describing the Whitney Power Plant is entertaining as well as instructive. More articles of a descriptive nature should appear in our college magazines. The labor situation is ably discussed, the writer showing that he is well acquainted with his subject. The story "Kitty" is of the usual type of love stories in which the reader must draw on his imagination for the final outcome. It is only fairly good.

In the Randolph-Macon Monthly "Darwinism" is an article well written. The writer accomplished the difficult task of staying on strictly neutral ground most of the time but to

the reader it is plain that the writer believes to a more or less degree in Darwinism. Among the poems we like "Nature's Song" best. The general run of short love stories is too frivolous to be enjoyed, but "Selfishness Cured" is an exception. It is not only an interesting story but it carries with it a lesson applicable to everyday life. "Remorse" also is worthy of commendation. We cannot help but feel better after reading such pieces for it brings to us in a very forcible manner the forgiving love of mothers.

Besides the above we acknowledge the receipt of the following: The Palmetto, The Wilmingtonian, Phoenix, The Carolinian, The Erskinian, The Wake Forest Student, The Georgia Tech, Ouachita Ripples, Davidson Magazine, The Penn Chronicle, The Criterion, The St. Mary's Muse, The Trinity Archive, The Earlhamite, The Haverfordian and The Brown and White.

Clippings.

Oratory: Chin-music with a Prince Albert accompaniment.
—Philister.

Good, better, best.
Never let it rest
Till your good is better
And your better is best.—Ex.

“Dick has a bad habit of talking in his sleep.”

“Yes, but he has one worse habit.”

“What’s that?”

“His talking when he’s awake.”—Ex.

Lives of football men remind us,
We can write our names in blood,
And, departing, leave behind us
Half our faces in the mud.

She—“Am I the first girl you ever kissed?”

He—“Why, do I go about it like an amateur?”—Ex.

Mary, on her pretty arm,
Found a little flea;
Every time she grabbed at it,
It would twenty-three.

Fido saw her acting up,
And the cause he knew.
Fido laughed and said:
“Ah, ha! Mary’s got ’em too.”
—Selected.

I aint got nothing, aint had nothing,
Don’t want nothing, but you;
I aint seen nobody, don’t know nobody,
Aint had nobody, ’tis true.
If you’ll have me, I’ll love you,
If you want money, I won’t do,
’Cause I aint got nothing, aint had nothing,
Don’t want nothing, but you.—Ex.

"Gosh!" exclaimed old Farmer Korntop, "young fellers now'days does git extravagant when they fall in love. Now, thar's that boy o' mine—"

"What's the matter o' him?" inquired the village gossip.

"Why, he's fell in love and dashding me if he didn't go in town t'other day and spend a whole quarter for a teeth-brush."
—Exchange.

I was a good French scholar, I—
But my star's gone from yonder sky.
So many Latin roots at first
Have made it went and gone and burst.—Ex.

Innocent Freshie—"What are you reading in English now?"
Senior—"Macbeth."

I. F.—"Is he the guy that makes lamp chimneys?"—Student.

"Hast thou a lover?" asked he.
"O. Maiden of the Rhine?"
She blushed in sweet crimson
And softly answered, "Nein."
He felt rebuffed, and knew not
What best to say, and then
A sudden thought came to him,
He pleaded, Make it ten.—Ex.

A Prayer of the Preps—That the President would invent some kind of "Simplified Arithmetic."

She came—she smiled
She sped the dart
From Cupid's bow that
Passion stirs.
She went—she smiled
She kept my heart
And—hers,—Life.

The Guilford Collegian.

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THE PAN-AMERICAN SPIRIT.

BY HENRY A. DOAK.

In the study of history we find that mankind has passed through three stages of civilization. First we see the family or clan standing at the head of the government, as shown in the days of the Patriarchs. Later we see the tribes seeking a common welfare by uniting and forming the fatherland, and finally out of tyranny, anarchy, discord and revolution, we see the ideal for which all mankind is striving, the attainment of individual liberty and self-government.

But the advance of civilization does not end here; for the past quarter of a century the more progressive nations of the world have been working to bring about an international understanding based on peace and justice—the spirit of universal brotherhood.

The Americans could not be strangers to this advancement, so, for many years the statesmen of the western world have been laboring to build up a Pan-American public opinion, which shall promote the reign of peace, of order, and of justice in every American republic.

Before this age of American brotherhood can be attained there is necessary a complete understanding of one another among the nations themselves. Each nation must know itself, understand the temper of the other nations and enter into active co-operation for the general good. Each must recognize in the other the difference of race, habits, education and political ambitions.

When our pilgrim fathers sailed into Plymouth they brought with them and propagated here in our country all the virtues that go to make man a true and worthy image of his Maker,

and from such seed has developed a nation that in course of time has come to be, not only a great world power, but also the sacred asylum of liberty-loving people.

On the other hand, how different is the character of the conquerors of Peru and Mexico; mere adventurers, seeking only for wealth and fame, who having vanquished highly organized nations, reduced their inhabitants to slavery and held them under a rule of despotism and tyranny for three centuries. It naturally follows then, that these people held under the great shadow of ignorance and anarchy for so many generations, should (even after they had thrown off the yoke of oppression,) pass through a dark period of reconstruction and revolution. But the day of revolution is passed; the South American republics have at present just and stable governments, and a highly educated and patriotic citizenship.

The average South American knows far more about the government, institutions, and history of the United States, than a great many of our educated people know about South America. Very few of our scholars and men of high culture realize that in the South American countries exist excellent universities, advanced scientific and commercial institutions, groups of progressive thinkers, writers, poets, historians, editors, painters, sculptors, architects and professors, as highly gifted and as numerous in proportion to population as those of the United States and of Europe.

But happily, on account of our increasing knowledge of the South American, our attitude is rapidly changing. We are beginning to realize that he is no longer an anarchist or revolutionist, but a man of high culture, of worthy ancestry and scholarly attainments, characterized by a spirit of patriotism. Proud of his country, its heroes, its past and present achievements.

The people of Latin-America are also beginning to view the United States in a different light. They no longer regard her as a proud and haughty nation looking with unsympathetic gaze upon their struggle for liberty and nationality; seeking an opportunity for conquest. Rather they are beginning to regard her as an elder sister seeking in her sisterly affection to

shield them from foreign oppression, and bring them out into the pure light of liberty and peace.

The visit of Secretary Root has perhaps done more to bring the Latin-Americans to see our true attitude toward them than any other political event in our history. Although it was confidently expected that he would receive a hearty welcome in the Brazilian capitol, it was feared that in Uruguay, Argentina and Chile he would receive only the formal civility due his official station.

These fears, however, were not realized. In his address to the Pan-American congress at Rio de Janeiro Mr. Root so plainly showed his friendly attitude toward our Southern neighbors, that misunderstandings were cleared away and the bonds of friendship rivited.

Let us consider for a minute the commercial relations of the two continents. Situated as we are, in the most favorable position to furnish our sister republics with practically all the manufactured products that they need, the United States sells to the principle republics of South America only fourteen per cent. of their imports; and in return buys from them thirty-five per cent. of their exports. This leaves a balance against us of twenty-one per cent. a condition which does not exist in our relations with any other country.

Why is this true? It is because we have been devoting our abilities to the study of European and Asiatic commerce, while Europe has been devoting her abilities to the study of South American commerce. Is it any small wonder then, that Europe has distanced us in the competition for South American trade? But if we had spent even a small part of the money and energy in the development of South American commerce, that we have spent on Europe and Asia, Europe would have been left entirely out of the race.

The Panama Canal will open up to the world the Pacific coast regions of South and Central America,—regions that are veritable garden spots of the earth, yet hidden in the wilderness. The resources of these regions must be developed and utilized. The South Americans have already seen the necessity of this development, and are inviting the capital and the enterprising

spirit of the United States to aid them in their great task. Our capitalists are also beginning to see in South America, a field for profitable investment.

These interests though purely commercial will lead many of our people to visit these countries and consequently bring them in touch with their citizenship, a condition which cannot but result in a better understanding between the republics.

In the year 1888 the first Pan-American congress was held. This congress unlike those of the old world does not seek to restore monarchies nor promote conquest, neither is it inspired as was the congress of Panama, with the necessity of uniting the persecuted to resist the attacks of a common aggressor; it seeks rather the union of all in common effort, it undertakes to create the commercial prosperity of the hemisphere and to give this prosperity a basis of peace by means of an amicable solution of international conflicts.

However, the formation of this spirit of brotherhood cannot be the reward of a single effort or session of this congress; but it will be the slow and arduous labor of successive generations. The dreams of yesterday become the realities of today, and the conceptions of sagacious men, the idle fancies of poets and the efforts of statesmen, at last are changed into efficient laws, precepts of practical usefulness and roads that show us the way to peace and prosperity.

The new world with its free institutions, founded on true democracy, ruled by just governments, and impelled by noble ambitions, is a well prepared field for the growth of this spirit of unselfishness, which will bind all nations with unbreakable bonds.

Then let the American republics, striving for the same end and inspired by the same purpose, unite in creating a Pan-American spirit which in the coming ages, when it has reached its fullest development, shall be a mighty force for the promotion of peace, happiness and prosperity to all mankind.

JUST IN TIME.

BY XANTHINE.

"There haint' no use talkin', this thing has got to be settled. There's got to be more money or this gang don't work no more." This was the mandate of a labor union in one of the greatest coal-mining districts of the West. For weeks the workingmen had been on the verge of a strike. No one knew this better than the superintendent, but it seemed impossible to do any more than he had already done to calm the wrathful minds of the laborers. Now they had met for the last time in their "den" to settle the matter once for all, and the decision of the majority was this—that they were going on a strike, it made no difference what happened.

It should be remembered that among these laborers, as in all other bands of workingmen, there were some men who were real vikings. This was especially true at this time as they had just been meditating on what they called the trials and hardships of the workingman. They looked on their employers as if they were real despots who lived on "flowery beds of ease." But gentle reader, let us still remember that there are always some among the workingmen who take a different view. However, they are usually in the minority, and are rarely able to prevent troubles, but they often play an important part in other ways. Thus affairs in the district had reached a worse condition than had been witnessed before. Neither life nor property was safe. Hardly anything was too malicious for the enraged workingmen and their gang.

* * * * *

It was a dark gloomy time for George Wallace as he urged his faithful horse up the mountain side. The rain that was only slowly drizzling when he left the little railroad station twenty miles farther down the valley was now pouring in torrents. "Will I ever reach the place?" he muttered to himself again and again. He was forced to think how pleasant it would be in his mother's drawing-room far away in New York City. But he repressed such thoughts as far as possible,

because George was not one to put pleasure before duty, and most certainly it was a duty that he should go—when he had received the urgent plea from Superintendent Gray to come to his rescue and to try to help settle the great labor conflict. It is true that the responsibility of business life was just coming to realization with him, for it had not been quite a year since his father's death, when he became heir to a great fortune, which included the greater part of the vast coal region, which we referred to above.

George was meditating on these grave responsibilities when suddenly his horse jumped as if frightened. On looking he saw a strong, stalwart man standing near by. George noticed his look of terror, and at once took him to be one of the ruffians about whom the superintendent had written him. For an instant his heart almost stopped beating, but he soon regained his self-composure, and kindly spoke to the man, saying, "Friend, can you tell me how far I am from Superintendent Gray's?"

"Superintendent Gray," the man muttered, then was silent as if trying to think of something. When he finally condescended to be communicative he said in a very gruff voice, "Boss, ye be many miles from that there place, and ye's off the track, missed the way, I'spose about ten miles down the mountain." The speaker was none other than Jake Skinner, the leader in that dreadful conflict among the laboring men, and, indeed, George was not over a mile from Superintendent Gray's home, but being unused to the ways of the world he never suspected Skinner of telling a bare-faced lie. George then asked him if he could direct him to a place where he could shelter for the night, for he thought it would be impossible for him to find his way out through the rain and dark. Skinner said, "Yes, there be a place jest over the way; it's Mother Totherley's. She's what keeps everybody who's a passin' in these here parts and wants ter stay a night like ye be now; it sho' am a good place, Boss. Old Mother Tatherly feeds good, she does." George wondered to himself whether such a ruffian like him really knew what a good place was. Thinking himself lost he knew nothing better than to accept

the advice of this rude mountaineer. So with Jake Skinner leading the way, he soon found himself at Mother Totherley's. Skinner took the horse and called Mother Totherley to show her the man who wanted to stay over night with her. George thought he had seen dirty and dingy places, but this was beyond anything that had ever before come under his observation. It should be mentioned in this connection that this house was one especially noted in this dreadful time of the strike for the many malicious deeds that were performed there, and it was Jake Skinner's business to find out all those who were passing through the country, especially those not in sympathy with the strike, and get them to go to this place to spend the night. And many were the people who had been enticed into that house never to come out, or if any ever did make their escape, they had been completely robbed. George Wallace had been lured into this awful place, innocent of all such vices as were practiced there. We can but tremble, when we think of what he may experience before the morning dawns.

This old woman looked more like a witch than like a human being. She was known by the familiar name of "Mother Totherley" to all those rough men with whom she was willing to plot, in order that she might get money or jewelry or anything from those misfortunate ones who were brought into her house. George had not more than entered when she noticed that he wore a beautiful gold watch and a diamond stick pin. Strange that he should not think of leaving these off when entering such a district, but to the inexperienced mind many things are excusable. She welcomed him in a flattering manner and appeared to be very sorry that he had been out so long in the chilling rain. She hurriedly went for a glass of wine, saying it would strengthen and warm him. Ah! if he had only thought to have watched the old woman, he certainly would not have taken the wine; but all unconscious of any ill-treatment he drank it instantly, hoping that it would make him feel better, for he was already faint and hungry, and it seemed to him that it would be impossible to eat anything cooked by "Mother Totherley." He soon became so drowsy and sleepy that he cared for nothing except to get

rest, for indeed the wine which the old woman gave him had some drug in it, which had this effect on George. Mother Totherley, glad that her plans were not being thwarted, at once showed him to a dirty, tightly closed room, with a bed in one corner and only one window, but George did not notice this for he was too drowsy to think of anything, not even of his jewelry, or of the five hundred dollars in his pocket. As soon as George left the room Jake Skinner with two more men, equally as rough looking, entered, saying to Mother Totherley that he guessed that would be a sufficient number to do anything they wanted to with that man, and if they got any money it would not have to be divided among so many.

We will now leave George for a short while to his peaceful slumbers, and the four vicious people to their wicked planning, and turn to Superintendent Gray and some of the faithful few who have stood by him in this distressing time.

"Wife, it is time that young Wallace should be here. I fear that he has missed the way, or has fallen into the hands of some of those enraged fellows, who care nothing for morals or law," Superintendent Gray spoke in the calm voice which had characterized him during the entire trouble, for he knew that now above all times, it would not do for him to lose his head, for he was almost helpless. One wrathful word to those men might cost him his life. The longer he awaited George's arrival the more anxious he became. He was confident that he had started, for knowing him as he had from early childhood he knew that his word was his bond, and he had certainly said in his letter that he would be there on this day. Mr. Gray knew of nothing better to do than to go to six of the workingmen, who had stood by him throughout the strike, and who had opposed it from the very beginning, and get them to go with him in search for the belated young man.

They armed themselves well, for they dared not go out into the midnight darkness without some means of protection. They went for a long way down the mountain side in the direction that he should come, but they saw no trace of him. At last by the dim light that they carried they noticed horse tracks, and also those of a man, turn off towards the place

that they had already feared might be his destination. They were almost breathless at this fact, because they knew too well that foul play had been carried on there, but they had been wholly unable to prevent it. It would take courage for them to go near that place, for they did not know how many of "the gang" might be there. But repressing every thought except that of rescuing George Wallace, they silently stole their way across the mountain until they were very near the house. Then cries and groanings were heard as if some one were dying. The men rushed into the house, seized the situation at a glance, knocked the brigands away, and got to poor George just in time to save his life.

It was a long time before Mother Totherley and the men could be subdued, but they were compelled to at last, because there was a majority against them. They were watched over until morning when the officers came, and they were sent to prison for life. This was indeed a warning to the other strikers, for they at once offered to return to their work. And the coal mining has been prosperous since that time. George spends much of his time in the mining region, and has grown to like Superintendent Gray's home almost as well as his own New York mansion.

THE SOPHOMORE-FRESHMAN DEBATE.

Although there was a great deal of unnecessary delay in arranging for the inter-class debates this year, dates were finally agreed upon and the first debate of the series took place on the evening of December 19th, the opposing teams representing the Sophomore and Freshmen classes.

On account of the inclemency of the weather the audience was not large, but very appreciative, as a great deal of interest had been aroused by the hard work of both teams. The Freshmen were inexperienced, but from the first it was evident that they would prove worthy of the Sophomore's steel. The Sophomores were unusually strong, since they had the same team that did such excellent work for them a year ago, when they forced the Sophomores to bow before them in defeat.

The question was: "Resolved, That the United States government should confine itself to the ownership and control of territory included in North America and adjacent islands; adjacent meaning not more than three hundred miles from the coast."

The affirmative was upheld by the Sophomores, represented by W. T. Boyce, N. R. Hodgkin and W. E. Younts. The Freshmen, represented by B. T. Hurely, E. S. King and W. H. Welch, supported the negative and advocated expansion.

Mr. Boyce opened the debate by explaining the question and outlining the affirmative plan of attack. As his special argument he showed that our past expansion has set no precedent for the future; that other nations have not succeeded. Under this he advanced statistics showing that even England has not succeeded in the truest sense. He then took up the point that territorial growth is not necessary for national development; that the ratio of our commerce had not been increased since our acquisition of territory in the Pacific. He also showed that the ratio of England's trade had not increased. In conclusion he showed the dangers of an Anglo-Saxon alliance, and that our present policy is not one of duty, but rather of

transgression of our former principles. As the opening speaker, Mr. Boyce did well.

Mr. Hurley spoke first for the negative. He began his argument by showing what the negative proposed to prove. They were to prove that expansion has strong constitutional support; that it has commercial and industrial advantages to the United States and that our dependencies are benefited under our control. In support of the first proposition he showed that they were not advocating a new policy. By referring to the provisions of the Constitution and decisions of the Supreme Court he offered conclusive evidence that America's policy of expansion is constitutional. He closed with an eloquent appeal for the propagation of our principles of democracy and civilization.

Mr. Hodgin, speaking for the affirmative, attempted to refute the last argument of his opponent by showing that the United States must not imperil her own government for the sake of her weaker subjects. Three points in his argument stood out prominently and were unrefuted by the negative. First, he showed the political dangers of expansion; second, the financial embarrassment necessarily accompanying it; and third, the dangers to the United States in time of war on account of foreign dependencies. Under his last point he showed that Japan is likely to cause a great deal of trouble, both because of our action toward Japanese children in California and their great desire to own and control the Philippine Islands.

Mr. King, the negative's second speaker, was the coolest and most forceful speaker on the stage. To an observer he appeared to speak almost entirely extemporaneously. This was doubtless due to the fact that he had an almost thorough knowledge of the question. He showed that we must sell our products and that on account of discriminating tariffs European markets are uncertain. Therefore, we must look to the far East for our future trade. New markets have been opened in the East since our occupation of the Philippines, and their retention means a good trading-base and valuable coaling-station. Perhaps his greatest point was that the Panama Canal is not a part of North America, neither is it an adja-

cent island, yet it is almost universally conceded that we should control it.

Mr. Younts closed the argument for the affirmative by showing that expansion is not a commercial advantage, and upon his speech the result of the debate largely depended. Two points in his speech were proved very conclusively: First, that our trade in the East will not be increased by the retention of the Philippine Islands; and second, that by freeing Hawaii and Porto Rico we will not lose in our trade. Under the first point he showed that whether we give freedom to the Filipinos or not, we shall still hold the same trade relations with the nations of the Orient. He also argued that Manilla will not make a good trading-base, because it is not in a direct line for steamship voyages from the American coast. Finally he summarized the affirmative argument.

Mr. Welch was the last speaker for the negative. He enforced the point that our ownership and control of territory does not exist for our own benefit, but for the benefit of the governed, and that we are obligated to carry our principles of democracy to Hawaii, Porto Rico, or even to the far East. By statistics he showed that we are really doing these things; that schools are increasing in the Philippines; and that civil government is being established. He claimed that Porto Rico has been given the best system of government in the world, and by comparing affairs in Porto Rico with those in Cuba and San Domingo he showed that our island possessions are not capable of self-government. He closed his speech by making a summary of the negative argument.

The rebuttal for the affirmative was made by Mr. Boyce. He refuted the point in regard to the excellent conditions in Porto Rico, and then took up the subject of coaling-stations. He showed that the argument for coaling-stations was groundless unless America's ships are subsidized.

Mr. King closed the debate with a speech full of tact and argument. He showed how the question stood, and by summing up the negative argument and incidentally refuting the argument of his opponents, he left decision of the question in doubt..

The debate was over. When the first round was finished it was evident that the affirmative had won, but at the conclusion of the debate as indicated above the decision was doubtful. Finally, after due consideration, the judges, three alumni of the College, Mr. S. A. Hodgin, '91, Mr. H. M. Worth, '94, and Mr. W. P. Henley, '04, rendered their decision, two in favor of the affirmative. Prof. R. N. Wilson presided over the debate, and Miss Lillian Jinnett acted as secretary. The Senior class furnished the marshals, Mr. W. S. Nicholson being chief.

CRITICISMS OF THE DEBATE.

As an incompetent yet impartial judge we wish to offer a few criticisms on the debate as a whole. In the first place, the Freshmen are to be congratulated on entering the debate without experience and also without a precedent, as is usually the case with the Freshman class when the Senior-Junior debate comes first. In the second place, both teams are to be commended for their hard work. There is one thing in this regard, however, that should not be overlooked, that is, the tendency to let the captain of the team do the greater part of the work. For a team to reach its best efforts, every member should have a thorough knowledge of the subject. That the burden of work in the recent debate rested on a few men was evident. Another thing we should try to cultivate is the ability to speak extemporaneously. Of course amateurs will find themselves somewhat handicapped in this respect, but we are quite sure that unless the effort is made when the student is young, the chances are that he will never acquire this ability. Whatever may be said on this point we would suggest that each speaker acquire a thorough knowledge of the subject, have a definite outline for his remarks, but not have a mechanical and unwieldy speech. Too frequently have we seen speeches undermined and rendered valueless, because of a memorized and stereotyped oration, whereas, if they had been wieldy, the speaker could have made his argument fit wherever needed. Another point easily noted in the debate was a lack of originality. To be entirely original in argument is an absolute impossibility, but when a speaker endeavors to repeat the

words of some other speaker the argument loses the force that should accompany it.

Attention should be called to one more point—the logical arrangement of the argument. Both teams showed deficiency in this respect.

On the whole, however, although many faults could be found, we believe the debate was decidedly a benefit to the classes concerned, to the student body, and most of all to the men engaged in it. Since the introduction of inter-class debates a few years ago, remarkable improvement has been made in the forensic field, and for this reason we contend that the custom should not cease. We know that it takes time, but a student receives training here that he doesn't get elsewhere. Let us, therefore, pursue this work even more diligently than before.

WITH THE ROUND-UP AT THE K. W.'S.

BY M.

The supper bell sounded calling the half circle C cow-punchers from the bunkhouse to the dining room. When all were seated at the long table the conversation drifted to the spring round ups, which were now about to begin. "By the way," said Joe Carter, who had just returned from town, "the K. W.'s begin work next Monday. Maybe you think I would mind them alkali flats this year. Not much. If you had seen what got off that westbound iron horse this morning to get into that K. W. buck-board you wouldn't either. Didn't look far above 'sweet sixteen,' and as pretty as you please.

"It behooves the old man of this here outfit to send me over there as his faithful representative, but that mission falls to 'Kid' this here time sure," put in "High Pockets," the most noted and popular ladiesman of the gang.

"Oh! Lordy!" groaned Kid, whose attachment to the weaker sex was not of the strongest. "Edward Monroe, Esq., here ain't got no special hankering after them there works wherein so much calico is mixed."

But at this place the conversation was broken off by the entrance of the boss of the outfit, commonly styled "the old man."

"Kid, guess you better catch out your mount in the morning and drag it for the K. W.'s.

The die was cast and Edward Monroe's doom was sealed. But next morning he caught out his mount, as he was ordered, and started— Well, few adjectives serve to express Kid's idea of the place. And with his usually sunny disposition clouded he rode into the ranks of the K. W. cow-punchers.

Dinner now being announced he soon seated himself with the rest, around the camp wagon, to hear the boss's orders for the evening drive. After assigning several sections to the different hands he gave Kid the drive around the big salt lake.

"Kid, I give you for an assistant Miss Enid Mehren, a young lady from the east, who wants to see the salt lake."

Only a scarcely audible grunt of assent was heard from the young man addressed, who was just then thinking himself very unfortunate. He was, however, determined to make the best of a bad job. Having somewhat regained his normal color and recovered from the remarks of his companions he went out to saddle the horses that he might start on that dreaded drive.

Leading the horses up in front of the ranch house, Miss Enid came out to meet him. She was probably about two years younger than himself, of medium height, rather slender. Her dark hair, Kid noted, "matched wonderfully well with her dark, rather dreamy eyes."

Numerous attempts, on her part, to start a conversation had failed. But perseverance often accomplishes things not exactly hoped for when first begun. As they rode farther he had become more pleasant and more talkative. He had begun to like to tell her of the prairies, and the ways of cow boys.

Thus the acquaintance grew. Kid was really surprised, the evening had passed so quickly. Nor was it long before he realized time was flying faster than usual with him. Somehow the end of that roundup was a thing he didn't love to think of. The desolation of the alkali flats no longer worried him. He scarcely noticed them indeed.

His companions of the round-up could never remember him like this on any of the former works. He stayed away from the group at night after the work was done. After supper he was often seen to go off by himself, and sit down as if thinking deeply on some subject.

Kid, too, had realized the change in himself. Of late his thoughts often drifted to himself. He had, indeed, read much, could recite whole pages of the great poets, but he had been to school little. How little! compared with the fair companion who was now much with him on his long rides; he realized from the stories she had told him of college life, from the honors she had inadvertently mentioned. He was only a poor cow-puncher, who could hardly remember a home made happy only by the presence of a loving mother. His father he cared

not to remember. He had grown up on the range. The lines in his face told of hard struggles.

She was well educated, just from a pleasant home, to which, however, our friend was not anxious to see her return, and perhaps there dwelt near that happy home—well, a friend, which good-looking young women of twenty generally have.

But he was young yet. He had never had a chance. He would save his money and go to school yet. He would make a lawyer. He would show her a man might come from that wild region as well as from the civilized districts of the east, as she chose to style it. Such were the thoughts that ran through Kid's mind in his idle moments.

The round-up was drawing to a close. Kid was wondering what he would do when he returned to his own outfit to ride those pastures alone. He reasoned, too, the longer he stayed here the worse it was for him. No, he would go back to his own outfit as soon as possible.

These thoughts were suddenly stopped by his awaking from his dream to find her, mounted on her favorite pinto, waiting for him.

"Mr. Monroe, I shall ride with you this evening," she said.

"Alright," he responded, rather indifferently. Though he was changed he didn't like to admit it, even to himself.

Before they had gone far her attention was attracted to some wild flowers growing near a moss-covered ledge of rock. Here they dismounted to pick some flowers.

"Do you know, I have just received such a nice letter from a friend of mine back home?" "Tom said they were having such a nice time camping this summer. Oh! I wish you could meet Tom."

To this Kid did not respond. Nor would Tom's fate have been one to be much desired had Kid been all powerful at that moment. The wish he just then made would sound unchristian if put in words.

He succeeded, however, in changing the subject from Tom to the round-up. That was all he could think of, and it seemed to him the subject must be changed. He remarked he was glad the round-up was nearly over and he could go home to-

morrow. He did fear just a little he was not telling exactly the truth.

"Why, I shall be so sorry to see you leave. Couldn't you come to work for the K. W.s?" she said, appealingly, as she came up to where he was now leaning against the rock shelf.

"Perhaps Tom would make a better K. W. hand," he suggested.

"I certainly wish she was here to go with us. You would so enjoy her being along."

This coupling the feminine pronoun with Tom was a most agreeable surprise to Kid. His thoughts which a moment before were so blue now began to brighten. Enid could not help notice this. Her face, too, brightened. Kid saw the tender look, and began to tell her his plans. He would study law. Having gained a reputation and a good practice he would be respected even if alone in the world.

"Not alone, Kid," said she, looking thoughtful.

"Not alone, Enid," he softly echoed, and throwing open his arms, he gently pressed her to his bosom.

The Guilford Collegian.

Published Monthly by the

Henry Clay, Philagorean and Websterian Literary Societies

Editors

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NO. 4

Editorials.

At a recent meeting of the Faculty it was decided that the speakers to represent the class on commencement should be chosen on the merits of the speakers in the Junior Exhibition. Committees are appointed to judge the orations on thought, composition and delivery, and the three speakers receiving the highest average grades are to represent the class.

We consider this as an advanced step in our college life for many reasons. In the first place it will add to the interest in the exercises of the Junior class. Some of us know that such occasions have been, to some extent, mere mechanisms. Each

member wrote and delivered his or her oration as a matter of necessity. Now we believe there will be a greater interest and better orations on account of the contest for a place at commencement. Indeed such interest was manifest in the recent Junior Recital. Also, it will encourage irregular students to have the class standing in order to be allowed to speak in the exhibition. In times past students have fallen behind their regular class in order to avoid the trouble of delivering a Junior oration. We hardly think this is likely to be the case again, but rather some students will even make up back work earlier instead of leaving it over until the Senior year.

Perhaps the greatest benefit of this regulation from the Faculty will be the elimination of class troubles. About the only thing to say about a class that acts in such a manner that it becomes necessary for a faculty to interfere is that it is a perfect shame. Nevertheless affairs have come to such a pass in more than one class to our knowledge. We trust that such things have been largely eliminated, and that perfect harmony will characterize the efforts of all future classes.

In a recent talk at the opening exercises our attention was called to the subject of newspaper reading. In this day when daily papers are so abundant it is a very easy matter to give an over due amount of time to the perusal of them. The speaker gave no restrictions to the reading of daily papers by a class of people not engaged in school work, but said that as students we can least of all people afford to devote much time to such "blood and thunder" matter in which so many journals of today abound.

Every student body furnishes examples of two extremes—those who read the current events at the expense of their textbooks, and those who do not read enough to possess an intelligent idea of the world in which we live.

The class of students who never look outside their textbooks cannot have an all round knowledge of people and things. He may be able to give the facts of Cicero's orations but not know the present day political leaders and their issues; the poets of the Elizabethan age, but not the writers of verse who are now

living, and the generals of the Revolutionary war, but not the makers of their State history.

In this matter as in all others there is a happy medium. An average of one quarter of an hour per day will keep us informed in all news of real interest and profit, viz: that which will become the history of tomorrow, and of all future time. Other than this we can scarcely afford to do more or less.

As we approach the last term of the year the subject of orations and theses claims our attention. The Seniors are already or soon will be working on their graduating orations or theses, and ere many weeks the literary societies will be choosing certain of their members to represent them in their oratorical contests. This brings to mind a matter that well deserves our attention—that of choosing a subject about which to write.

We would not pose as one competent to give advice on this question but, in the light of past experience, we cannot forbear saying a few words in regard to it. In the first place we do not, as a rule, devote sufficient time to the consideration of the different lines of thought in which we are interested. We are too apt to say, "Oh, well! It doesn't make much difference. I can get through on this and, then too, it's an easy subject. It will not require very much investigation and, above all, it is one on which I can get 'flowery' and 'oratorical.'" And really it does not seem to make any difference at all for we will begin by getting our introduction from some one else, and then copy a little here and there until we get to the conclusion where we proceed, by adding a few "stale" phrases and expressions, to bring *our* production to a *grand* climax. Now, it may be true that there is nothing new under the sun, but we might, at least, clothe the old thought in new words.

There is also a tendency to choose a subject that is not practical. "The New South," "The Future of Our Country" and such titles are still in the majority on programs and invitations. Pictures are drawn and statements are made that would almost convince us that the "New Jerusalem" is soon to

be our portion. It is well to be reminded of our future possibilities but it is needless to go to the extreme and prophesy a future condition that we all know can never be realized. There are questions—real, live, burning questions which are of the utmost importance and about which we would do well to inform ourselves. It is gratifying to note the practicableness of the subjects which were treated in the recent Junior Exhibition, and we trust that this line of work will receive more practical thought than heretofore.

With this issue of the COLLEGIAN the work of the present staff is more than half done. Within a very few weeks it will be necessary to elect a new staff. Now the great question will be, who can fill the place? With this matter before us it seems to be about time for some one to get to work. Of course the members of the staff must be chosen on the merits of their past efforts. But what if they have no past records to judge from. The result will be that some members will be chosen who cannot perform the duties of the position. We know that the magazine has been weakened on account of this very thing in the past, and we hope that it may not be so again. We would suggest that the students begin to write more for the COLLEGIAN, either stories, poetry, local matter, history, or even an article of a more serious nature. In order to do this well it may be necessary to read the magazines from other colleges. We are quite sure that such reading would be interesting, instructive, and especially valuable to the student who has aspirations along a literary line, because he may be able to grasp new ideas as to the composition of a college magazine.

One great need, as we see it now, is for the Seniors to relinquish the hold on offices of honor and responsibility as far as practicable, and give the lower classmen more work to do. Doubtless it is easier to do a great many things than to encourage some one else to do it, but it should be done however much the effort may cost, because if it is not done, our successors will find themselves handicapped when the mantle falls on their shoulders. This is not only true of the COLLEGIAN, but of nearly every department of our college life.

Locals and Personals.

C. LINNIE SHAMBURGER, '07, FRED S. HILL, '08, EDITORS.

Behold! The New Year has arrived.

Examinations in progress.

Senior-Junior debate, January 26.

✓ O. V. Woosley, '05, Principal of Pleasant Garden High School, is spending his vacation in New York City and Niagara.

Benbow Whittington visited friends at the college on his way home from Chapel Hill.

Dr. Charles Lee Raper, Professor of Economics in the University of North Carolina, gave a very able lecture in Memorial Hall, December 8, on the subject, "The Schoolmaster of Economics."

Miss Sharpless spent the holidays with her parents in Philadelphia.

✓ George W. Wilson, '92, now a prominent lawyer of Gastonia, was married January 1, to Miss Osie Shuford, of Gastonia.

Percy Worth, '98, spent some time at the college during the holidays.

Dr. W. L. Poteat, President of Wake Forest College, preached a most excellent sermon before the student body on the evening of December 9.

Miss Osborne visited Mrs. Mary R. Edwards during the holidays at her home in Salemburg.

✓ Walter E. Blair, '98, was married recently to Miss Kennett. The former is a successful business man of Greensboro, and the latter is the very accomplished daughter of the Rev Mr. Kennett, of the M. P. Conference.

✓ We are glad to announce that Robert Dalton has returned to Holland.

Veni, Vidi, Vici, *Zuni*— *Bradshaw from Zuni*.

On the evening of December 1, Rev. W. G. Hubbard, Vice-President of the American Peace Society, delivered a very instructive lecture on the subject, "Peace and Arbitration."

W. P. Henley, '04, visited his sister, Annie Lois, at the college recently.

Miss Sara Hollowell, a member of last year's Senior class, and Mr. Alvin Bayer, an old student of '02 and '03, were married recently in Greensboro. They are living in their new home in Jacksonville, Florida.

Miss Papworth has been called to her home in Cleveland, Ohio, on account of the death of her sister. She will return, however, to fill her position as head of the music department.

Miss Florence Roberson, '06, spent the holidays in Florida. We wonder why she didn't go North.

Dr. B. W. Spillman, a noted worker in the Sunday School movement of the Baptist church, delivered an interesting address before the students, December 6, on the Sunday School of the Future.

Miss Hedgecock is only a Freshman, but we believe she is anticipating missionary work pretty soon. "Actions speak louder than words."

Mrs. White, of Amo, Ind., visited her daughter, Pauline, early in the holidays.

The Faculty were at home to the members of the four college classes December 13, from eight o'clock to ten. The warm, genial feeling of both the Faculty and students, and the dainty refreshments that were served made the evening one of the most delightful of the year.

The Sophomore-Freshman debate on the evening of December 19, resulted in a victory for the Sophomores.

Misses Edna Hill and Ocila Redding, both former members of the COLLEGIAN staff, are training the youth "how to shoot" in the graded schools of Randolph county.

The Junior recital of December 15, was very much enjoyed by an appreciative audience.

During the recent cold weather the college pond was the scene of a great deal of merriment by all who could skate. Only a few slight injuries were received.

Henry Doak, Richard Hobbs and Henry Davis visited Alva Lindley at his home in Chatham county for three or four days after school closed.

On the evening of December 17, the occupants of Prof. Wilson's, Prof. Binford's and the Senior table enjoyed a reception in Memorial Hall. After refreshments and a magic-lantern entertainment, a Christmas tree bedecked with "various and sundry" trinkets for those present was unveiled. At nine o'clock partners were drawn, and the merry crowd dispersed.

The inmates of "Bachelors' Hall" report a delightful time for the latter part of the holidays. For particulars apply to Boyce, Bradshaw, Coltrane, Lindley and Welch.

THE JUNIOR RECITAL.

According to the annual custom the Juniors held their recital in Memorial Hall on the evening of December 15. The weather was ideal and the average audience was present to hear the six well prepared orations delivered.

Mr. Alva Lindley was first speaker, and chose for his subject, "The New Southerner." After showing the indomitable spirit of the Southern farmer immediately after the Civil War, he pictured the needs of the present-day Southerner characterized by the same spirit.

Miss Kittie McN. John, in "The Georgia Troubadour," gave a vivid portrayal of the life and work of Sidney Lanier. The oration was intensely interesting on account of the nature of the subject, Mr. Lanier being among the greatest of Southern poets.

Mr. Fred S. Hill gave conclusive argument for "The Higher Education of North Carolina's Women." He showed the hostile spirit to the education of women in the past, and then

turned to the present, when women have equal advantages with men. He referred to the fact that co-education is rapidly gaining ground throughout the State.

Miss Elsie White spoke next on "Forestry and Prosperity." She showed that our great forests are fast being destroyed, and argued in favor of their preservation, because the forests of a nation are one of its determining forces for prosperity. She said that trees should be replaced as rapidly as they are destroyed. Her reading was clear and forcible.

Mr. Henry A. Doak followed with an excellent oration on "The Pan-American Spirit" which appears elsewhere in this issue.

Miss Mabel Raiford closed the program for the evening by showing that our navy is "A Useless Burden." After dwelling at length on the expense of a large navy, she showed that there are other enterprises which deserve more of the nation's attention.

Mention should be made of the chorus rendered by the Glee Club, and the vocal solo by Miss Marguerite Cartland.

The program was a credit to the class.

FORWARD.

There hangs a little piece of cloth above the door, and it is thin and cheap and the dye will run in cold water. It isn't a valuable piece of material by any means, and yet it will always stay above the door through which we go and come. It is red, white and blue, has one star on a blue field and bears this inscription—May 20, 1775, April 12, 1776, N. C. These dates and their associations make the little scrap of cloth mean what it does to us. They speak to us of toil, of hardship, of suffering, of death. They tell of patriotism, of bravery, of courage, and of heroic deeds. They mean independence, liberty, self-government. Such things our ancestors fought for and won, that they might hand them down to us. This flag is for us to reverence. It is the symbol by which we honor those who did things under its inspiration. It is their glory.

BUT IT IS NOT OUR GLORY. Our glory, if we are so fortunate

as to deserve remembrance will be in our own deeds. It is as to deserve remembrance, will be in our own deeds. It is Mecklenburg. and Gettysburg and Appomattox, if it is to end in talk. We cannot live on the reputation of our forefathers. It has been tried before and found lacking. The glory of North Carolina is in her men and women of the present generation, and the responsibility is ours, *now*. Let us so far as in us lies write great literature, preach great sermons, frame immortal laws, make great inventions and launch great industries. Then possibly, and only then, will it be possible for the flag of tomorrow to bear on it the date 1907.

IT SURE WOULD.

Mexy was not even a Freshman, he was a mere Prep. and not very large for his size. Nevertheless he was an investigating sort of a youth, and wanted to know. Besides, he had freckles on his face, but that is another fable. This desire to know led him to the Junior Recital, and from that came something a little novel. All the orations were fine, as they usually are, and Mexy got interested, decidedly interested. As the last speaker rose higher and higher toward the climax of his speech Mexy was quite carried away, and was really not ready for what followed when the orator sat down. Mexy had not noticed the big pipe organ at the right of the stage, and was not a little surprised when a Mr. Welch, of the Freshman class, rose and announced that with the permission of the audience the Freshman class would sing a song. Professor White took his seat at the organ and began the opening bars of a march. Mexy looked around to see if this were just the usual thing, and saw as everybody else did, that the Freshmen were beginning to collect in the southwest corner of the room. As soon as they were all together there, they began and marched around the hall. The circuit of the hall completed they marched to the back end of the house and began their song. Three stanzas they sang, with a rousing chorus to each, but here, strange thing, the music stopped. "Go on please," called Mexy. They have another verse to sing." But this is what he heard from the organ: "They only told me they had three verses to sing

and now if they want to sing a fourth, they will have to do it without me." In the confusion Mexy woke up. It had been only a dream. But wouldn't it have been terrible if it had been true?

'RAUS MIT 'EM.

All the autumn it has rained. The ground has been always wet, and therefore the grass never dry. But in the last few weeks the weather has changed for the better. The ground is much drier, and one night last week when the air felt balmy, and the moon had not yet risen I went across the road and sat down at the foot of the old white oak, where I used to sit. I was enjoying the freshness of the air and the brightness of the stars, and thinking of nothing much in particular, when I felt a tap at my elbow and later detected a faint, though decided, odor of something. "Hello, Pixey," I said, "I am glad to talk to you again, even if I can't see you. You haven't been around in a long time." "Now don't be foolish," said a little voice, which I recognized at once as that of my one time little friend. "You have been gone a long time yourself." "That's a fact," I admitted, "and I am sorry if you have missed me, but what's that I smell." "Oh, that! that's just what I wanted to talk about. You remember the last time you were over here; we talked about that crowd of people that tramped around axes, you remember, and some of them drove stakes into the over the yard with a striped pole. They carried chains and ground, while others squinted through a thing on three pins. Well, I thought at the time that it was very peculiar, but since then I have found out that it was a surveying class, whatever that may be, and that they really didn't mean any harm by it. I was quite relieved to hear it. "But this last, oh, my! it's terrible. I don't see how I can stay much longer. It's a new kind of grass that grows all around here. It has a smell I don't like. That's what you noticed just now. The stuff is called 'Wild Onions.' Can't you do something to help get rid of it?"

"I don't know," I said, "But we will see what can be done."

"All right. I am busy now getting ready to be Santa Claus

for a Christmas tree, down the road here, and I haven't got time to talk any more. Good bye. Come again when you feel like it."

THE WEB.-PHI. RECEPTION.

Little Dot Horner
Sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie;
She put in her thumb,
Pulled out a plum,
And said, "I'm so glad I'm a 'Phi.'"

If there are any girls in school so unfortunate as not to be "Phi's", they undoubtedly wish they were when the time draws near for us to visit our brother societies. For over a week "expectation" had been written on the face of every "Phi," and our anticipations were more than realized on the evening of the fifteenth of December, which was spent most pleasantly in the Websterian Hall. In honor of the occasion the hall was beautifully decorated in "blue and silver" with cedar festoons and huge bunches of mistletoe hung in "appropriate" places.

The evening was not only pleasant, but profitable. The literary program proved to be a very interesting debate on the subject, "Resolved, That the United States should own and operate the coal mines in her territory." This was very ably discussed by Mr. Hugh D. White on the affirmative, and by Mr. Abe D. Jones on the negative. The judges, after some deliberation, decided in favor of the negative.

The President, E. J. Coltrane, then very graciously welcomed the "Phi's" and invited us to enjoy the social part of the evening. Cards were distributed to which were attached beautiful silver hat-pins, with the "Web" initial. On these cards a number was written, corresponding to one held by some young man, and "commonwealth characteristics" to be guessed. This was easily done with the help of a "Web." But "the best is always last," and delicious refreshments were next served. All too soon for us the final bell was heard, which reminded

the "Phi's" that they must be wending their way once more to "Founders." Thus ended a most pleasant evening—an evening which, having been long looked forward to, will be remembered by every "Phi." W, '08.

Exchanges.

D. M. PETTY, '07.

Among the ranks of Exchange Editors some objections have been raised against the criticisms of certain critics on account of the manner in which they criticize magazines. Hence the following:

An exchange column full of biting sarcasm and cutting remarks is as much out of place in a college magazine as an exchange column full of flattery. While the exchange department is for criticism, it does not follow that to be truly critical we must always say that a magazine is hardly up to the standard. But all exchange editors should weigh the material found in the magazine along with the college or university from which it comes. We cannot expect a high school to equal a university in the matter of a magazine any more than we can expect a Freshman to equal a Senior in his ideas. So then in our exchange columns let us as far as possible give honor to whom honor is due whether it be a magazine of twenty or sixty pages.

We believe it has become generally known that in the ideal college magazine the editorials should reflect what might be called the political life of the college, while the body of the magazine is open for essays on outside affairs and material of the stable kind, and for stories and poetry. The locals and personals and reports of athletics come under the head of the news department. The exchange department needs no explanation.

The *Wofford College Journal* comes to us bound neatly and its general tone is good. We wish, however, to criticise the editorial department for outstepping its bounds in the second and fourth editorials. These treat of outside affairs and therefore belong to the body of the magazine rather than to that department. Among the poems, "November" deserves mention. The "Victor," however, is not so good, the meter being bad in several places and the rhyme is not very good all through. "The Rise of Trade Unions" is well written and portrays in smooth English the history of these organizations which have become such important factors in our commercial affairs. "Yankee Doodle vs. Dixie" and "A Bit of Romance" are both love stories that end well, and furnish amusement for the moment; that done they have completed their purpose.

In *The Buff and Blue* we find one predominating fault, if it may be called a fault. Whether it is or not depends largely on the object of the magazine, but to the ideal magazine it is a fault. We refer to the fact that nineteen pages are devoted to the news departments, including the alumnae, the locals and athletics, and only the same number (nineteen) being occupied by the remainder of the magazine. We think the proportion should be greater. There should be at least two pages of the main body to one of the news part.

A semi-monthly magazine cannot be compared with a monthly, but must have a basis of its own. It is necessarily a magazine of news. In it the locals, personals and athletic reports are more in evidence than in the monthly. Nevertheless good articles and stories are not out of place.

In *The Georgia Tech*, of December 14th, we find some good stories, written more for amusement than instruction it is true, yet in that part they act admirably. The solid material is technical as we would expect, but at the same time affords good reading and is very instructive. "Progress in Electric Lighting" is well written and is especially attractive to one interested in that subject.

The Earltamite is another of the semi-monthlies welcomed to our table. The December 8 issue was well made up and

reflects credit on the Sophomore class who edited it. "A Sunset Reveie" deserves commendation. Among the stories we liked the "Teacher's Thanksgiving" best, but "A Broken Engagement" is worthy of mention. The editorials are strongly written and show the high ideals of the class.

Besides the above we acknowledge the receipt of the following: *The Hamptonia, The Randolph-Macon Monthly, The Erskinian, The Red and White, The Westonian, The Palmetto, The Haverfordian, The Brown and White, Ouachita Ripples, Trinity Archive, The St. Mary's Muse, The Collegian, The Greensboro High School Magazine, The Comenian, The Lehigh Burr, The College Message, The Wake Forest Student, Davidson College Magazine, The Ivy, North Carolina University Magazine, The State Normal Magazine, The Clemson College Chronicle, The Criterion.*

Clippings.

A young man from Kalamazoo
 Loved a pretty young miss named Sue:
 So he sent her a cat
 Wrapped up in a mat,
 With a note, "I've a feline for you."—*Ex.*

STUNG.

Sing a song of Lab. fees,
 A pocketful of chink;
 Four and twenty dollars,
 I'll get back six, I think.
 When the list is posted,
 Heavens! what a smash;
 Beside my name I see the sum—
 Just thirty cents in cash.—*Ex.*

DEVOID OF ORNAMENT.

"They have found canals on Mars?"

"Yes."

"Has anything ever been found on Venus?"

"Not in any picture I ever saw of her."—*Ex.*

"Your teeth are like the stars," he said,

The maiden's face grew bright;

"Your teeth are like the stars," he said,

"They all come out at night."—*Ex.*

Gentle Jane whizzed through the town,

Running many people down;

Still she gave her car but praise,

Saying, "It has such killing ways."—*Ex.*

He—"You are the breath of life to me."

She—"Well, suppose you hold your breath a while."—*Ex.*

WHY?

Why is a woman afraid of a mouse

Is a mystery to me, I declare.

Why is a woman afraid of a mouse,

When she weareth a rat in her hair?—*Ex.*

HERE'S TO A KISS.

Give me a kiss, and to that kiss add a score,

Then to that twenty add a hundred more;

A thousand to that hundred, and so kiss on,

To make that thousand quite a million.

Triple that million, and when that is done,

Let's kiss afresh as though we'd just begun.—*Ex.*

BURNS REVISED.

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us

To see oursel's as ithers see us,

Or, better still, make ither swells

To see us as we see oursel's."—*Ex.*

College Girl (in dry goods store)—Are you sure this color is fast?

Clerk—Certainly. As fast as the roses on your cheeks.

College Girl—H-m! Show me something else, please.—*Ex.*

Some men are born for great things,

^{So} Some are born for small,

Some it's not recorded—

Why they are born at all.—*Ex.*

SMOOTH SAILING.

Use to ride a Pony—

Bet I did, eratum!

Now I ride an automobilis

And smoke a cigarattum.—*Ex.*

An old country woman was one day selling vegetables to a lady who was spending the summer at her cottage in the mountains of Western North Carolina. While the woman was there a boy passed carrying a foot ball.

"What's that you got?" she inquired.

"A foot ball," the boy responded.

"A foot ball? Oh, yes, that's one of them things you put in the bed to keep your feet warm—ain't it?"—*Ex.*

Doran—The faculties of all the leading colleges seem to favor the new game of football.

Donegan—What has the mental faculty to say about it?—*Ex.*

SWEETHEARTS.

I can almost hear birds singing

In the branches overhead,

Though they now are bare and leafless

And the songsters all have fled.

I can almost feel the sunshine,

Though the sky is overspread—

For I have my little sweetheart here beside me.

Her voice to me is sweeter far

Than feathered songster's lay,

Her eyes make bright with sunshine
The very darkest day;
And my heart o'erflows with gladness—
December seems like May—
For I have my little sweetheart here beside me.—*Ex.*

A PSALM OF COLLEGE LIFE.

Tell me not in care free numbers
College life is but a dream,
For the man is flunked that slumbers—
Exams. are not just what they seem.
Life is real! Life is earnest!
Grades of A are its best goal.
"Do not hurry! Do not worry!"
Is not said to student's soul.
Not enjoyment, and not pleasure,
Is our destined aim and way,
But to study—study—study—
Is our task from day to day.
Exams. are long and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though we have crammed,
Still, like muffled drums are beating,
When we got to be exa'med.
In the student's field of battle,
In the stress of college life,
Be not dumb like driven cattle—
Be a hero in the strife.—*Ex.*

Directory.

Guilford College.

L. L. HOBBS, PRESIDENT.

GEO. W. WHITE, TREASURER.

Literary Societies.

PHILAGOREAN.

Annie Lois Henley, President

Margaret Davis, Secretary

Annie Benbow, Marshal

HENRY CLAY.

R. J. M. Hobbs, President

Manuel Galdo, Secretary

T. F. Bulla, Marshal

WEBSTERIAN.

E. J. Coltrane, President

G. W. Bradsha, Secretary

Leroy Miller, Marshal

Young Men's Christian Association.

E. J. Coltrane, President

Fred S. Hill, Secretary

Young Women's Christian Association.

Alma Edwards, President

Lillian Jinnett, Secretary

Athletic Association.

L. L. Hobbs, Jr., President

D. D. Carroll, Base Ball Manager

R. E. Dalton, Tennis Manager

D. M. Petty, Basket Ball Manager

R. J. M. Hobbs, Secretary

Louis L. Hobbs, Base Ball Capt.

E. J. Coltrane, Track Manager

Classes.

SENIOR CLASS.

D. M. Petty, President

Lillian Jinnett, Secretary

SOPHOMORE

E. E. White, President

Margaret Davis, Secretary

JUNIOR CLASS.

A. E. Lindley, President

Mabelle Raiford, Secretary

FRESHMAN.

James Anderson, President

Pauline White, Secretary

The Guilford Collegian.

VOL. XIX.

FEBRUARY, 1907.

NO. 5.

Last summer Mr. J. Elwood Cox, wife and daughter, in making a voyage across the Atlantic, chanced to sail in the same steamer in which Mr. Andrew Carnegie had engaged passage. During the voyage upon one occasion Mr. Carnegie entertained the passengers by reading the following poem written for him by one of his friends. Mr. Cox after returning to America obtained a copy from Mr. Carnegie and sent it to the college that the students might have the benefit of the poem, and especially of Mr. Carnegie's statement concerning wealth and happiness. It is hoped the readers of The Collegian may be pleased to have this poem with Mr. Carnegie's comments, and with the kind permission of Mr. Cox, the same are inserted:

ME AND ANDRA.

(From Dunfermline Press.)

We're puir bit craichturs, Andra, you an' me,
Ye hae a bath in a marble tub, I dook in the sea.
Cafe au lait in a silver joog for breakfast gangs to you;
I sup my brose wi' a horn spuin an' eat till I'm fu'.

An' there's nae great differ, Andra, hardly ony,
My sky is as clear as yours, an' the cluds are as bonnie;
I whussle a tune thro' my teeth to mysel' that costs nae money.

The bobolink pipes in the orchards white in your hame on the ither
side;
Gray whaups cry up on oor muir t' me, white seamaws soom on oor
tide.
An organ bums in your marble hall wi' mony a sough an' swell;
I list to the roar o' the wind an' the sea in the hollow o' a shell.

An' there's nae great differ, Andra—hardly ony ava,
For the measure that throbs thro' eternal things to me is as braw,
An' it wafts me up to the gate o' God to hear His choir ana'.

We're draiglitt bit craiteurs, Andra, plowterin' i' the glaur,
 Paidlin' ilk in oor ane bit dub, and glowerin' ilk at his star;
 Rakin' up the clert o' the trink till oor Faither airts us hame,
 Whiles wi' a strap, whiles wi' a kiss, or carryin' us when we're lame.

An' there's nae great differ, Andra, we're sib as peas in a cod,
 Ill-faured weans at the best—the draiglitt wi' the snod;
 An' we'll a' get peyed what we're ocht, Andra, when we gang
 hame to God.

What if I win fame or gear, Andra, what if I fail,
 Be gleg as a fumart whitrock, or dull as a snail?
 It'll be a' ane in a hunder year whether I sally or slide—
 The nicht sits as dark on a brawlin' linn as it broods on a sleepin' tide.

An' there's nae great differ, Andra, whether ye bum or bizz;
 If no a wheel ye may be a clink—if we canna pull we can bruiz;
 We maun ta' the world as we find it, lad, an' content wi't as it is.
 R. C.

(From Dunfermline Press.)

INTERESTING LETTER FROM MR. CARNEGIE.

We have received the following letter from Mr. Carnegie in connection with the publication of the verses "Me and Andra," in a recent issue of the Dunfermline Press:

The Cottage, Dungeness,
 Fernandina, Fla., February 16, 1906.

Dear Sir:

Please tell "R. C." that I have greatly enjoyed his verses. He is both philosopher and poet, but he cannot know, as I do, how trifling are the advantages of wealth. He has to imagine one side. I have lived both, and have learned that

"If happiness has not its seat
 And centre in the breast,
 We may be wise, or rich, or great,
 But never can be blessed."

Beyond a competence for old age, and that need not be great, and may be very small, wealth lessens rather than increases human happiness. Millionaires who laugh are rare. This is just as it should be, and "R. C." has done a bit of good work (better than most sermons) in putting a great truth so vividly before us.

I hope he has more of such ore to smelt.

Yours truly,

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

THE LONELY COTTAGE.

BY "OPHELIA."

"Whose farm is that adjoining this one on the east, and who lives in the pretty little white cottage over there? I haven't seen a living soul around there since I've been here."

"It belongs to Francis Williams, and he lives in the cottage alone. He used to come here sometimes, and we visited him, but for the past three years he has been nowhere except where he has business, and his old friends have gradually learned to let him alone. He is so changed, you wouldn't know that he was once as jolly a good fellow as ever walked the earth."

"What has changed him so?"

"No one knows. He made a trip east, was all joy and good nature when he went away, but when he returned ten days later, he had been transformed into what he is now."

This conversation passed between Kit Lambert and his cousin, Charles Watt. Kit was a man of twenty-five, and tired out of rushing business life in New York, had accepted an invitation from his cousin, to visit him in his California home. Charles had been married for five years, and a more comfortable and well-kept home could not be found in all the wide West. Here, for two weeks, Kit had abandoned himself to the pleasure of freedom. He had often noticed the farm and cottage near his cousins, but had never thought to ask who occupied them until three days before he was to go back to New York. That night he could not get the cottage out of his mind, and the name, Francis Williams, kept repeating itself over and over to him; "Francis Williams, Francis, Francis. Where have I heard that name before?" at last he said aloud.

Then his thoughts carried him away back to the days of his childhood; he could see his old home, near Farmville, Virginia, and the little brick school house, where he learned his a b c's. Then he saw all his associates in those merry days, just as they sat there; the girls on one side, the boys on the other. He began at the front rows and saw Sue Lynn, and opposite her

Will Gray; Fanny Wade and Tom Lyde, and so on back to the fifth seat; Ruth Carter and Frank Williams. Then he set to wondering what had become of them all. Some of them he knew had married, some had died, while others were lost to him in the wide world. He remembered that Frank Williams and Ruth Carter were such great friends, and how he used to bring apples to school for her, and carry her books. A friend had written him a few years back, that Ruth was still at home taking care of her aged father; her mother had died before he left the old home. Of Frank he had heard nothing in years. He was an orphan, and had lived with a kind family near Kit's home until he was thirteen; then being left orphan a second time, had gone to live with his adopted sister in Pennsylvania. Further than that he did not know, only that a few years later they had visited the old home at Christmas time, and it was told that Frank had given Ruth a box of candy that Christmas. He could not recall where they went after that, but the name of Frank clung in his mind. Suddenly he exclaimed, "Frank Williams; can it be that Francis Williams of the lonely cottage is our same little Frank?"

An hour later Kit was startled from his reverie by the striking of the clock announcing that another day was being ushered in. He hastily prepared for bed, and knew no more until he was aroused by some one shaking him vigorously, and his cousin's voice, saying that breakfast had been waiting for him an hour.

At dinner Kit said, "Charlie, do you know where Francis Williams came here from, and where he lived while a boy?"

"He came here from Missouri, but I think his parents lived in Virginia; at least his foster parents lived there, but they died when he was quite young."

"I'm going to call on him tonight; I believe I knew him when we were boys. He must be twenty-eight now."

That evening as Kit passed the lonely cottage on one of his cousin's fast horses, he caught a glimpse of a man standing near the barn, looking away over his field, and yet seeming to see nothing. He neither moved nor spoke when Kit passed.

As soon as supper was over he said, "Well, Charlie, I'm

going to try my luck at visiting tonight. You've given me a great time, but there is one more person I must see before I go back East. I won't insist on your company though tonight, for you might not enjoy it. Good-night, don't wait for me."

"Good luck to you, good-night."

No dog challenged Kit's entrance to the yard. The moon shone full, and he noticed how nicely the yard was kept. Roses perfumed the air, and a wild clematis made a nest-like bower of the porch. The blinds were tightly closed in front; no sound came from within. He felt it sacrilege to intrude on this stillness, so he went round to the back of the house, and knocked. The door was opened by a tall, slight man, who waited for an explanation of this intrusion from his visitor.

"I'm Kit Lambert, and I hear your name is Francis Williams. I have been wondering if you are Frank Williams who used to live at Farmville, in old Virginia. If you are, I've come over to stir up old acquaintance."

"I'm glad to see you, Kit. You will not find me much at old acquaintance, but you are welcome any way."

They soon became almost as well acquainted as they had been in boyhood. They had both seen much of the world, and their tongues ran glibly until ten o'clock, then suddenly Kit asked, "What has become of all our old schoolmates? I haven't heard from any of them, or any of the people around Farmville for a coon's age."

"You know as much of them as I," was the reply, tinted with sadness, and the other looking into his face saw a dark shadow creep across it, and an unutterable look steal into the depth of his mild blue eyes.

"Why you and Ruth were such good friends, you surely cannot mean that you never hear?"

"O, don't, don't," came a voice which sounded like a ghost's, and Frank put out his hand as if to ward off a blow.

"I beg your pardon, I—I did not mean to hurt your feelings, I did not know how things are now."

A strained silence followed, which seemed ages; then suddenly Frank said, "Do you mind sitting in the dark?"

"No." The light went out.

neva in their intense Calvinism were so intent "on attaining beauty of holiness that they gave no attention to beauty of architecture" and which is but a proof that rigidity in any part of one's conduct will manifest itself in all parts whether we will or not. This very rigidity and carefulness for minutiae had much to do, no doubt, with making Geneva a city famed for its "ingenious industries." A watch with the Geneva stamp upon it is much enhanced in value and no city turns out more or more popular *music-boxes*—(There may be a laugh at mention of the latter fact but the day of *music-boxes* is but fairly begun for the graphophone and many other automatic music producers of today are but recent and more imposing developments of the music box of the child.)

It is not as a manufacturing city that we would consider Geneva, but rather as an historical, for Guizot very properly calls it "one of the two ecclesiastical centers of Europe." What Rome was to the Roman church, Geneva was to Protestantism.

The Reformation moved westward and beginning with Luther in Germany and Zwingli in Switzerland was forwarded a generation later by Calvin in Geneva and from Geneva proceeded the ideas and impulses for the Reformed churches of France, Holland, England and Scotland, in fact the whole world. It was a pure accident which brought John Calvin to Geneva and with much reluctance was he induced by Farel to give up the life he loved, the life of a student reveling in classical environment. Farel was the first to advocate the principles of the Reformation to the people of Geneva, and by inducing Calvin to give his life and energy and scholarship to the city, it thereby became a city which among those of its size has no equal in importance and influence in the theological and religious activity of the world, as well as in its literary and social culture, all of which well fits it to be the convenient center for the discussion and settlement of international questions. Calvin found Geneva "a tottering republic, a wavering faith, a nascent church." He left it a Gibraltar of nations—a model for nations and churches. Struggling as the Protestants were to separate church and state, that is to remove the hand of the Roman Pope from the throttle of the

governments of Europe, it is strange that Calvin and his co-workers should make a government for Geneva in which church and state were closely and inextricably united. This union came about as an outgrowth of the rigorous advocacy and practice of the principle that a man's religion should permeate every part of his conduct. This church discipline which controlled every act of life made Calvinistic Geneva become the school of reform for western Europe—indeed the work of Calvin for Geneva and the success which he attained seems well nigh a fulfillment of the dream in More's Utopia. Calvin was for Geneva its preacher, lawgiver, dictator, and administrator—all in one. No study of government is complete which does not include this city which came as near the ideal as any either before or since.

But not alone as a center of Protestantism and a model in government do we study Geneva—but from the fact that here our modern public school system had its birth, a fact which it seems to me overtowers the other two, for it is education which gives *vision* and “where there is no vision the people perish.” Calvin has been called the father of popular education and the inventor of free schools. But we can hardly give him all the credit of this, for while he did crystalize and bring to order the sentiments and ideas which were in the air, we must not forget that he was but formulating what Luther and Zwingli had done much to create. Calvin and his co-workers, knowing as they did, that the ignorance of the Roman priesthood was the source of much superstition and corruption, sought first to educate the ministry and this led to the founding of the Academy of Geneva. But this was not enough—the need of elementary schools was felt, and so four of these were established in four quarters of the city. At first a small fee was charged at these, but later all restrictions were removed and so Geneva had a *free school* system to which all classes had access. And it is worthy of note just here that Theodoro Beza was one of the first teachers and was largely influential in making the schools *free*.

With such a form of government and with the educational facilities to be had for the asking, it is no matter of wonder

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that there should circle around this city men and women whom the world will always honor as masters—and for many of whom the city itself, not unmindful of their greatness, has named its streets. While Geneva is preeminently the city of Calvin and is the birthplace of Rousseau, it is also the city of Voltaire who two whole centuries after Calvin regards Geneva as still the center of Protestantism.

Madame de Strel was also identified with the city as is her father Necker, the celebrated statesman and financier. Gallatin who won a secular reputation in America and Say, the political economist, both were born in this city. Guizot spent his early life here and Sir Humphrey Davy his later days bringing with him his “greatest discovery”—Faraday.

John Knox though older than Calvin spent some years of study under him. Wagner wrote part of *Valkyrie* here, but Geneva is more widely known perhaps as the city of Francois da Bourivard, the hero of Genevese independence and whom Byron has immortalized in his “Prisoner of Chillon.”

But enough has been said to awaken interest in this liberty-faring city of liberty-loving Switzerland without recalling the fact that we first learned of Geneva in our plodding work on the commentaries of Cæsar where he tells us that he found Geneva the frontier town of the Allobroges and that when he crossed the bridge which even then spanned the river—he was no longer in the land of the Allobroges but of the Helvetii.

It would take yet another paper to tell of that great Geneva convention of which the Red Cross Society is the outgrowth—Did you know that the *red cross*, the badge of the society was chosen as a compliment to the Swiss government in which the convention was held? The Swiss seal is a white cross on a red background. These colors are simply reversed for the society.

Perhaps one of the greatest diplomatic measures which has been discussed and settled in the city of Geneva is that of the Alabama claim by which it was decided that Great Britain should pay to the United States a \$15,000,000 indemnity for having built the cruiser “Alabama” and others and otherwise aided and abetted the Southern Confederacy.

With all this and much more associated with the city of Geneva is it not worthy our consideration? Shall we not rank Calvin and his work for Geneva along with Lycurgus and the Spartan reform and with Savonarola and the Florentine revolution, and shall we not write all of these men high on the honor roll of leaders in revolution, men who won their distinction not by "wading through slaughter," but in a peaceful warfare and for humanitarian ends, namely a better government, a better educational system, a better form of religion.

DRUM.

BY M.

Most of the good country gentlemen between the ages of eighteen and sixty had gathered around the stove, in one of the little department stores of the village as they had long been accustomed to do, after they had eaten their evening meal.

On this particular night as there seemed to be no subject demanding consideration, some one moved that they have some music. After considerable urging and coaxing Buck Jones, the noted musician of the community, picked up a violin lying on the counter, and began to play one of the pieces the crowd liked best.

The music had not continued long when old Ring, a famous 'possum and coon dog of the neighborhood, rose from his place behind the stove, and faced the musician. After he had looked at the performer for a few seconds, he let out a rather curious yell.

"I allers has argued that dum brutes has got an extra ordinary capacity for enjoying music anyhow," observed a thoughtful looking old farmer of the neighborhood as he peered out from his position behind the stove.

"Well, that there dog shore is a prodigy, anyway. He has shure done a lot of smart thnigs," said the owner of the dog.

"Speaking as to dogs," put in one who had but a little before joined the crowd, "Wall we had just moved away to the mountains about the time these here graftophones came out. Since Ma was powerful homesick away up there, the old man wanting to please her brought home one of those talking machines, and Ma played 'Home, Sweet oHme,' on it about forty times a day. Really I hardly ever entered the house without hearing that thing ablatin off 'Home, Sweet Home.'" I kept noticing our bragg coon dog hanging around that machine just like these dogs in the advertising pictures. Sometimes we would run him away. When we did he would go looking as thoughtful as a judge. Every time I saw him he looked as absent-minded as could be--like he was trying to work out some kind of problem.

"For some time we heard strange sounds out in the dog's kennel. This noise kept sounding more and more like a talking machine. Of course none of us could imagine what it was. Well, after about a month the noise ceased, and Drum—that was the dog's name—began to look much happier. Not long after this Pa went to town and brought home some new records. Among them was a song about 'I'd rather have hair on the top of my head than to be down where the Budweizer flows,' which I took a fancy to and played often.

"We now began to hear that strange noise again. Things kept going on this way till 'possum and coon huntin' time came 'round.

"One real cold night we set out, with Drum, to catch a coon. 'Twant long before a cold rain drove us up to an old barn nearby. This old barn wasn't so comfortable though. The dogs didn't like it much. Pretty soon Drum saddles round, and sitting down on his hind legs, began to let out 'Home, Sweet Home,' just like one o' them graftophones. Guess he'd played about half way through when Pa, who is naturally tender-hearted, relented. Patting Drum kindly, he started home with us, that is, me and the dogs.

"Things kept going on this way for some time. On disagreeable nights, Drum always broke up our hunts by working the homesick deal on Pa. But all this humoring spoiled Drum considerably. It wasn't long before he didn't want to go hunting—not even on warm nights. So at last, on a pretty, warm night, Pa didn't yield to any of Drum's foolishness. But Drum wasn't easily outdone, and having considerable sense of humor for a dog, he looks at Pa a little while, then breaks out on that song about 'I'd rather have hair on the top of my head.' Now if there is one subject on which Pa is particularly irritable, it is the bald-headed one. He ain't got a bit of hair on the top of his head. Losing his tender-heartedness, he seizes an ax, and leaves poor Drum's body on that very spot, stiff and cold."

When the speaker had finished a complete silence reigned over the crowd. This silence was first broken by Squire Tompkins loudly blowing his nose, then departing from the store. His example was followed by the remainder of the band.

THE TRAMP'S STORY.

The cattle, which I had been left to herd, were grazing contentedly over the sun-baked prairie. I had dismounted; and seating in the little shade a mesquite bush afforded, was trying to imagine how the man, whose grave, but a few feet from me, was marked by a rude cross, had met his death. After I had been looking at the lonely grave for some time, I was aroused from my reverie by a shadow falling across the ground in front of me. I looked up. In front of me stood a tramp, who had wandered over to where I was sitting from a large railroad tank nearby.

After speaking to me, he went over to the grave. For some time he stood looking at it. Presently he returned to where I was sitting. Having lighted a cigarette, he seated himself in front of me.

"Rather a lonesome place for a fellow to have to rest so long," he said, inclining his head toward the lonely grave.

"Yes. Strange, too," said I, "that a fellow should be buried way out here. I have just been wondering how it came about."

"It was one spring about ten years ago," he began. "There wasn't a fence west of the Concho. The T. X. outfit grazed the land for fifty miles in every direction. They had put too many cattle on this range. The sky had been cloudless all spring. Drouth was staring the outfit in the face. Grass was becoming scarcer every day. It was evident, that if it didn't soon rain, we would have to drive the cattle to another range.

"At last the foreman was notified to move all cattle from the range. He sent me to town to hire hands for the roundup. That was in the days when I was as good a cow-hand as ever rode the plains. Among the very first, a boy of twenty, or thereabout, came to me for a job. He said he was a green hand, but he was willing to do any kind of work. I hated to take that boy on such a drive. He, however, wanted to go very badly. At last I hired him, and brought him out with me.

"All the boys soon took a great liking to him, especially the boss. Not only the boys, but also those at the headquarters

took a fancy to him. He often rode with Miss Eva Kyle, the boss's daughter.

"It was getting very plain that these two young people were very fond of each other. He had now known her only the three weeks of the round-up, but he had ridden with her every day since his arrival at the ranch. Both being jolly, and having the same nature, they soon became acquainted.

"At last the cattle were all gathered. That night they would be herded near the headquarters; next morning they would be started on the drive to a fresh range. Claude Harrington—that was the boy's name—was on the early guard. Miss Eva had ridden out to the herd with him.

"Distant thunder was heard all evening, but no one had dreamed of a storm. The thunder was, however, growing louder. Lightning was noticed by the two herders. The thunder storm was fast approaching. The cattle were becoming nervous. Those that were lying down, had got up, and were moving into a compact herd.

"One loud bolt of thunder brought the climax. The maddened herd, with one loud snort, rushed over the plain, straight for Claude and Eva. At first they easily out-rode the mad, moving gulf of horns, but the girl's horse was fast weakening. Claude saw this. He rode close to her, and lifting her to his own saddle, slipped to the ground. He succeeded in mounting the other horse. The delay was, however, fatal to the tired horse. Soon being caught by the stampeded herd, he was mangled under the hoofs of two thousand running cattle.

"Next morning we found his body, bloody and covered with mud. We soon boxed up a rude coffin out of boards, and laid him to rest there. It was the best we could do for him. There wasn't a cemetery in two hundred miles."

"And the girl?" I asked.

"Yes, she escaped, but never liked the ranch any more. Her father sent her east to school. She did well, and after graduating returned to the country of her childhood to become a nun, in a little convent about thirty miles from here. She could never bear to be with another."

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE PHYSICAL DEPARTMENT.

We, of the more scientifically inclined students, view with no small degree of pleasure the recent improvements in the Physics courses. The first step in this improvement was the separation of the Departments of Physics and Chemistry. The work of these two important sciences is more than one man can do, and with Professor Wilson at the head of the Chemistry, and Professor Floyd occupying the Chair of Physics, both departments are strengthened.

The next step, due largely to the tireless efforts of Professor Floyd, was the conversion of the south side of the basement of Memorial Hall into a Physical Laboratory. This room is admirably qualified for work of this nature. The concrete floor is absolutely free from all jars, a matter of no small moment in successful experimenting. Three large windows and a glass paneled door furnish ample light in the daytime. At night eight incandescent lamps are used. The white walls and gray floor aid not a little in the general lighting effect. The water and gas mains are within easy reach, and a complete line of gas jets has been attached. One faucet has been connected to the water main and more can be added as they are needed. A small water motor is badly needed to run a small emery wheel and to furnish power to the static machines. Directly connected to the east end of the laboratory is a dark room for use in "Light." Also in this end is the workshop, an indispensable feature of any Physical laboratory. Besides the apparatus for demonstration before the classes in First Year Physics there has been added a complete set of apparatus for work in mechanics, molecular physics, and heat. Among these are machines for determining the acceleration of freely, as well as retarded falling bodies, and for the confirmation of Newton's laws of motion; a force table by which the resultant and equilibrant of a number of forces may be determined; a complete set of balances for work in Equations of Moments, the theory of weighing and sensibility of balances; apparatus for determining the "co-efficient of elasticity" of elastic and inelastic bodies, elastic impact and co-efficients of restitution; for con-

firming Hook's law of tensile and torsional strengths of wire and for work in the Laws of Harmonic Motion. Also a machine designed especially for determining the value of "G." There is apparatus for proofs of Boyle's Law; for the variation of boiling point under pressure; and for expansion of metals at various temperatures. There is also a good supply of thermometers, calorimeters, etc.

This course is given in the fall term, and there are about thirty experiments and proofs to be performed besides the lecture and class work. In the spring term it is proposed to give electricity, light and sound in about the same manner.

This makes a second year course that cannot be surpassed, and with the addition of apparatus for advance work in special subjects the Physics courses at Guilford will be second to none.

Now that the Science Departments are on a sound basis, would it not be a step in advance if there was a course offered which contained more Science and Modern languages and no Latin or Greek.

D. M. P.

The Guilford Collegian.

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NO. 5

Editorials.

It should be the desire of all to be constantly growing better. Such a desire has been very evident in the Preparatory Department for the past year and a half. This feature of Guilford's work has been criticised and perhaps justly so and some have even advocated its abolition. At certain periods it has appeared to be a drawback to the student body by exerting an undue influence on the college life and by its want of respect for the upper classes. Aside from these minor criticisms, it would seem that the preparatory work has not accomplished the work which it should strive to perform—that of furnish-

ing recruits to the Freshman class with the foundation so essential to a complete education. We are aware that many have come up from these lower ranks and finished the course, but it is rarely the case. It is not our intention to leave the impression that this line of work has been fruitless. However, we believe from the stimulus given the work by the present head of this department that its work will be of a much higher grade and more thorough than in former years. New students are often entered in work which they are not prepared to carry but which they do succeed in passing off by a narrow margin, thus making the remainder of their education a drag, unless as is often the case they become discouraged and drop out of school. Sometimes, child-like, we like to get ahead of ourselves and get mad if the dean refuses to give us advanced work, but the fact is we do not know what is best for us and the lesson of old comes back to us that those who have trodden the path know it best. We believe that ere many years, if the present rate of advance is maintained, the "Prep" will become the "Sub-Fresh" and this line of work which has lacked system and thoroughness will become a source of supply for the highest grade of college men and women.

In this day of scientific investigation, historical research and art culture, it is very interesting and profitable, if not necessary, to effect such organizations as will foster an interest in the pursuit of these subjects. Guilford has accorded with her richer institutions in organizing a club which is composed of the college students who are taking the courses of B. S. together with the professors of the various scientific departments.

This club will be known as the Joseph Moore Science Club of Guilford College. The object of the same will be, as designated in the constitution, "to promote an interest in scientific investigation." The subjects of Evolution, Boyles Law, and manufacture of glass have been presented to the members of the club. Certainly such efforts tend to awaken and promote

interest in given subjects and enable the members to keep informed as to their latest developments.

Although the students of every institution are prone to think that they have a little more to do than those of other colleges, it is evident that time will not be more valuably occupied than in attending to such fundamental topics as it will be the purposes of the club to discuss. Perhaps the time is not far distant when clubs other than the Joseph Moore can be established at Guilford, briefly speaking one of a historical and literary import.

We are very sorry to announce that no more class debates could be arranged for this year. It will be noted elsewhere in the magazine that there were two flat refusals to debate. In such cases as this it is necesasry to know the reasons for such action. According to our analysis of the cases the reasons are three-fold; and in stating these reasons we are taking the excuses offered by the parties themselves. First, the debaters were extremely busy with other matters, second, they were indifferent to the subject; and third, they entertained the idea of defeat. We hope it will be understood that all of the parties were not guilty of all these excuses. Indeed some were not guilty of any excuses. But all of the above excuses were entertained by some parties connected with the forfeitures.

Now let us examine the validity of these excuses. We are quite aware that a number of our men are doing a great deal of hard work. Perhaps some of the men should be excused for that reason. There are, however, a number of other men upon whom the burdens could be shifted. In this connection it occurs to us that a few men here are attempting to do too much. The reason is obvious. There are other men of ability, but because the few are willing they must bear it all and let the others have their own good time. This ought not to be so. Our observation has been that where one attempts to do too many things, some of them are not done right. One suggestion might be of value. Let the men who are now occupying positions of honor and trust shift some of them over on the irre-

sponsible men. They can do the work if their talents are cultivated. Apply this suggestion to the debating matter and very soon we will have the full number of debates, even if inexperienced men do have to fill the places.

As to the second excuse the same old story will apply. We would better say that that malady of laziness, which pervades the world, has found a hiding-place in our midst. Indifference to the subject of debating! What does it mean? It most certainly means that some of our men are not striving for their highest good. We verily believe that, regardless of an ordinary amount of time given to a debate, there is no more valuable part of college activities. Classical and scientific studies are the great means of development, and debating offers an excellent auxiliary. Here the power of logical and practical thinking is developed. We sincerely trust that in the future greater interest may be aroused in this very important matter.

Of course the third excuse is very delicate. It is even so delicate that we are surprised when such an excuse is offered. Yet it was done, and because there was no hesitancy in offering it we shall not refrain from subjecting it to a rigid examination. It is quite conceivable that in the battles of life our opponents will frequently appear stronger than we. But in the words of Patrick Henry, "are we to lie supinely on our backs and hug the delusive phantom of hope," until our opponents shall have gained the desired goal, and we have acquired nothing? There may be danger of stretching a point here, but really are not the germs of such a spirit concealed in the one who refuses to engage in a contest because the opponent is probably stronger? One thing should be remembered, we will never gain strength until we meet the real problem. The athletic team that refuses to play one season because it is not strong is not likely to have a strong team the next year. This is equally true of debating. And we should never give up, even if defeat apparently stares us in the face, because the victory is never decided until the battle is fought. It is not for us to say what the outcome will be. As we look at the matter before us, it seems that that condition ruled in the decisions recently made. We thoroughly believe that the class debating

teams of next year, and the inter-collegiate teams, that we hope to launch in the near future, have been weakened because of the action referred to above.

But what is the value of seeing our mistakes unless we profit by them. Our opinion has been expressed. Whether right or wrong remains for our readers to judge. However, we sincerely trust that none of the above excuses will ever be offered again.

Locals and Personals.

C. LINNIE SHAMBURGER, '07.

Bluebooks!

Examinations!

Did you pass?

The first lecture of the new term was delivered by Professor Hodgin, January 19. His subject was "The Value of Good Language."

President Hobbs is absent on an extended trip in the North in the interest of the college.

✓ Mr. Robert P. Dicks, '04, was married on the 23d of January to Miss Lydia Dozier Lee, of Sumter, South Carolina.

Petty, on looking at the red marks on his paper, said that he knew the place where he died on French exam. because he could see his blood.

We were favored by an excellent sermon by Mary C. Woody Sunday, January 27.

We were glad to see Uncle Albert Peele out again, after having had a long spell of sickness.

Miss Laura D. Worth, '92, a successful trained nurse of Charlotte, has been spending some time with her mother at the College recently.

✓ Will Hammond, '01, was a visitor at the College a few days ago.

✓ Joseph M. Dixon, '89, has been elected to the United States Senate from Montana.

Professor—"Of what is the Feast of the Passover in commemoration?"

Robt. Doak—"The children of Israel passing over the Red Sea."

Carl Hill, '01, is engaged very successfully in the furniture business at High Point.

Misses Clara Harmon and Roba Benceni were the guests of Miss Mildred Harmon at the College a few days ago.

A certain young lady was at a reception during the holidays and after she had partaken heartily of velvet ice cream, remarked that she liked cushioned cream better than any other kind.

Miss Lena Freeman, '98, was married the 2d of January to Mr. Horace Ragan, of High Point, N. C.

A Freshman girl wants to know if the book Emmanuel is in the Old or New Testament.

There was a very enthusiastic spelling race in Memorial Hall on the evening of January 26. The prizes were won by Alma Edwards and Tate Hill.

Ask Mr. Coletrane why he declined "der guter mann" in the masculine, feminine and neuter genders.

Sallie Raiford, who was a student here in '04 and '05, is teaching near her home in Virginia. Miss Raiford graduated at Westtown last year.

We are very sorry to lose Jack Keeney from the student body. He has accepted an appointment to the Naval Academy in Annapolis.

Anderson (trying on Nicholson's overshoes)—"Not so, they don't fit either."

Schedule of mail train 97 going South. Leave Founders, 9.40 p. m., arrives at Archdale, 9.41; leaves 9.42; arrives at Y. M. C. A., 9.43; leaves for postoffice, 9.44. All parties who expect local mail from Founders should meet train promptly and procure the same at their respective stations. Crew not responsible for lateness and the entire schedule subject to change without notice. By order of general traffic manager.

The following contestants have been elected for the Philagorean contest on April 6: Elsie White, Mildred Harmon,

Annie Gordon, Mabelle Raiford, Margaret Davis and Annie Mendenhall.

The Henry Clays will be represented in their contest April 27 by Joseph Thore, Fred Hill, Ovid Jones, Henry Doak and Richard Hobbs.

The Websterians have selected Ernest Younts, George Bradshaw, Rush Hodgkin, Will Boyce, Bernard Hurley and Hugh White. The date of the contest is May 18.

On January 31 and February 1 the basket ball team took a trip to the eastern part of the State, playing Trinity and Wake Forest. In the first game the score was 20 to 1 against us and in the second 27 to 7. We hope to play both of these teams again on our own floor at a later date.

The Senior-Junior debate, which was scheduled for January 26, was forfeited to Seniors. Following this forfeiture the Seniors proposed a question to the Sophomores, who in turn also followed the Juniors' suit. According to the rules of debates the cup will not be awarded this year.

An event of unusual interest was the musical recital on the evening of February 2. Much credit is due Miss Papworth for the excellent program that was rendered. Particular mention should be made of the violin solos by Herr Robert Roy, of Greensboro.

BASE-BALL.

If there is one thing which thrills the heart of a true college student more than any other it is the victory of his college team. In past years there have been many occasions for enthusiasm on the part of Guilford students. From the time when the Fox brothers did such brilliant work on the base-ball diamond, followed by the Cameron boys, whose star playing is still a favorite topic, until the season of 1906 in which there was only one defeat, Guilford has had just cause for pride in this department of her athletics. The past season was doubtless the most successful of any in recent years. This was the first time in our history in which Davidson had been beaten and other victories were won against the strongest teams in the State. There was one game, however, which although not a victory, showed the strength of the team more than any other, that of the fifteen inning game with the State University resulting in a tie.

We are proud of past achievements but they will not suffice for present needs. The season of 1907 will soon be a reality, and as the schedule below will show it means one of the hardest trials we have ever had. But realizing the strength of the teams which we will meet this spring, we believe that this will be the best season in our history. The prospects for a team were never better. Nearly all of last year's team are back, which means a strong nucleus on which to work. Practice will begin in a few days with John Fox, of the South Atlantic League as coach, aided by Lucien Smith, who has so efficiently trained the team in past years. Taken all and in all the prospects for a winning team were never brighter at this time of the year, but we must remember that no team can succeed without the co-operation of the student body and friends of the institution which it represents and this we believe will be had.

The following is the schedule as far as it has been arranged:

March 23—Deaf Mutes at Guilford College, N. C.

March 26—Lafayette College, Greensboro, N. C.

March 30—U. N. C., Greensboro, N. C.

April 1—Greensboro, N. C.

- April 2—George Washington University, Greensboro, N. C.
 April 5—Delaware, Guilford College, N. C.
 April—A. & M., Greensboro, N. C.
 April 10—Va. Polytechnic Institute, Guilford College, N. C.
 April 13—Davidson, Greensboro, N. C.
 April 18—Catawba, Guilford College, N. C.
 April 26—Wake Forest, Guilford College, N. C.
 April 27—Wake Forest, Greensboro, N. C.
 April 29—Davidson at Charlotte.
 May 2—U. N. C., Chapel Hill, N. C.
 May 3—Wake Forest, Wake Forest, N. C.
 May 4—Baltimore Yanegan Club, Norfolk, Va.
 May 6—A. & M., Raleigh, N. C.
 May—Bingham (Asheville), Guilford College, N. C.
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THE KNOCKERS' REPORT.

Why are not the walks fixed up so when it gets bad weather we won't get so muddy?

Why is not the Library open after supper until the study bell? Would it not decrease the store loafers?

Why is the collection room warm only on warm days?

Why is it that the water so often doesn't run just before supper?

Why is the water turned off at night?

Why have the socials ceased?

Why does not the tennis manager use the small roller?

Why does the "gym" committee allow roller skates on the "gym" floor?

Why doesn't the laundry send the clothes back?

Why don't THE COLLEGIAN contain some poetry?

Why do the heavy wagons cut up the walks?

A. B. C., Pres. Knockers' Ass'n.

X. Y. Z., Secretary.

Exchanges.

D. M. PETTY, 07.

Our exchanges for the past month have been rather limited as to number, but the quality has been above the average.

The University of Virginia Magazine comes to us for the first time. According to the editor this is the only time the entire *Magazine* has been devoted to the memory of one man or event. We believe that the January number is well qualified to establish a precedent along this line. It will stand as a landmark in the history of the *Magazine*, a gauge by which the work of the past can be measured and the progress of the future noted. It will be surpassed in the future no doubt, for progress is the watchword of the University, but it will stand as a shining light, not alone on account of its composition, but because of the ennobling thoughts it brings out in portraying the life of such a grand example as Robert E. Lee. We realize that it was quite a task to undertake to even approach the perfection which such a subject as a memorial to the greatest man the South ever knew deserves, and we congratulate the editors on their effort. One cannot read the letters of General Lee as published here without feeling that sense of goodness which is felt in the presence of great men of greater characters. And as we read "Lee, the Man," we realize more than ever before his real greatness, and see with clearness that it will not be denied that it was not his cleverness in the art of war but his character that makes him great. The story, "The Soldier Man" is well written and demonstrates the fact that a short story does not have to be a love story that ends with the paradigm that "they were married and lived ever happy afterwards." Such poems as "Lee to the Rear" cannot fail to make our Southern blood tingle and our patriotism rises to such an extent that we think how small a task it would be to march in the face of fire-spitting cannon for the cause of our native land and loved ones at the command of such a general as Lee. After learning so much here and in other places of the military achievements of Lee we see how General Scott

could have said what he is reported to have said when some one asked him, why was it that he did not take Richmond as he did the City of Mexico. Scott's reply was that the men, who helped him most in Mexico, hindered him most at Richmond.

Next comes our contemporary, *The Collegian* from Oakland, Cal. It has an abundance of poetry but some of it will not bear very close inspection as to its meter. On the whole, however, the poems are worthy of commendation as efforts, and the writers should keep up their good work. We are in accord with the writer of "Socialism" when he says "let us rise to the occasion and meet it." He has written a strong article both from a narrative and argumentative standpoint.

University Life is out for January in a cover of a cardinal hue that makes us feel gay. But its contents are conducive of quite a different tone. We read and enjoyed Mr. Woodard's article on "The Stream of Consciousness and the Self," but we must say we found nothing in it that we have not seen in textbooks and treatises on the subject in Psychology. The author uses a good style of clear English, and his effort is worthy of commendation. The editorial department, as has been said in these columns before, should reflect the political life of the college. So according to this dictum there is not a single true editorial, but three short sketches that properly belong in the body of the magazine. The local, society and athletic editors seem to be the most active members of the staff, as they used nearly ten out of twenty-two pages of the reading matter. The poems, "In Memoriam" and "In Memory of Mary H. Kirby," are both well written.

Besides the above we acknowledge the receipt of the following: *The Penn Chronicle*, *The State Normal Magazine*, *The Haverfordian*, *The St. Mary's Muse*, *Wofford College Journal*, *The Erskinian*, *The Earlhamite*, *The Georgia Tech*, *The Crescent*, *The Carolinian*, *George School Ides*, *Brown and White*, *The Wake Forest Student*, *The Buff and Blue*, and *The Criterion*.

Clippings.

The star sneakerino in every school is a cigarette smoker—there are no exceptions.—The Philistine.

It is not the finding a thing but the making something out of it after it is found, that is really of consequence.

That man only, is worthy to be called Educated who is able to do at least one useful thing well; who has a sympathy which is universal, and who is in the line of evolution.

A Freshman's Reasons for Studying on Sunday—"If a man is justifiable in helping an ass out of the pit on the Sabbath, how much more justifiable would the ass be in helping himself out."—Ex.

To shave your face and brush your hair,
And then your Sunday clothes to wear—

That's preparation.

And then upon a car to ride,
A mile or two to walk beside—

That's transportation.

And then before the door to smile,
And think you'll stay a good long while—

That's expectation.

And then to find her not at home—

That's thunderation.

—Ex.

"I guess that I am thru,"

Roosevelt said.

"My spelling will not do,"

Roosevelt said.

"Tho why my skeme to spel

Shud have raised such merry—hulabaloo

Is more than I can tell,"

Roosevelt said.

—Philadelphia Record.

There is a saying current in the city of New York to this effect: "You can always tell a Boston man but you can't tell him much."—Ex.

I seek for knowledge as I go;
I try to hear and see;
But something I would like to know,
Pray, what is "23"?

—Ex.

IN MEMORIAM.

They are gone, those poor flunkouts,
They, the brightest of all Subs;
They have gone from us forever;
They have moved a little farther
From the place of all their sorrow,
From the place of all their woe.

—Ex.

Prof. E., (in physics)—"Smoke is a better conductor than air."

Woolfolk—"Then a man smoking would be more likely to be hit by lightning than any other person, wouldn't he, professor?"—Ex.

IN DEFENSE OF THE SEX.

Men wouldn't go to sleep in church, either, if they had to hold their heads up in order to keep their hats on straight.—Ex.

He laughs best who laughs when the teacher laughs.—Ex.

THINK THIS OVER.

Of troubles connubial, jars and divorce,
This, we believe, is the fruitfulness source—
A man falls in love with a dimple or curl,
Then foolishly marries the entire girl.

—Boston Transcript.

THE SILVER LINING.

I met the maiden I adore
Upon the avenue;
She wore a stunning tailor gown,
A dream of gold and blue,
A chap I hate was at her side,
And both of them, alas!
Were so absorbed in merry chat
That neither saw me pass.
I watched them enter a cafe,
Where oft we used to dine;
My fancy saw them vis-a-vis
Across the fruit and wine.
But one reflection gave a coat
Of sugar to the pill:
This time it was the other man
Who had to pay the bill!

Genius is only a great storage battery of joyousness.

Directory.

Guilford College.

L. L. HOBBS, PRESIDENT.

GEO. W. WHITE, TREASURER.

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Annie Mendenhall, Secretary
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Guilford College, N. C.

Subscribers who do not receive the magazine by the end of the month should notify the Business Manager. Always notify the manager when there is a change of address. Do not wait until the end of the year and then blame us because you have not received *The Collegian*.

Unless notice to the effect that a subscriber wishes the paper to be discontinued is received, it is assumed that he wishes the subscription to be continued.

Study the advertisements and patronize those who have so kindly advertised with us. Make those who do not advertise with us realize that it is their loss. BUY from those who patronize us.

Address all business communications to A. E. Lindley, Business Manager, Guilford College, N. C.; all literary contributions, news items, etc., to E. J. Coltrane, Editor, Guilford College, N. C.



The Guilford Collegian.

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MARCH, 1907.

NO. 6.

THE BOYS OF THE GRAY.

BY K.—TO MY FATHER.

The Boys in Gray are growing old,
Their locks are snowy now,
But the true courage of each brave heart
Still shines upon their brow.
Their beloved flags are tattered and torn,
But each a true tale doth tell
Of the brave boys who died to save
The "Southland" they loved so well.

The Boys in Gray are growing old,
But each is as loyal and true
To the "United Nations Flag," as
To the Confederacy when new.
Their ranks grow thinner day by day
But they the past often recall
Thinking of their comrades so dear,
Awaiting the last bugle call.

The Boys in Gray are growing old,
They soon will pass to rest;
No more the shrieking battle cry
Will stir their patriot breast.
As their life's blood ebbs slowly out,
And their spirits depart this life,
May they all meet together then
And rest in that land free from strife.

THE STEAM TURBINE—THE NEW TYPE OF STEAM ENGINE.

BY D. H. COUCH.

To discuss in a general way the ordinary steam engine as we have it today would be to present an unreadable article. For every one is perfectly familiar with the piston or reciprocating engine as we see it every day on the railway locomotive or in many mills and factories; yet there is a new type of steam engine brought out in the last few years and now very rapidly taking the place of the old familiar type which is not generally known. This engine is called the steam turbine.

The principle of the steam turbine is radically different from the reciprocating engine. In the latter work is done by the steam by virtue of its volume and pressure acting on the head of the piston. In the steam turbine we have a machine set in motion by a continuous current of steam acting upon suitably formed surfaces attached to a rotating arrangement. Mass and velocity, therefore, are the only essential properties of steam employed in the turbine. Pressure, of course, comes into account but only in so far as it is necessary to produce the high velocity of the particles of steam entering the machine. These rapidly moving particles, having as they do quite a considerable mass, possess kinetic energy. It is this kinetic energy imparted to the rotor of the machine either by impulse or reaction or both which gives motion to the steam turbine.

The reaction turbine is the oldest of all steam engines and was invented and made, so far as we are able to learn, by Hero in the year 120 B. C. This was a very crude machine and was of no practical value as there was no way of connecting shafting to the rotor or moving part. Yet this little apparatus is of considerable interest in that it was the forerunner of all reaction turbines and like them was based on the principle of the third law of motion, as expressed many years later by Newton, that to every action there is an equal and opposite reaction. In all purely reaction turbines steam is admitted through a

hollow shaft to the moving part, which is also hollow and allowed to escape from it through nozzles so placed on the periphery of the moving part that the steam leaves it at a tangent to the curve of motion. Hence the energy in the escaping jet of steam is converted into mechanical work by its reaction on the nozzle, thus giving motion to the rotor.

There are, however, many difficulties in the construction of such a machine and it has been found better to build what are known as impulse turbines. In this case the steam passes from stationary nozzles placed so they will discharge at a very sharp angle against the side of a wheel or disc around the periphery of which a continuous circle of buckets or vanes has been cut. These buckets have thin sharp edges and their surfaces are concave—convex with the concave surface presented to the jet. Steam from the nozzle striking the concave surface of the bucket is changed in direction and therefore imparts a considerable amount of its energy to the wheel. Thus we have the principle of the impulse turbine which in its various modifications is one of the most important in commercial use. The power in this case is the same as in the reaction type but is in a much better shape for use as only a thin revolving disc with buckets attached is now necessary thus doing away with hollow moving parts which at best are very clumsy and extremely liable to go to pieces from the strain of centrifugal force attendant upon such high velocities as are met with in the steam turbine.

Thus we have in the turbine a very simple machine and since the reciprocating engine is far more complex both in theory and practice the question may well be asked why it was the first type developed for commercial use. This was largely because of one property of steam that was either not known or not taken into account until very recent years. This was the fact that a jet of steam gains greatly in velocity if its pressure is slightly reduced. The reason for this is apparent when we consider that steam consists of very small particles at high temperature. If this steam is allowed to expand its temperature will fall and its heat will be given up as work in expanding its volume and expelling its own substance from a

place of higher to one of lower pressure. De Laval was the first to solve this problem in relation to the turbine and in 1889 produced an expanding nozzle that accomplished this result and embraced all the requirements of nozzles used at the present day. This nozzle consisted of four principle parts; the bowl, the throat, the expanding portion, and the mouth. The bowl was large for the entrance of the steam and presented a regularly curving smooth surface leading to the throat which was the smallest region of the nozzle. Between the throat and the mouth there was a slightly expanding portion for the expansion of the steam. The throat is usually circular but the expanding portion may be of any desired form usually that of a rectangular parallelogram thus giving the jet a better shape for entering and immediately filling the buckets.

From such a nozzle the velocity of steam is very great. Each pressure has its own velocity but in order to give an idea of the great velocities it is only necessary to say that at a bowl pressure of 150 pounds per square inch, which is the usual working pressure on turbines, the velocity of steam escaping into the atmosphere is 2970 feet per second. By allowing it to discharge into a condenser with good vacuum instead of into the atmosphere this velocity can be greatly increased. With a vacuum of twenty-eight inches of mercury steam at 150 pounds pressure will give a velocity of 4060 feet per second.

With this great discovery in hand De Laval proceeded to build the first commercial type of impulse turbine. In this design he employed several of his expanding nozzles directed at a small angle against a row of revolving buckets. There was only one row of buckets and one set of nozzles, hence this was strictly a single stage machine. The entrance and exit angles of the buckets were the same and the curvature was such as to use all or as much as possible of the energy of the steam before it passed them. This gave very great peripheral velocities and hence very high speeds for in case all of the velocity of the steam was used up before passing out the buckets would have to go about one half as fast as the steam. The speed, therefore, in case of high bowl pressures was enormous, in some

cases reaching twenty-five and thirty thousand revolutions per minute. So great, indeed, was the speed that the great problem was to make a wheel that would stand the strain of centrifugal force. Only very small wheels could be used and hence the maximum power of the De Laval turbine was limited, none above three hundred horsepower are put on the market. Furthermore it was always necessary to employ reducing gears which was another serious objection.

The next great step in the development of the turbine was due to Parsons who demonstrated the fact that reduction in speed could be accomplished by making the steam pass through several bucket wheels instead of one. This gave the desired reduction in speed because it took the steam longer to get through two or more rows of buckets than through one. The power, however, was not lessened by this process for just as much and in many cases more of the energy of the steam was employed before it reached the exhaust in the multistage than in the single stage engine. This step in the development of the turbine was of very great importance as it made it possible to construct much larger wheels with no fear of injury from centrifugal force and at the same time made it possible to connect the engine directly to electric generators or other machinery.

The Parsons turbine as made by the Westinghouse Company, chiefly, is the best example of the multistage type. In it are to be found sometimes as many as ninety stages and forty thousand buckets or blades. All Parsons machines have horizontal shafts and each stage consists of a row of moving blades together with a row of stationary blades; steam passes from the nozzles to the first row of revolving blades and thence to the stationary blades, or intermediates as they are usually called, which in turn act as nozzles for the next revolving row.

At the high pressure end of the machine where the steam enters the diameter of the rotor is small and the blades are short but with each succeeding row the size of the rotor increases and the blades are longer. This is to allow of the gradual expansion of the steam as it passes through the

engine just as in the case of the nozzle so its velocity and hence its kinetic energy may be kept up.

The chief peculiarity of the Parsons turbine is not so much its many stages as it is their arrangement to give reaction as well as impulse; not only does the length of blade increase with each succeeding circle of buckets but the exit side of each bucket is such as to give an expansion effect, thus making each steam passage an expanding nozzle, as it were, and hence giving a reaction effect to the moving blades by virtue of the increased velocity of the escaping jet of steam.

One of the most important types of turbine now in the field is the Curtis made by the General Electric Company. This is also of the multistage type, but unlike the Parsons it is strictly an impulse machine. In the Curtis engine each stage consists of a wheel carrying two or three rows of buckets separated entirely from the succeeding stage except for a set of expanding nozzles as on the first stage. Between the rows of moving buckets there are intermediates and in each succeeding row the buckets are longer, but there is no nozzle effect or reaction feature in the buckets themselves as in the Parsons. The main effect of the intermediates is to change the direction of the steam so it can be used on the next revolving row.

Curtis turbines are built in two styles, horizontal and vertical and vary in number of stages from one to four, all small machines up to 300 kilowatt, 400 horsepower, capacity are horizontal; larger sizes are vertical. The vertical feature is of great importance for power plants in large cities where floor space is very expensive. This may be illustrated by the fact that a twelve thousand horsepower Curtis turbine requires a circular foundation only sixteen feet in diameter.

Just how far the steam turbine will take the place of the reciprocating engine cannot be predicted with certainty. Yet the great demand for it in the last few years seems to indicate that its success is assured. It has many features that recommend it to the trade. Its efficiency is about the same as the reciprocating engine; its speed is well adapted for the direct connection of electric generators; no oil enters the steam thus

allowing it to be condensed and used as often as desired; there is a great saving in floor space and cost of foundation; and the cost of attendance and repairs is much less|

THE LONELY COTTAGE.

BY "OPHELIA."

Chapter II.

Seven years had passed since Kit Lambert's last vacation. When he returned from his visit to California he felt ten years younger than he had three weeks before when he swung himself lazily into the cars as they pulled out from New York. But Kit found plenty to do when he came back to his office; and being busy, he did not realize the flight of time until a letter came from his sister saying, "It has been seven years since you took a vacation; and ten years since you visited me. To be sure you are busy, but I know you can spare a few weeks from work; you need the rest." This, and other things in the letter, made him stop and think; not that this was the first by any means, for each year for the past twelve, he had received similar letters. But some way this one was a little more appealing than the others. So he said to himself, "Seven years is a long time to be penned up here; guess I'll go down to the old home and see all the folks." Suiting the action to the words, he rose and made the necessary arrangements for his departure, and when the southbound passenger train pulled in to Lynchburg a week from that morning, one of its passengers was Kit Lambert. That evening he reached his sister's home, his childhood's home near Farmville, Va., and gave his sister a great surprise, for he had not told her that he was coming.

This New York lawyer was a good-natured man, who always found interest in things around him; so a week of his vacation had passed pleasantly, when one afternoon he started to walk

to no particular place. After half an hour, he came to the cemetery, and was soon looking over the place where so many of his friends had been laid to rest. He sought his mother's grave; then he thought of the mound, which thirteen years ago had hid away from him his idol, and he turned to look at the green turf and small monument over the spot.

Then he strolled on till he came to a plot, with two mounds in it; one was small and newly made; the other was marked by a stone, which bore the inscription, "Marion Kivett, died August 10, 1900; aged 32 years."

"Marion Kivett, why that was the man Ruth Carter married," he thought, and then his mind flew back to that lonely cottage, away across the continent, and he thought of the man there in his solitary abode. Marion Kivett had been dead nearly two years.

That evening Kit asked his sister where Ruth was living. "After the death of her husband, she took her little girl, Frances, and went back to the home of her childhood."

"Does she live alone?" he asked.

"No; she rented the farm, and she lives with the renter's family. Three weeks ago, little Frances died, and now she is so lonely. Her brothers have tried to get her to leave the old home and live with one of them, but she won't do it."

Kit went to his room early that night. At once he began a letter; for an hour he wrote, then folded, put it in an envelope and addressed it to Mr. Francis E. Williams, Riverside, Cal.

After this was done, he went out in the moonlight, to think of the time, years ago, when he had watched that same silver moon, with one whose image he still bore with him everywhere, but over whom the little mound had been made which he had looked on that day.

* * * * *

"Any mail for me today?" "No; wait a minute, yes here is a letter." "A letter for me," and Francis Williams took it and turned it over thoughtfully. He seldom wrote or received letters, and he could not imagine whom this one was from. He soon reached home, and sitting down drew the letter from

his pocket. It was long and full of interest, and at the end the name of Kit Lambert looked up at him from the page.

Kit told of his return to New York seven years before; said he had been lost in business until that summer, when he was spending his vacation at his old home in Virginia. He told of his visit to the cemetery, and spoke of his lost love's grave; then he said, "Did you know that Marion Kivett has been dead nearly two years? It was a shock to me when I came across his grave today. Ruth is at the old home, where she has lived ever since his death. Three weeks ago they made a little mound over her daughter Frances, and now she is lonely indeed."

Francis read the letter over twice; then fell into a deep reverie, from which he was aroused by a consciousness of the gathering shades of evening.

Four days later, Ruth Kivett received a letter written in the old familiar hand. What was in that letter was too sacred for other eyes to see or other ears to hear; nor was the answer to it, and other letters which followed to be read by more than two pairs of eyes.

Weeks slipped rapidly by, and the "lonely cottage" showed signs of life. The house, which for ten years had been closed to the light of the sun, was opened up, and Charles Watt's wife was invited to help plan the furnishing of the house, and to see that all was completed as a woman's fancy called for it to be.

In Francis' eye came a sparkle of glad light, and love's song swelling up in his soul, burst from his lips in merry snatches of whistled tunes. His step grew light; life was no longer a burden.

* * * * *

Kit Lambert, again in his city office, with a mid-December snow piled high against the window, heard the postman's whistle, as he had heard it almost every morning for twelve years. The office boy laid a bunch of letters before him. He quickly glanced over a dozen business letters; then opened one which made him whistle; it was an invitation to the mar-

riage of Ruth Carter Kivett and Francis E. Williams, on December twenty-fifth.

* * * * *

Another year had passed, when Kit Lambert again found himself at his cousin Charles Watts, in California. He looked across the field to the east, for the "lonely cottage." What a transformation! It was no longer lonely, for two is company.

HOAK JOHNSON'S GRABE YARD OAK.

BY C. C. F.

Looks like to me ol oak tree
You'd git tired o standin dar,
A growin an a growin
And a feelin de col col ar,
Fightin rain an win an sno,
What break and bend yo branches,
A seein just so far, an not no mo
Cept what come yo way perchance.

May be, perhaps, yous dreamin
O de spring dats gwin a come,
O limbs wid leaflets beamin,
O gaudy birds dat'll come;
Agin perhaps yous a thinkin
O dat possum I did chace
Until he come in here,
An up you trunk did race.
Der dog come on, but no—not me,
I allus was afraid in dar;
In a grabe yard—not me ol tree.

Well—I don no what yous thinkin—
You mighty tall ol oak,
But one thing I's mighty sho
I don't stay bout no sich folk
Whats dead an in der ground
You know—Naw, Lawd, not ol Hoak.

I nebber liked no sich place,
To stay for just one day,
Let a lone at night to say,
When goists an goblins play.
What's dat I jist now seen
A lookin round dat stoin
Ol oak tree you stay in dar;
But me—Well, Is a gowin.

COLLEGE DAYS—"THE OTHER SIDE."

BY D. M. PETTY.

It was on one of those warm September days that Ernest Gordon was strolling down the avenue that leads from "Founders Hall" to the postoffice and thinking of home. He had been at Guilford College only three days and that dreaded disease peculiar to Freshmen was getting hold of him.

Suddenly he became aware that some one was near. On looking up he saw what was to him a vision of loveliness and goodness. He was one of those exclusive characters that do not notice, much less desire an acquaintance with every pretty girl he saw, but this one he not only noticed but longed to know. On reaching the postoffice he saw his friend John Raymond who was a Junior and in a casual way asked him who this young lady was. To this inquiry he received a reply that was satisfactory and at the same time exceedingly unwelcome, for it not only told him that this fair goddess was Fannie, the daughter of Mr. John F. Weston, but also that she was engaged to Jack Thompson, a prosperous young merchant of Greensboro. This fact brought to Ernest a feeling that disproved the theory of those cynics who say love is not born at first sight." But with the realization that he loved her came the stern command, "forget her."

As the session rolled by this task became harder and harder. And even during vacation he could not keep from thinking of Fannie, who now was the sole owner of his heart. This was entirely unknown to her, however, or any one else, for Ernest kept the secret of his love stored in his own heart.

When he returned, a Sophomore, the following year he determined to drown his love for this fair goddess by absorption in his work. The boys noticed the change and could be heard saying, "what has come over Gordon, he studies all the time." The faculty, however, smiled with satisfaction for he was making high grades compared with his Freshman record. But Ernest soon saw that if he was to "forget her," it would have to be

done in a different way. So he decided to try a flirtation cure. He had already made some advances to Addie Smith, who did not seem to object very seriously. So he carried his affair with her to the extreme of an engagement. But ever and anon he would find himself comparing the two girls and each time he would see more clearly than ever that Fannie was the only girl he could ever truly love.

But when vacation came, from all appearances Ernest and Addie were involved in a serious case. He accompanied her to Reidsville, her home, and several times during the summer his name could be found on the hotel register of that city.

September again drew near and Ernest found himself more than ready to begin his Junior work. He returned to Guilford several days before the session began in order to be prepared for the new men, and also he hoped to see Fannie, for he had grown into the habit of worshiping from afar the queen of his heart. But as yet he had never met her because, being fearful he could not help disclosing his secret, he had carefully avoided an introduction to her.

On the Saturday night after his arrival the young ladies of the village gave a lawn party. Ernest was there as usual, and his desire to be near Fannie overcoming his good judgment, he fell in with some of his friends and proposed that they go to Miss Weston's table. One of the fellows introduced him and now that the net was drawn there was no retreat. Later he noticed her table was vacant, and suddenly becoming bold, he strolled over where she was sitting, and asked her to have something with him at another table. At first she hesitated, but finally accepted the invitation. He was now supremely happy and as the conversation ran on he asked in a teasing manner.

"Miss Weston, when is it to happne?"

"When is what to happen?"

"You know, don't try to deceive me, I have it from reliable sources, now confess."

"I can't imagine what you mean, Mr. Gordon, please be more explicit."

"You know, come now, don't be ashamed of it."

"Honestly, Mr. Gordon, I know nothing that is going to happen, tell me about it."

"Surely, Miss Weston, you have not forgotten your engagement to Mr. Thompson."

"Oh! Indeed, I have heard that myself, but believe me there is nothing in it; people will talk you know. 'Tis true Jack and I are good friends but nothing more."

The last was said in that tone and accompanied by that look which cannot be doubted, and Ernest was only too glad to believe what he thought was almost too good to be true. They continued their conversation until time for departure, and then Ernest, after helping store away the dishes and other necessary adjuncts to a lawn party in the Sunday-school room, escorted Fannie home. And before he left the Weston homestead with its wide verandas and beautiful lawn shaded with gigantic oaks and elms, he had secured permission to call the next afternoon. He could hardly wait for Sunday to come and he was ready an hour before time to go. When at last he arrived, much to his disgust, he found the porch and yard full of young people. However, he entered into the conversation with his usual good humor and keen wit, and it was with true reluctance that he parted with them just in time to reach Founders for supper. Hardly had he seated himself when a cutting glance from Addie gave him warning that the news was already abroad that he had called at the Weston home that afternoon and when the mail man came around that night he left a note which confirmed his fears and told him in words too plain to be misunderstood that he could not burn his candle at both ends. But he did not wish to fall out with Addie just then, so he patched up this breach as best he could, and afterwards made his visits to the Weston home more secret.

But spring was coming and with it would come the base-ball games, and he thought then he must decide which girl he would stick to, for he could not be with both at a game. It would be hard to put either one aside and many a night did this question disturb his slumbers. But fortune played into his hand

this time for Faunie went away for a visit to relatives in Washington and would not return until the middle of May. Of course they corresponded without Addie's knowing it, and at the same time he was with Addie at all the ball games and Fannie either cared not or knew not, at least she never mentioned it to Ernest.

But on the twenty-fourth of May the final game was to be played with Wake Forest, who had an unusually strong team. She and Guilford had each won a game from the other this season, and this was to be the deciding game. A record-breaking crowd was expected for it would be without doubt the fastest game of the season. Ernest had secured two of the best seats in the grandstand, but who should occupy them with him, Fannie or Addie? He knew well enough which one he wanted but what would the other think and do. He debated this question until just a week before the game, the day of Fannie's return, and then he asked her to go with him. She accepted. The die was cast, the Rubicon had been crossed; he could not and cared not to turn back.

The day of the game came. Addie had not heard a word from Ernest for a week but thought surely she would, for she had been with him at all the other games. At dinner she tried in vain to see him, and at four o'clock she had heard not a word, so she feigned a headache and did not go out. When the game was called Ernest and Fannie were the center of attraction in the grandstand, for this was the first time they had been out together. All the girls wondered why Addie was not there and some remembered her headache. The boys thought it strange that Fannie was not with Jack Thompson. They, however, were apparently unconscious of their position and cheered as enthusiastically as any of the rooters.

After the game was over and the defeated visitors had been cheered, Ernest and Fannie went driving, and returned just as the butler was announcing tea to the Weston family, who were enjoying the spring evening on the porch. Fannie prevailed on Ernest to remain for tea, but he was compelled to do some very important studying that night and took his departure

very soon after they came out of the dining room. Soon after he reached his room he received a note from Addie declaring it was all off between them and forbidding him to even reply. He did not feel so very bad about it except that he was fond of Addie as a class-mate and he would much rather be on at least speaking terms with her than in this new condition.

Commencement came and passed and yet they had not spoken. 'Tis true, he had not made great efforts to see her for he was devoting all the time that his duties as chief marshal would allow to Fannie. The next day all were leaving, but for two reasons Ernest decided to wait another day. First he wished to see a little more of Fannie, and second he heard that Addie would not leave until the next evening and he wished to see her on the train, as he was going as far South as High Point himself where he intended spending a few days with his room-mate.

As he had planned Addie was at the station when he arrived. To his inquiry, whether she had her ticket and baggage check, he received a cold, "Yes, thank you." But he was not to be daunted and added, "Addie, I have something I want to tell you." Again in a cool manner she asked, "What is it?" But at that point the train blew and he could not continue until he had arranged their grips and was seated with her on the train. Then he confessed not only his love for Fannie but also the various methods he had used in trying to forget her. Among them, of course, was his flirtation with Addie herself, but at this Addie interrupted him by saying that it was all right and also that she had a little to confess. But just at this time the train stopped at Greensboro and they had to change cars, but this did not take long for No. 29 was waiting. As soon as they were seated she continued that she also had only been flirting with him, and that she knew from the beginning that that was what he was doing, and further that she would not return to school the next year because she and Sam Turrentine would be married the next September. Thus they made eternal friends of each other by simply confessing the truth. They

parted at High Point, he congratulating her and she wishing him success.

This vacation was the slowest in passing of any Ernest ever experienced, for not one time during the three months did he see Fannie, although they exchanged letters as often and as regularly as good etiquette would allow. But at last September came and Ernest finally reached the college full of determination to do his Senior work better than any other, and at the same time to win from Fannie Weston the promise that was necessary for his life's happiness.

As the weeks grew into months and rolled by Ernest's visits to the Weston home became prolonged and frequent; so much so that it became rumored that they were engaged. And when Ernest did not go home during the Christmas holidays this rumor was confined in the minds and mouths of the gossips, and they spread it far and wide. It was not until the first of April, however, that Ernest heard of it and on the following Sunday afternoon he called to take Fannie driving fully determined to tell her about it and to confirm it.

How many times as they drove along did he try to muster his courage for the final step, but it was not until they were returning slowly driving over that picturesque road that leads from the famous Guilford Court House Battle Ground to the college in plain view of a gorgeous April sunset that he told her of his love and asked the one great question.

Her reply was simple and plain, "Wait until commencement day, I will answer then." Nearly two months to wait! they seemed like centuries to Ernest but amid his final work and examinations they passed quick enough and commencement day came.

He was to deliver his oration in the morning, and at the appointed hour he mounted the rostrum confident. The President announced his name. He arose, stepped forward, and began, "As the poet of old said"—again he began "As the poet of old said"—He realized he had forgotten and at the same time he saw a mother's eye close in prayer, a father's hand mop his

forehead in shame, and he also saw the plume of Fannie's hat tremble. Again with the determination of a Napoleon he began, "We care not what the poets of old say but etc." and from that time he swept on with his masterful voice and faultless delivery carrying all before him. And as he resumed his seat he read amid the applause his answer in Fannie's eyes.

OUR WORK IN CUBA.

BY J. M. PURDIE.

To one who has been brought up in a Spanish-speaking country and among Spanish customs missionary work has not those attractive scenic touches which give a kaleidoscopic pleasantness to the work. Such a person must find his joy and pleasure either through the sensations of others or still better in the sympathetic joy of a life rescued from the meshes of immortality. There are some practices, however, which tend to show the status of the nation; practices in no way commendable, which give us a clue to the sensitiveness of these people. A few days ago we were in a small town, Auras, holding a series of meetings. On Friday 22nd, we, as usual, left our lodging in order to invite people to the service and also to visit those who manifested more interest in the work. In nearly every home we found girls ironing and in one house we were told that they had parched coffee that day. As it was a moonlight night, of course, these people would not take the risk of going to meeting, and consequently on Friday, ironing day, our crowd was small. If a person must leave the house under such circumstances he takes an umbrella to keep the moonlight from hurting him. If any one has bad cold, then baths, etc., are indulged in. To offer oranges, lemonade, pineapples or anything which contains some acid is almost an offence when with a bad cold. To drink coffee and milk and then eat bananas is a very bad thing. Thus we could add one superstitious

thing to another, but let this suffice to show the condition of personal slavery in which these people find themselves. This is true: *Superstition abounds wherever ignorance prevails.*

THE BANE OF UNTRUTHFULNESS.

There is another practice which is much more lamentable than anything yet mentioned. It is that of telling falsehoods. The main springs of social, political and religious power are weakened on account of this detestable lying. Not long ago one of the principal members of the church desiring to make some rules to pay the janitor \$4.00 (silver) per month advised us to take some money out of the collection and tell the janitor that that was out of our pocket. He added, however, "And may God forgive the lie!" In the sphere of politics this is especially prominent. This is not the place to discuss such affairs, however, and those who have read the accounts of the last uprising know well the traitorous spirit that prevailed throughout that campaign. Doubtless the many years of war in this island have been the cause of so much freedom in telling untruths. Before we can censure we must study these conditions.

MISSION WORK.

Since our arrival we have been busy in the work; sometimes day-school calling us aside from our regular labors. We began to preach on the night of the 24th of August, the day of our arrival and have continued to do so. Last week we held a series of meetings in an out-station and 6 names were entered as candidates. The number of candidates received here, since we came, is also 6. On the 9th of last month an old candidate was received as a member of the church. Average attendance in the night services has been, for the month of January, about 45; attendance at Sunday morning meeting for worship, average about 15.

DIFFICULTY OF THE WORK.

There are conditions which make missionary activities difficult in Cuba. The people are very restless—like many school-

boys—and it is not easy to get them to think seriously on moral matters; there is also very much indifference to any religion and this seems to be gaining ground; also, we have the usual difficulties found in Roman Catholic lands. Many have found that the forms and ceremonies of the church are empty and in dropping these, have not discovered the living principles behind them. Consequently these are practically “without God” in the world. The wars in Cuba have been powerful teachers of dishonesty; and since the Roman Catholic priests dole out ready-made doses of religious thought and forms, the people, not seeing the need to think for themselves as to their spiritual welfare, become indifferent and infidels.

EDUCATION.

We have noticed the work of different missions and are ready to say that one of the best ways to reach these people is through the schools. Heads of families complain because of the lax order kept by government teachers. Order and original thinking in the schools are among the things needed so far. And it is an important matter before us: To create in the young minds and hearts a desire for order, honesty and a nobler life. Work can be done among the older people but mission schools, if properly handled, are good doors by which to enter the church.

THE OUTLOOK.

Taking all things into consideration we feel that the battle must be long and tedious; but we see, here and there, tokens of life even in the fields of infidelity and indifference. That the past efforts of the Christian church have been successful, statistics plainly show. There is also a growing regard for mission schools and missionary work. If the soul-soil were as rich as the soil and sub-soil there would be an ingathering of Christian Cubans soon. We look forward with trusting hearts, knowing that truth and good must win.

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NO. 6

Editorials.

The Local Column.

On account of the scarcity of local and personal matter no space is given to that department in this issue. We regret that this is the case, and trust that it will not be so again. But it will be necessary to devise some means to avoid this dearth of material if the local column is to be of real value. We have heard various and sundry remarks about this department which lead us to believe at times that the magazine would be better off if it were omitted entirely. On the other hand we know that many subscribe for THE COLLEGIAN simply to get

the local and personal items. For this reason we could hardly afford to leave it out. It certainly is true, however, that there must be improvement, or this department cannot hold its own.

And is it not possible that there can be some improvement? A little study and work will solve the whole problem; and here it occurs to us to state that the local department is more dependent on the student body perhaps than is any other department of the magazine. The editors cannot learn all that happens. The best way, and the only way, to have a full, well-rounded and interesting local column is for every one who knows an item of news, a personal note or a joke to hand it in to one of the editors. This has not been done and because of it the department has suffered. In the future, however, we propose to give every one an opportunity to leave anything one may have in a box provided especially for this purpose and located in a convenient place.

Now, fellow students, let us meet the emergency. We feel sure that if all of us are alert, the local box will be filled, and the editors will be relieved of much thought and work. We would not, however, suggest anything that would cause any member of the staff to lessen his or her efforts, because we all know that the magazine does not receive the attention that the position of editor really requires at our hands. May not all of us editors, as well as students, take increased interest and give added attention to every department of the magazine.

The celebration of the hundredth anniversary on
Our Poets. Feb. 27 of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's birth was a great event in the literary world and especially in the New England schools, where a thorough rehearsal of Longfellow's life and works was made. Though the palm goes to Longfellow as being the most popular poet in America, the laurel is reserved for our own Southern poet, Edgar Allen Poe, for his fame as America's greatest poet. Coming nearer home let us see what North Carolina can boast of in the line

of poetry making. The awarding of the Patterson cup as a trophy of literary merit is the first conscious effort toward the encouragement of literary production. John Charles McNeill was the first to whom this cup was awarded, because he has won the ear of the entire State. Prospects are bright that our citizenship is cultivating a taste for literature that will not only appreciate,

"The heart-song that speaks the heart of all mankind," but will support and even demand the development of any available talent.

The adage that "poets are born and not made" is very true, but it is very reasonable also to believe that there is much talent lying dormant and only awaits development. Let any such talent, whether among the student body or the readers of this magazine elsewhere, not be laid away in a napkin, but come to view on the printed page for the blessing of "both him that giveth and him that receiveth."

No event of the past month or of recent years, means more to the educational interests of our country than the gift of thirty-two million dollars by Mr. Rockefeller to the General Educational Board. This is the largest donation to the cause of liberal education in the history of our race, as far as we are able to ascertain. This makes it interesting from many points of view, but we will not attempt to discuss it at length. However, we have made some observations which we would like to express.

We cannot believe, and we are sorry that more do not, that there was any other motive which prompted this gift than that which moves a man who is thoroughly alive to the needs of his fellow-man and seeks the wisest means to meet their needs. It is much to our shame that the rich men—men who have had the ability and foresight to achieve financial success, are the recipients of continual abuse at our hands. It is also interesting that when one of these men gives of his means to a worthy cause, we are ready to say that he will

"squeeze" the people to replace the gift. We would just as well say that we expect to rob the church of what we put into the collection basket. It is a feeling that we would be glad to see removed. We hardly know whether we are correct or not, but we believe that no one ever accuses another of harboring a motive which he himself has not had or would have under similar circumstances. As for us we say that Mr. Rockefeller and other men, who have so liberally given to help upbuild the educational life of our country, deserve more honor and praise than we, in our littleness, have as yet given them.

One thing is certain—this gift will be a powerful instrument in the hands of the General Educational Board for performing a work which will bring results that the donor can hardly conceive of. If properly administered, and we are sure it will be, it will mean the saving to us of many an institution, the purpose of which has always been to give more than it receives. It will mean the better equipment and a larger endowment for many colleges which are small but whose spheres of usefulness are unlimited. It will mean that, by this gift and others which will follow from those in our country who are moved by a like spirit, that the time has now come when not only a common school education but a college education is possible for all who wish it.

Elsewhere in this issue we are publishing a
Y. M. C. A. report of the work Joseph M. Purdie, a member of last year's class, is doing in Cuba. Also it will be noted in the Y. M. C. A. notes that the local Association has recently contributed a small amount to his work. We feel like calling him "our missionary," and rejoicing in the excellent work he is doing. If present plans mature, perhaps a larger contribution can be made next year. Indeed it would be beneficial to the Association if we could support entirely the only alumnus we have in a foreign field.

It is also gratifying to note the excellent work being done by the Association this year. The entire religious life of the College was never on a higher plane, and we have every reason to look for good results from the present management.

D. M. C. A.

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS.

BY A. E. L.

Perhaps no department of college life needs cultivating so much as the moral and religious tendencies of the student body, and this has found its great friend in the Young Men's Christian Association. Although we have been somewhat silent in the columns of our magazine, yet the Association has been doing a great work in our midst. We hope in the future to keep our readers better informed upon this line of college work.

The Bible study department is perhaps the greatest phase of the Association's work. The enrollment this year has been large and the attendance has been encouraging. Not only the Bible study, but the interest in the mission study department has been growing. Such being the case we feel greatly encouraged.

Early in last term systematic giving was introduced. This we feel has been a great success. About forty men have been enrolled, who give weekly to the cause of the Association. We believe this both aids the Association and the men who give to this cause.

This year outside of the necessary expenses the Association has given ten dollars to the Interstate Committee and twenty dollars to the International Committee. Also Jos. M. Purdie, '06, missionary to Cuba, has been given twenty-five dollars by the Association.

The newly-elected officers for the ensuing year are as follows: President, A. E. Lindley; vice-president, W. T. Boyce; secretary, G. W. Bradshaw; treasurer, C. C. Smithdeal, and marshal, L. W. Pearson. The following men have been chosen chairmen of the various committees: Bible Study, W. T. Boyce; Mission Study, W. H. Welch; Finance, C. C. Smithdeal; Re-

ligious Meetings, G. W. Bradshaw; Membership, E. S. King, and Social, O. W. Jones.

Sunday, February 10th, was observed as the Universal Day of Prayer for Students, and we were very fortunate in having as the speaker for the occasion Mr. R. M. Harper, Assistant Traveling Secretary for the South. His subject was "Faith in Men," in which he showed by his numerous illustration from student life that one of the great needs of leaders is a firm confidence in the ability and integrity of his fellowmen. This meeting was held conjointly with the Y. W. C. A.

The religious meetings have had good attendance throughout the past term, and a great deal of interest has been shown. We have had an attendance of more than forty and expect to increase this number during the spring term. Topics and leaders have already been chosen. The meetings, which have recently closed, have deepened the spiritual life and increased the attendance greatly. The deep and heartsearching words presented to us by F. W. Grabbs, '94—now a minister of the Moravian Church—have raised the devotional and religious life of the student body. Let us hope and strive to keep this spiritual life, which is permeating us, constantly growing.

THE DURHAM CONFERENCE.

BY W. T. BOYCE.

Delegates from nearly all the colleges and preparatory schools in the State met at Trinity College, Durham, from February 18th to the 20th in the first Y. M. C. A. Student Conference ever held in this State. The conference was a complete success from beginning to end. No time was lost—all knew the sessions of the conference were limited and every hour possible was utilized. Every man seemed to have a personal interest, as was manifested by their faithful attendance at every service.

It is extremely doubtful that such a conference could have been held at any other institution in the State. Certainly not with so much ease and comfort as at Trinity College. The

local arrangements were most thoughtfully made and tactfully carried out from the time the delegates arrived at Durham until they left. Special thanks are due the citizens of Durham, whose homes were open with kind hospitality to the delegates.

Of the one hundred and forty delegates we are sorry to say Guilford had only three. However, we think we are not without a reasonable excuse for being thus meagerly represented. Owing to previous arrangements a series of meetings were being held in our midst, and it did not seem wise to neglect the meeting in its closing days to attend the convention. Of course the value of attending such a conference is incalculable, but after all it is the fellows around us about whom we are most concerned.

The conference was very fortunate in having such able speakers to present the religious problems connected with college life, as Dr. Laflamme, of Toronto, Canada; Dr. A. L. Phillips, Richmond, Va.; Mr. G. C. Huntington, Charlotte, N. C.; Mr. R. M. Harper, New York; Mr. C. D. Daniel, Charlotte, N. C.; Dean W. P. Few and Dr. Edwin Mims, of Trinity College. It would be impossible to give full reports of their addresses, but we wish to give extracts from a few of them.

The opening address was given by Dr. Laflamme. He spoke of the power of the Holy Spirit and the conditions necessary for its attainment. He maintained that there was a great distinction between receiving the Holy Spirit in pardon for sins and a refilling of the Holy Spirit for service. He made an earnest appeal to all to covet the spirit of service. However, his greatest effort was on "The Moral Equivalent of War," in which he showed the claims of heathenism on the Christian world. He spoke freely out of his own experience in India, where he has spent a large portion of his life, and presented the call to the mission field in a most touching manner. Dr. Edwin Mims spoke on, "What it Means to Be a Christian." He took up Christian life in its various phases and showed the claims that were being made on it in modern times. He placed a high value on the Christian life and said there was as great an opportunity for Christian heroism in college as in any other field of life. Dr. Phillips spoke from the text, "Equip Yourself

Like Men and Fight." He showed the marvelous transformation the South is undergoing and the peculiar call it is making on its young men. His appeal was to prepare to meet life's problems like Christian citizens.

The subjects of Bible study and mission study were each given a special service, in which all delegates were urged to speak freely of the problems they had to meet, and in what way they had met such problems most successfully. The work thus gone over in detail gave many new ideas helpful in successfully carrying out this work.

Perhaps one of the greatest benefits derived from such a conference is the association with young men from the various institutions throughout the State united in one common cause—namely to deepen the spiritual life in their respective college communities. This spirit of fellowship seemed to prevail throughout the conference. Every delegate went away with a broader mind, a nobler purpose, and better equipped for service than ever before. Surely a strong impetus will be given to the religious life in the colleges and preparatory schools in North Carolina as a result of this conference.

D. W. C. A.

The work of the past year's officers has been taken up by the new cabinet, and while old duties have not been put aside new ones have been assumed.

We do not believe that the Young Women's Christian Association has been the best that it can be this year, nor will it reach that end until it reaches the life of every one of the young women within its reach, but we are sure that the opportunity afforded for active work, together with the association of the members in our religious meetings, has proved a stimulus for Christian living in more than one life this year. The

Thursday evening prayer meetings have been well attended, and interest has been manifested in other ways. The Bible study and mission study classes have been fairly successful, the Bible study classes having had an attendance of about thirty-five, while perhaps thirty have regularly attended the mission study classes.

Walter Grabs recently conducted a series of meetings in our hall. The earnest, unselfish spirit which characterized his sermons was, indeed, a power for good over every one who listened to him. Much interest was shown throughout the meetings, and it is evident that much strength has been given to us by his coming.

We are glad that it will not be very long until there will be a clear distinction in our colleges between the young man or woman who affiliates himself with the Christian Associations, and the one who has no time for development along this line. The growth of the organizations within the past few years is proof that more and more significance is being attached to this side of the student's life. Indeed, the Association does for him what nothing else can do—prevents the intellectual self from dwarfing and often destroying the spiritual life. Failure to observe this necessary devotion and activity takes away a part of the otherwise whole man or woman and leaves a selfish, narrow spirit. When students see themselves in this light, which we believe to be the true one, the per cent of the student body in the Association will be greater, the religious meetings will be made more interesting even to the now most uninterested, and it will no longer be the few but the many who will be active workers in the Christian Associations.

Exchanges.

D. M. PETTY, '07.

The exchanges for the past month have been as a whole above the average. There are several reasons why this should be. One is that the editors in most cases have become better acquainted with their work; another is that the students in general have settled down and are now doing their best work not only in the class room but also for their magazines. But even with the improvement the editors have made, the magazines have become a little monotonous on account of the sameness of the contents from month to month. Once in a while the magazine should vary from the beaten path and have a special issue devoted to one subject or edited by one class. *The Earhmitte*, which came to us last fall, edited by the Sophomore Class, was no better than the other issues, but it was a change and hence the reason for its being more interesting. *The Wake Forest Student* and the *University of Virginia Magazine* have both published "Lee" memorial numbers, which were unusually interesting as well as being valuable history. "Variety is the Spice of Life," some one has said and it seems that this is especially true in the realm of college journalism.

First among our exchanges for February *The Trinity* comes the *Archive*. It is another of those issues *Archive*. that are different and also very interesting for it is devoted to North Carolina History. All of the reading matter being furnished by the "Trinity Historical Society." The leading number, "Correspondence of Bedford Brown," shows some of the inside history of the political events of that time in a manner that cannot be surpassed, for it is a record made at the time of the events themselves and by men who were active on the field of action. The *Archive* is fortunate, indeed, in securing these selections and we look forward to the second instalment. "The Founders of Rich Square Meeting" is an article that especially interests us as a student

of a Quaker institution, and we admit having read it a second time. We find on looking around that there are here, "still true to the faith," several students who bear the names of some mentioned in the author's partial roll of the founders of this Quaker meeting. We might add that in addition to the fact "that the peaceful Quaker was the first to proclaim the gospel of love within our borders" that he also founded the first Sunday school in the State at Springfield, Guilford county, but a discussion of this subject would be out of place here. So we pass on to the well written description of "The Sand Banks of North Carolina and their Inhabitants." Taken as a whole, *The Archive* is very readable to one who is searching for facts. Not the hard, dry, indigestible facts that sometimes stare at us from the pages of college magazines but facts of history, facts about which our grandfathers thought and which concerned them just as the current events of today concern us.

First we wish to take up the editorial, "The Field *Cuachita* of the College Magazine." Here the editor puts forward in good plain style his motion of what the field of a college magazine really is. He says no magazine should publish eight or nine issues just alike, but should vary; that the editor should be allowed to publish orations; and that through the departments the whole college life should be shown, and of course fiction, poetry and essays have a place. This is just about the conclusion that we have reached, except that we wish to add that the editor should be allowed to publish stories and articles from members of the alumni and from the other old students of the institution. So much for what a magazine should contain; now let us see what the *Ripples* really contains. First we find two orations, both of which are worthy of commendation, but like all orations are more pleasing when spoken than written. "Studies in Wordsworth" give us a good conception of this noble man as a poet and we feel uplifted by having read them. The stories are fairly good as such, but we fail to find very extensive plots or teachings in any of them. Of poetry we expected to find more than two pieces. They are, however, fairly good. Alto-

gether the *Ripples* is a very good magazine and we enjoyed reading it.

We anticipated something of real worth in the way of poetry and articles when we picked up *The Comenian* the *Comenian* and were not disappointed. We thoroughly enjoyed the poem, "The Belfry." We cannot read such a poem without feeling that we would like to read it again, and in this case we forthwith read it again, more slowly and with a more appreciative spirit. As we proceeded with our perusal we found an interesting "Leaf from a Diary." Next an article entitled, "The Relation of Photography to Art" loomed up before us. We hardly knew what to expect, but was more than pleased with the way in which the writer handled his subject. "The Typical American," although well written, did not appeal to us very much, and we turned to the editorials. Here we found plenty of solid matter to think about, but not much discussion about the affairs of the college life, although this latter is, according to the general conception, the mission of the editorial department. The other departments were well filled with news of their respective subjects. It is true that the *Comenian* is not as bulky as some but from the standpoint of quality and literary merit it is one of our best exchanges.

Besides the above we acknowledge the receipt of the following: *The St. Mary's Muse*, *Randolph-Macon Monthly*, *The Erskinian*, *The Collegian*, *The College Messager*, *North Carolina University Magazine*, *The Earltamite*, *The Wake Forest Student*, *The Hamptonia*, *The Oriole*, *The Georgia Tech*, *The Penn Chronicle*, *The Red and White*, *The Crescent*, *The Haverfordian*, *The Ivy* and *The Brown and White*.

Clippings.

The facts we get out of our work have glue on them; but the facts we get out of books are greased.—*Phil.*

He alone is immune from cephalogenesis who has Butted the Wall three times and perceived that the Wall fell not.—*Phil.*

Time. Twelve P. M.; place, A sitting-room. Irate father (without)—“Mary, isn’t it about time for that young man to be leaving?”

Small brother (entering)—“O father, don’t blame him! He can’t go. Sister’s sittin’ on him!”—*Ex.*

“I’ve turned highwayman,” said the sofa.

“How’s that?” asked the rocking chair.

“I held up a couple last night.”—*Ex.*

If a game of baseball
Should be held in Japan,
Would a spectator there
Be a Japanese fan.—*Ex.*

“Cæsar sic dicat und di cur, egressi lictum.” Freshman’s translation—“Cæsar sicked the cat on the cur; I guess he licked him.”—*Ex.*

Have you a pony for your class,
Pass it on—
’Twas not meant for just one lass.
Pass it on—
Let it travel down the aisles,
Let it help another’s trials;
Help us win the teacher’s smiles,
Pass it on.

—*Ex.*

"NOTHING DOING."

We went to Cupid's garden,
We wandered o'er the land;
The moon was shining brightly,
I held her little—shawl.

Yes, I held her little shawl;
How fast the evening flies—
We spoke in tones of "love,"
I gazed into her—lunch basket.

I gazed into the basket,
I wish I had a taste;
There sat my lovely charmer,
My arm around her—umbrella.

Embracing her umbrella,
This charming little miss—
Her eyes were full of mischief—
I slyly stole a—sandwich.—*Ex.*

RENUNCIATION.

The trinketry of kisses, ah, how light!
Mere paste-work pleasures, made for empty show.
I want no more of them—Goodnight.
But—pray you kiss me once before I go.—*Ex.*

MERMAID'S SONG.

Follow, follow through the sea,
To the Mermaid's melody:
Safely, freely shalt thou range,
Through things dreadful, quaint, and strange,
And through liquid walls behold
Wonders that may not be told,
Treasures too for ages lost,
Gems surpassing human cost,
Fearless, follow, follow me,
Through the treasures of the sea.—*Ex.*

"Pat, do you understand French?"

"Yis, if it's shpoke in Irish."

SNEEZING.

What a moment, what a doubt!

All my nose is inside out,—

All my thrilling, tickling caustic,

Pyramid rhinocerostic,

Wants to sneeze and cannot do it!

How it yearns me, thrills me, stings me,

How with rapturous torment wrings me!

Now says, "Sneeze, you fool,—get through it."

Shee—shee oh! 'tis most del-ishi—

Ishi-ishi—most del-ishi!

(Hang it, I shall sneeze till spring!)

Snuuff is a delicious thing.

—*Ex.*

'Twas in a restaurant they met,

One Romeo and Juliet.

'Twas then he first fell into debt,

For Romeo'd what Julie eat.—*Ex.*

Professor—"What would you call a man that pretends to know everything?"

Freshman—"A professor."—*Ex.*

Directory.

Guilford College.

L. L. HOBBS, PRESIDENT.

GEO. W. WHITE, TREASURER.

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PHILAGOREAN.

Annie Gordon, President

Annie Mendenhall, Secretary

Ollie Leak, Marshal

HENRY CLAY.

H. A. Doak, President

Henry Davis, Secretary

Joseph Parker, Marshal

WEBSTERIAN.

D. M. Petty, President

E. E. White, Secretary

Roy Briggs, Marshal

Young Men's Christian Association.

A. E. Lindley, President

G. W. Bradshaw, Secretary

Young Women's Christian Association.

Elsie White, President

Georgia Holt, Secretary

Joseph Moore Science Club.

Prof. C. E. Floyd, President

John Anderson, Secretary

Athletic Association.

H. A. Doak, President

G. C. Haynes, Secretary

D. D. Carroll, Base Ball Manager

Louis L. Hobbs, Base Ball Capt.

R. E. Dalton, Tennis Manager

E. J. Coltrane, Track Manager

R. S. Doak, Basket Ball Manager

Classes.

SENIOR CLASS.

E. J. Coltrane, President

Alma Edwards, Secretary

SOPHOMORE

Henry Davis, President

Agnes King, Secretary

JUNIOR CLASS.

H. A. Doak, President

Elsie White, Secretary

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B. T. Hurley, President

Annie Mendenhall, Secretary



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Top row—Business Managers—N. R. Hodgkin, Alma Edwards, A. E. Lindley, Chief.
Middle row—Associate—D. M. Petty, Linnie Shamburger, F. S. Hill
Bottom row—Editors—D. D. Carroll, E. J. Coltraue, Chief Annie Lois Henley.

The Guilford Collegian.

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NO. 7.

MESSAGE OF APRIL.

BY D. M. P.

April is here, arise and be glad,
Delve down in the pages spread open.
See what the violets saith to the sod,
Read God's message by the jonquils spelled.
Arise and be glad.

April is here, give ear to the songs,
List to the note of the blue birds building.
The robins dear voice absent so long,
Take heed to these messengers of spring.
Give ear to their song.

April is here with sunshine and rain.
Watch the flowers how they always spring up,
Hear the birds sing with their might and main,
Let us then always be joyous and glad
In sunshine or rain.

THE FRIEND OF THE INDIAN.

BY ELSIE E. WHITE.

(Oration winning first place in the Philagorean Contest.)

Quakerism has been called the flower of Puritanism. Few institutions have been more productive of unmingled good to mankind than the religious Society of Friends. The universal liberty and equality of sex, the unarmed repose of modern nations, the growing disfavor in regard to the judicial oath and the more elevated tone of veracity are due in no small measure to the continued perseverance of this singular people. The Quaker policy has always been one of justice and truth. With the Indian especially has his conduct been most marked by justice. The Quaker treatment of the primitive race will always be the pride of our republic. An undeniable proof that even the savage can be subdued by justice and fair treatment with far greater ease than by the sword or at the point of the bayonet. When the beautiful example of the Quaker is emulated by all, the red man will forget his thirst for vengeance. Far from being silent and sombre, his life will be full of song and rich in social intercourse.

At the time when the white man first set foot upon our eastern shores the Indian stood before him as a block of marble before the sculptor, ready to be shaped into noble manhood. Then was the time for the white man to have shown his Christian spirit; then he should have displayed the Christian virtues of kindness, hospitality, love and justice. The red men were kind and confiding. But in this case kindness did not beget kindness. History's page is red with the cruelties of the early settlers. Their suspicion, enmity and ill treatment crushed out the kind, confiding spirit of the red man and developed instead his treacherous, revengeful hatred. Such cruelty to the Indians should urge America today to make retribution—that our good deeds may in some measure atone for the injustice inflicted upon the red men by our forefathers.

While it is true that only cruelty was returned for kindness by a majority of the founders of our boasted common-

wealth, not so for all. The Quakers, since the days of William Penn have been warm friends of the Indians. The red men, in return, to this day respect the white men who wear the broad-brimmed hats.

As a consequence of the cruelties they had endured the Indians at the time of Penn's arrival in the colony were filled with distrust and hatred of the whites, cherishing an unrelenting spirit of revenge. But in Penn these savages recognized a friend and not a foe. Instead of seizing their land he bought and paid for it; without exception he treated them as brothers and friends. Explaining every contract in full, he was always manifestly open and honest, and met with an open and honest response. No wonder that between this humane, forceful man and the red men the best of terms were always maintained.

Penn's treaty with the Indians made under the Shackamaxon elm tree is worthy its great praise as a symbol of the fair treatment of people who elsewhere were goaded into bloody reprisals. Christian and barbarian met as brothers and a treaty of peace was made between them which lasted forever. This treaty symbolized not only honest dealing but the elimination of forts, soldiers and guns from the list of colonial necessities. Its spirit was in unison with the principles of justice and of sound national policy, and was alike worthy of the Christian and the statesman. By it the Quakers and Indians were joined together in one vast brotherhood. Their houses were to be open to each other and they were always made welcome as friends. This has continued and to-day the Quaker's appearance at the humble portal of the red man's wigwam is a subject of universal joy. It was pledged that this chain of friendship should become stronger and stronger and be kept bright and clean so long as creeks and rivers run and while sun, moon and stars should endure. As a result this is the only treaty with the Indians never sworn to and never broken. For seventy years not a war-whoop was sounded in Pennsylvania. From 1710 to 1740 was a golden era when everything was in harmony; no Indian wars, no calls for troops, abounding prosperity, quiet and economical govern-

ment. Such was the condition of Pennsylvania till they who supposed there was greater security in the sword than in Christianity became the predominant body.

What Penn did for Pennsylvania had its counterpart in the work of John Archdale in the Carolinas. His greatest aim was a pacific adjustment of Indian claims and the establishment of friendly relations between the natives and the whites. But the interest of Friends in the red man did not stop with the close of Penn's "Holy Experiment." All through the "Century of Dishonor" Quaker men and women have labored with him in all parts of the land. They have established homes and churches in their midst, have maintained schools among them, and above all have instructed them in the principles of the Christian religion. The spirit of Penn and of Archdale permeated the very recesses of the church till the Indian felt every Quaker was his friend. The Quaker records show that the church everywhere recognized the Indian rights and compelled its members to make retribution for all Indian lands. A failure in this regard almost invariably resulted in disownment.

Great as was the work which William Penn accomplished among the Indians, the work which the Quakers today are doing far surpasses even his. After bearing cruelties and injustice for nearly four centuries these people are naturally suspicious and sullen. The gentle Quaker spirit is just the one to deal with such a nature. Had it not been for the exertion of Friends it is probable that the Indians would not at this time have owned a foot of land in New York. Many of them had been bribed and coaxed to sign a treaty agreeing to emigrate to the West. This caused the more steady Indians much worry and they appealed to their old friends, the Quakers of Philadelphia, entreating them in earnest and pathetic language to intercede the government in their behalf. Friends gave willing ears to their entreaties, spent much time and labor and finally secured for them a reservation in New York. As a result of the retainment of this reservation we find at Tunesassa today one of the best Indian schools carried on by Friends. William Penn's idea of reducing the savages

to gentle and just manners, to the love of civil society and of the Christian religion is being realized.

The executive committee of Friends on Indian affairs has under its care ten mission stations in the State of Oklahoma. Some of the red men here are slow to yield to the approaches of their white friends. But can we wonder at this when we remember how so many unprincipled white men have deceived them and have taken for themselves what rightfully belonged to the Indian? There are Bible schools and at many stations day schools carried on by Quaker missionaries. The self-sacrificing nature of these missionaries cannot be doubted. The Indians come to them at any hour of day or night seeking help in trouble, protection from a drunken father or husband, care in time of illness, or for sympathy and help when death comes to their homes. Theirs is a real labor of love.

It is the glory and pride of the Society of Friends that they have always extended a benevolent hand to these poor, degraded and much injured people. Such progress as the Indians have made cannot but be an inspiration to any one to continue their efforts to benefit these survivors of the primitive race.

The era of supremacy for the American Indian has passed. With the constant increase of the white population the red men have been driven farther and still farther West till today there are only a few reservations which these people, the rightful owners of this entire country, can call their own. Like Horace's rustic on the banks of the river in Italy waiting for the waters to roll by, the Indian watched the stream of settlers flowing into Texas and New Mexico. Then wiser than the rustic, the Indian waited not till the stream should cease, but bowed to manifest destiny and agreed to lease his lands before they should be ruthlessly taken from him.

The few Indians remaining in our country are no longer savage tribes. Although still sullen the war spirit is passing away.

"Buried is the bloody hatchet,
Buried is the dreadful war-club,
Buried are all the war-like weapons,
And the war-cry is forgotten."

Today the red men are learning that labor is enobling and not degrading. Even in the Indian bosom there are longings, yearnings and strivings for the good they comprehend not. The life and example of their true friends, the Quakers, is beginning to show itself in the Indian's manner of life. He begins to see the dawn of a bright future, when he will stand shoulder to shoulder with the white man in bearing the burdens of state and nation.

OLD TIMES.

BY JOS. M. PURDIE, '06.

"There, I've done and translated that'ar Latin for tomorrow and seed them Arithmetic questions and now, Beck, le's go down to'store and smoke and get some grub."

School had just begun and a host of fresh ones had come in; boys who had only received a smattering of language and mathematics, but who fired by ambitious people had imagined that they could enter the college course without further preparation. The habit formed in a less rigorous institution had not been overcome and so Jack and Beck after a half way sort of study left their quarters at 8 p. m. to stroll around and go from room to room. Not satisfied with their own carelessness they rambled into study rooms where they were received but not welcomed. It was study hour. This night, however, they went down the walk to the store. A sense of misappropriated time annoyed Jack's heart and the phantom of the Governor made their walk one full of dreaded suspicions.

"Beck! who's that in the store? Is the Governor there?" inquired Jack as they neared the store.

"No, that's, this what's-his-name that soaked you th'other day about your old coat you wanted to sell."

"Hello, Spim! Where's that money you owe me on that'ar coat I give you th'other day? Yes, you needn't think just 'cause I've just come in from the country you're going to beat

me out of my just and righteous pay!" Jack had evidently for a long time been nursing the thought of this sharp encounter and now the opportune time had come for him to express his mind.

"Where did you come from, and who was your great-grand-daddy, anyway? I told you I'd sell your coat, I didn't say I'd buy it. We didn't set any time in which to sell it—I didn't—

"Hold up, now, Spim, I don't want no more of it, you bring me flat'ar coat tomorrow, will you? and that ends us!" Spim began to get serious seeing Jack's bossy attitude, and bearing his harsh words retorted with unusual quickness.

"You hayseed, who taught you to dismollify a quiet spirit; you look like a sun-dried brick anyway. You kin have your coat and more too. Your mind's too greasy to hold any common sense, and you—"

Heavy steps were heard at the porch of the store and the imposing figure of the Governor was soon seen within. There the umpire settled the game. Spim sat with a sarcastic, disturbing smile all over his face; Jack and Beck, enveloped in cigarette smoke which they had been enjoying, looked sad and solemn, convicted by their own attitude. Out they went—not a word was needed to make them leave.

"Two or three faculties for us I reckon Jack, and you're to blame," said Beck as they quietly walked back to their room.

The night was dark, but darker still were their spirits. Ahead of them were the lights near the buildings. No use to hurry; they had been caught out and the penalty was sure—as true and as steady as the Governor's eyes.

"Beck, le's not go back now, le's go 'round another way and slip into our room so the boys won't ketch on."

On they went when suddenly their march was arrested near the center-field of the ball ground.

"Ooooh! Ohhh! when sadness fills the weary heart * *"—These words long drawn out; these agonizing sounds fell like a chill on the new students. The voice seemed near and yet, when listened to more attentively, it seemed to be away in the distance.

"Surely there's somethin' doing somewhere," said Jack, "we'll go out toward the cattle barn and find out."

The voice continued louder and louder. At times it was as the cry of a ghost two feet underground; at others it seemed to call the starry heavens to witness the grandeur of a mighty Webster.

"The crisis had come!" cried the voice in clear, decided tones. "Back to the same old principles; back to the——"

"Jack they'r hazin' down there; they've got a feller in for it, le's go and have some fun." Off they ran, but as they approached the place from whence the sounds were coming they could see against the sky the figure of a man moving his arms frantically as if taking gymnastic exercise.

"Pshaw! Beck, it's nothing but one of them fellows that's goin' to 'liver an oration next week."

Back to their room these young men went talking over their troubles and adventures. They entered their study and sat down by the table and began fumbling their books. They had no definite purpose in life. They found themselves in school because it was a good thing—and a noble motive that was. But that solid purpose—the dealing in futures had not as yet any attraction for the boys. So there they sat telling stories and jokes.

"Jack, I was readin' in that old Almanac book an' saw something about the Solar Plexus, and this morning when I saw that lanky, proud Senior I asked him to tell me the difference between the solar system and the Solar Plexus. He said he hadn't got to that yet in his Astronomy. Then I took my little old Latin book an' asked one of them Soph's to read my lesson and he said he'd done and passed that book, he didn't think he could read it. Well, I had an awful Algebra problem this morning an' I went to one of them Alegbra guys and we worked for about an hour. Finally he said the problem was so simple that he could work it in his head and could see the answer right clear but he just couldn't see how to put it in x's and y's. Gee, if these fellows can't get 'round things! Now look here Jack, I'm goin' to have a good Latin lesson tomorrow if I don't **get another one.**"

Beck took the Latin book and began to read: "Suum cuique incommodum ferendum est." He began his task: "His—to each one—trouble—must be borne.' This stuff is a sight; you take it right end foremost and it don't mean nothing. I wonder what this means? See here Jack!"

"Just take the words that go together and put 'em together and they'll go all right," said Jack with an air of a helpful master. Let's see—this periphrastic goes with this dative, and this *suum* goes with *incommodum*. Now here it is—"Every one has his own trouble to bear."

"D'you know, Jack, there's more truth than poetry in that thing! It has learned me a lesson already. Here I've been trying to get these other fellows to carry my load instead of finding out for myself. They must have their own load to carry also, I reckon. An' I believe that what I work out for myself is *mine*, but what others tell me I can soon forget. Sure that Latin puzzle is all right—"Every fellow must tote his own load."

Holguin, Cuba.

THE GEORGIA TROUBADOUR.

BY KITTIE JOHN.

"Heartstrong South would have her way,
Headstrong North hath said her nay,
They charged, they struck, both fell, both bled;
Brain rose again, ungloved;
Heart fainting, smiled, and softly said,
My love to my beloved,
Heart and brain; no more betwain;
Throb and think one flesh again;
Lo! they weep, they turn, they run;
Lo! they kiss, love, thou art one."

That is the way a true Southern artist expresses himself, heart and soul in sympathy with the South, and living in the

very midst of the civil strife in which our great country was engaged.

In eighteen hundred and sixty, the town of Macon, the home of Sidney Lanier, drew up a solemn statement of the wrongs of her native land. Soon after this the State of Georgia amid scenes of great excitement followed in the wake of South Carolina and assumed its share in the great secession. Immediately there sped over the State calls for volunteers and to these calls Lanier, then a student at Oglethorpe College, was among the first to respond. Although early aware that he was fighting for a "lost cause," yet he bravely continued with sure loyalty until captured and committed to prison at Point Lookout.

At the close of the war the entire South was in a state of despair. It is doubtful if any community in the modern world was ever so ruthlessly brought face to face with what is sternest and hardest in human life. It was not simply the losses of the war, but the loss of libraries and the closing of schools. It was the passing away of a civilization, which, with all its faults had many attractive qualities. The reign of law at this thrilling time was at an end. The civil powers of the State were dead, the military power of the conquerors was not yet organized for civil purposes. Railroads and telegraphs, those most efficient sheriffs of modern times, had fallen in the shock of war.

Under these surroundings Sidney Lanier began his career in life. From the beginning of his college days at Oglethorpe he had wished to become a man of letters. The artist knew that he could succeed as a musician for he had an extraordinary musical talent, and felt it within him that he could rank high as a composer. Lanier was a musician but he knew himself and realized that there was only one way for him to live, therefore he revealed himself in music and poetry. Never was the literary field so barren, never so utterly without hope as it was at this time.

He, being unable to secure a position in a Southern college or to make a living by literary work, decided at the solicitation of his father to take up the profession of law. With his mind

once made up in that direction he went to work with characteristic zeal. His chief occupation as a lawyer was that of the office, as he never practiced in the courts. However our great worker found time to make a few public addresses; and never did he cease his devotion to letters, which he loved better than all things in his heart of hearts.

On one of his trips to San Antonio he was asked to play his flute before a number of German musicians. His courage well-nigh failed him when he entered the music room, but he came forth greatly refreshed and strengthened, knowing he had made a success. Inspired by the sympathy of these people in whose judgment he had confidence, and impelled by his own genius asserting itself, and realizing that his hold upon life was but slight, he returned home with the fixed purpose to give the remainder of his life to music and poetry.

With this purpose fixed in his mind he started for New York, which was then fast becoming the musical and literary centre of the country. Here he began a course of study in music. His wonderful powers attracted at once the attention of the musical critics, and also made a stir in some of the churches and concert rooms of the city. He had brought with him two of his own composition, "Swamp Robin" and "Black-bird," and when he rendered these, there were some who did not hesitate to prophesy a brilliant career for him as the greatest flute player in the world.

Lanier was offered the position of first flute in the Peabody Orchestra, which position he gladly accepted because he thought he could be the man he wished to be, dwelling in the beautiful city, among the great libraries, and in the midst of the music, the religion and the art that he loved.

Many times he held his audience spell-bound, such distinction, such refinement, he stood the master, the genius. In his hands the flute no longer remained a mere material instrument, but was transformed into a voice that set heavenly harmonies into vibration. Its tones developed colors, warmth, and a low sweetness of unspeakable poetry. They were not only true and pure but poetic, allegoric, as it were, suggestive

of the depths and heights of being, and of the delights which the earthly ear never hears and the heavenly eye never sees.

It is unfortunate that he left no composition to indicate a musical power sufficient to give him a place in the history of American music. It cannot be controverted, however, that he is the one man of letters in America who has had an adequate appreciation of the value of music in the culture of the modern world.

Life was his school; while other Southerners were finding their way to German universities he was training himself in the methods and ideas of the modern man.

The series of lectures given by Lanier at Peabody and the warm friendship of the president led to his appointment as lecturer in English literature at Johns Hopkins University. The place he occupied in the history of that University has not been fully appreciated. His appointment was not merely a nominal one, neither did he work for compensation only, but for the love of the subject and the desire to create a like love and interest in those whom he taught. He threw himself with zeal and energy into the life of the University. His lectures were prepared under great stress of circumstances, at a time when Lanier was bravely battling against the fatal disease that had already begun to close in on his life—at a time when he was in the thick of his life-long, "three-fold struggle, for health, for bread, and for a literary career."

Our great poet always maintained the deepest sympathy for the people of the South. Nowhere is this more beautifully shown than in the lines already quoted in which he shows the South so full of "heart," "heart strong," that even in its last grasp is wont to say, "My love to my beloved." In his poem, "Symphony," his feelings towards the working class are beautifully expressed when he says:

"The poor, the poor, the poor, they stand,
Waged by the pressing of Trade's hand,
Against an inward opening door,
That pressure tightens evermore;
And oh! if men might sometimes see

How piteous false the door decree
That trade no more than trade must be!
Does business mean, die you live, I?
Then trade is trade but sings a lie:
'Tis only war grown miserly,
Thou trade! thou king of modern days;
 Change thy ways,
 Change thy ways,
Let the sweaty laborers file
 A little while
 A little while
Where art and music sing and smile."

Did Lanier live in the South today when the grinding wheels of trade have caught even the children in their whirl, and the whistle of the factory calls its workers long before the sun has brightened the day with its beneficent rays, he would see all too clearly that trade does seem to mean, "Die you live, I?"

Lanier was not a great poet, but rather a bundle of enthusiasm, which found varied and often charming expressions, he felt more deeply than he was able to express. Sometimes he failed in the standard of poetic excellence; yet ever was he himself a true poet. It cannot be doubted that our artist was endowed with the poetic temperament but he also possessed the endowment rarer among modern poets of patient, intelligent sympathy with things as they are, with conditions and men as they actually exist in a world of men.

Some of the poems of our Southern writers may in their kind stand higher than the "Marshes of Glynn," "Corns," "Psalm of the West," and "Clover," but Lanier did not have the opportunity to give adequate expression of himself in poetry. It is impossible to tell what his poetic achievements might have been had his life been cast amid favoring circumstances.

"The artist's pain to walk his blood-stained ways,
A special soul, yet judged as general."

May we well feel infinite regret for the hard fate of this gifted poet, that denied him fit educational advantages, that burdened him with a frail dying body, that led him by precarious ways and that sent him to an untimely grave. If a kinder fate had given him a youth full of sunshine and opportunity for growth, if fortune had offered him leisure for the development of his talents, we should have had in Lanier almost an ideal student and critic in literature. It would be highly interesting to know what might have been the poetic achievement in his maturity of a man, who possessed at once the spiritual equipment of a poet, and the mental furnishing of a scientific scholar. Possibly, had his environments been different our loved Southland might have had her Tennyson in Sidney Lanier.

OUT OF DOORS.

Away from the busy city and the ceaseless clang of the street,
And the piles of brick and mortar and the tramp of hurrying
feet;

Away from the clash and clatter and the worrying, wearying
strife,

Come ride with me o'er the boundless plains and thrill with
the joy of life,

Where blue is the vault of heaven, and the Master that man
adores

Is everywhere in Nature, in His own great Out-of-Doors.

The forests sing their welcome; they bid us a moment give,
To come and commune with Nature, and to learn what it is to
live,

Where, watchful, the mighty mountains eternal vigil keep,
Or where swiftly swirling waters will lull our unrest to sleep;
Where by the evening camp-fire 'tis joy to forget old scores,
Remembering only that we are men in God's great Out-of-
Doors.

—Ex.

THE BIBLICAL DEPARTMENT.

BY A. L. H.

The Biblical department of Guilford College was established in 1904. This department does not pretend to be any Theological Seminary, yet it does aim to design a course to meet the demands of the times, primarily for those who feel a call for active Christian work as ministers, missionaries and active Sabbath school workers; also for those who wish to be able to help more efficiently in Christian work. This includes others than the regular college student—those outside the student body who feel a keen need of instruction along the line of Biblical teaching. The course keeps the Bible doctrine before the student's mind every day for four years; and in the allied subjects of Sociology, Philosophy of religion and Christian Evidences an effort is made to present the questions of the world which are before the church to be dealt with.

The course begins with a study of the English Bible as to its origin and authority and the real meaning of the Bible as a whole together with methods of studying and using it. A thorough study of the religious and ethical teaching of Jesus, also the political, social and religious atmosphere of the time of Christ. The founding of the Christian church is carefully investigated with the Acts of the Apostles as a basis. A study of Hebrew prophecy, the relation of history to prophecy, the work of a prophet, and the classification of prophetic material, together with a careful study of the doctrine and influence of the prophet as shown in Prophetic literature is embraced in the course. The New Testament doctrine on all the fundamentals of Christianity as expressed in the Gospels and Epistles is studied. The fourth year closes with the History of Christian Doctrine. In this there is an examination of the great types of Christian thought, the world religions and denominational ideals. Such Bible themes as conversion, prayer, sanctification and the atonement are studied in connection with the Biblical course.

Twelve thousand dollars have been donated as a memorial

fund of Harriet Green, an English Friend who was very much interested in a Bible training course at Guilford. The work was under the care of Mary C. Woody in the absence of Prof. Thomas N. Newlin, who attended Chicago University in further preparation for teaching this course. While this department has been, and is under efficient management, we believe that the Biblical department of Guilford will grow in usefulness and trust that the endowment will soon become \$25,000 in order to support a chair in this particular line of study.

MY SYMPHONY.

To live content with small means, to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable and wealthy, not rich; to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly; to listen to stars and birds; to babes and sages with open heart, to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasions, hurry never; in a word to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious grow up through the common; this is to be my symphony.

—William Channing.

The Guilford Collegian.

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NO. 7

Editorials.

With this issue of THE COLLEGIAN the old staff *New Staff*. puts off the mantle and a new and able staff takes it up. In giving up the honorable position we feel like thanking our friends for the very able support they have given us, and we sincerely trust that an equal degree of loyalty may be shown the new staff. They are new and largely inexperienced, but they are equal to the task if properly supported. To repeat what we have so often said this year, the magazine cannot live without support from the student body, from the alumni, and also from the Faculty, because the mem-

bers of the staff have too many other interests to care for to spend all their time on the magazine. If all will work together however, there is no reason why THE COLLEGIAN should not be better than ever before.

§

Two movements of great importance or *Improvements*, which should be of great importance to the college have been initiated since our last issue. The one which concerns every one interested in Guilford College is that for the improvement of the campus. The natural beauty of our campus is a cause for pride and we have often wondered what could be brought to pass by expending a moderate amount of money. A landscape artist recently made an examination of the campus and gave directions for a topographical map and location of all trees, walks, etc., as they now are. After these are in hand he will draw plans for future improvements. Ere many years we are sure that Guilford will have a campus that will vie with any in the country. There is one thing, however, which we wish to urge upon the student-body and friends of the institution and that is that we must join hand in hand with those in charge of this work, co-operating, aiding, and preserving.

The announcement of the offer of the class of 1904 of a scholarship to the Sophomore having the highest class standing, is another matter which deserves more comment than we are able to give here. In our minds no nobler or more lasting class memorial could be established than this. Paintings, busts, trees and other things of like nature are not to be discouraged but should rather be encouraged. However, we believe that in addition to these some kind of perpetual memorial should be the desire of every class. A scholarship such as the class of 1904 has established is surely a most fitting token of their remembrance, and as the recipients of this aid grow into useful men and women in future years we believe that they will rise up and bless those who started this noble work.

We trust that we are not radical but if we
Two are, may we not ask that at least due consid-
Great Needs. eration be given to the propositions laid down
 in this editorial. Of course there are many
needs and there will always be but two things especially claim
attention for the sake of the young men. And no doubt they
could be made of interest to the young women.

The first is the need of a physical director. So far as we
know Guilford is the only college in the State with over two
hundred and fifty students that does not have some kind of a
physical director. At some places a man is giving his time
entirely to gymnasium work, and at others he is made to
serve as base-ball or foot-ball coach in connection with his
work in the gymnasium.

We lay great emphasis on base-ball which is good, and we
would not handicap this game in any way, but there are other
athletic interests that should receive attention. Base-ball sup-
plies sport for less than one fourth of the boys and furthermore
it cannot be played all the year. Indeed its proper place is in
the spring term. If we had a physical director he could devel-
op lacrosse and tennis for the fall term, if foot-ball does not
come in again, and through the winter months he could turn
his attention to the gymnasium, then in the spring, if the prop-
er man could be secured, he might coach the base-ball team and
give some time to track athletics which by no means should be
neglected. This certainly would be a great improvement be-
cause then every man's physical interest could be cared for.
And we are quite sure this should be the case. But it can't be
so unless one man give his time to the work.

Now may we not ask that this matter receive careful atten-
tion. A number of the Alumni have spoken to us about it and
we believe such a movement would receive enthusiastic sup-
port. When it is done there is no reason why we should not
have a good system of athletics in the fall, a good "gym"
team, just as good a base-ball team as we have now, and even
a track team; and this is a feature of athletics that should
demand more attention in the South. Already it has been
successful in the North and West and over a part of the South,

and there are many reasons why Guilford should take it up.

A second need, and one as important as the first, is that of a local secretary for the Young Men's Christian Association. As a matter of information, if nothing more, it is well for us to know that a number of local secretaries are being employed in the South. Five years ago there were a very few in Southern colleges, now they are to be found in a number of universities and even in colleges. Such institutions as the University of North Carolina, A. & M. of Raleigh, Clemson College, Maryville College, University of Arkansas and a score of others we might mention have a regularly employed secretary who gives his entire time to the work of the Association. Even this year a number of institutions, among which is Davidson, are employing secretaries for the first time.

Without a secretary the work of an Association cannot be properly carried on. The officers have too many other interests claiming their attention. Some one might think that there is not work enough in the Association at Guilford to keep one man busy, but from experience we believe we can truthfully say that there is. We are quite sure that our Association is not doing half the work it should do. When we come to realize that the Y. M. C. A. is the greatest field for religious service in the College, we will very readily see the real need. According to our judgment a secretary in the Association can be of as much value as a college pastor. But some one may say again that Guilford could not employ a secretary. We know the situation is difficult, but the question is, can we afford to neglect such an important work. Personally we believe such a movement is possible, in the near future if not at present, and we would ask all that are interested to consider it carefully. If such a thing can be done we feel quite sure that the general tone of the college will be greatly uplifted.

Locals and Personals.

C. LINNIE SHAMBURGER, '07.

FRED S. HILL, '08.

April Fool!

The members of the Sophomore class were entertained at President Hobbs' home on the evening of March 12. They report a very pleasant time.

The Science Club greatly enjoyed the lecture of Prof. Cobb, of the University, March 21. His subject was, "Where the Winds Do the Work."

The students of the College are requested to take advantage of the series of lectures given by Knox Highfill in Miss Blair's class room on fish and other animals of the Zoo.

Elihu Pinkney Mendenhall, a student of New Garden Boarding School, is associate teacher with Prof. Hall in the Clemmon's School, Forsyth county. He is also an ordained minister in the Moravian Church and in addition to his teaching is engaged in ministerial work.

Mildred Harmon, in sight-singin—What comes after me?

Bessie Carson—John Hill Wharton usually does.

Among the recent visitors at the college were David H. Forsyth, principal of the Friends' School at Germantown, Pa., and Jonathan Eldrige, now of West Chester, but for some years the treasurer of Westtown Boarding School. While here they were the guests of Prof. George W. White, with whom the latter was a class-mate at Haverford College.

It has been silently whispered that "Big Hobbs" has been feeling the pangs of Cupid's darts. Guess who is the guilty party.

At the regular meetings of the Websterian Society, March 15 and 22, John Anderson and J. E. Sawyer delivered orations

on "The Spirit of John Marshall," and "The Upward Trend of America." Both were much enjoyed by those present.

John Charles McNeill, the poet-laureate of North Carolina, gave a recital in Memorial Hall March 20. He came in the interest of the Y. W. C. A. His selections were taken from his poems in negro dialect.

E. B. Moore, of the illustrious first class, '89, recently visited the college bringing his new wife, nee Miss Hodson, of Indiana. Mr. Moore was examining lots with some talk of buying and moving his family here to get the advantages of the Graded School and College.

Joseph Peele is now pastor of the new Friends' meeting in Goldsboro, and is helping the Friends at that place to rally their forces and do aggressive work for the advance of the church.

Lucille (Armfield) Armfield is the proud possessor of a young daughter whose name we have not learned, and no doubt her poetic gifts will find ample expression in crooning lullabys.

Isabella Woodley, who has been spending the winter at Pomona with her sister Isa, visited the College a few days ago.

Chas. Hauser, '95, was recently married to Annie Tomlinson in the Friends' church at High Point. Since their tour South they have been making their home with her sister, Mrs. Alvin Parker. Congratulations and many good wishes.

Invitations are out announcing the marriage of Otis Mendenhall to Miss Lizette Brown April 10, 1907. Best wishes to you, our loyal alumnus.

Things observed on the commencement day of the Graded School: "Cow" Nicholson's drill of his troops; Leslie Pearson's riding a bicycle; the rendering of instrumental solos, and the giving of prizes.

✓ Joseph and May (Riddick) Cox are made happy by the arrival of young Joseph, Jr. Congratulations to the whole class of 1904 on this new addition to its ranks.

Robert Dicks drove out from Greensboro one Sunday recently, bringing his new bride to see his alma mater and to introduce her to his old friends.

Several of our boys and girls spent the Easter holidays at home.

Annie Lois Henley, Agnes King, C. C. Frazier and Leroy Miller were delegates from the College Sunday School to the county convention held at Greensboro, March 22.

The students were glad to see Fred Hendricks on a flying visit on April 3.

The Alumni and other old students were most loyal to Guilford on the day of the University-Guilford game in Greensboro. Among the most interested were Will Hammond, Ralph Parker, and Carl Hill, who have by no means forgotten what they learned at College in the matter of "rooting."

The Senior class was very delightfully entertained by the faculty on the evening of St. Patrick's Day.

Prof. Newlin, Alma Edwards, Kittie John and E. J. Coltrane attended the State Sunday School convention in Reidsville, April 2-4.

The Graded School closed March 23. Recitations were delivered in the forenoon, Prof. M. C. S. Noble made the address in the afternoon, and a musical was given at night.

The newly-elected staff for THE COLLEGIAN consists of the following: Editors, A. E. Lindley, chief; G. W. Bradshaw and Elsie White. Associate editors, D. W. Anderson, R. J. M. Hobbs, and Annie Gordon. Business managers, W. T. Boyce, chief; H. A. Doak and Agnes King.

THE PHILAGOREAN CONTEST.

The annual oratorical contest of the Philagorean Society occurred on the evening of April 6. Owing to the inclemency of the weather the audience was not large but very appreciative. To the credit of the young ladies it should be said that the exercises were very smooth and showed thought and effort. No one forgot and only one slight repetition was made.

The first oration was delivered by Miss Mildred Harmon on the subject, "The Twentieth Century Cavalier." After referring to the history of the Puritans and Cavaliers in England in the seventeenth century, she took up their descendants in America, and showed that the cavalier of the present day should be a man of the square deal in preference to the man of selfish motives. Jerome, of New York, Folk, of Missouri, and President Roosevelt are examples of the present day cavalier. Miss Harmon's articulation and gesticulation were excellent and many in the audience were confident that she had won the prize.

Miss Annie Gordon, the second speaker, chose for her subject, "America's Salvation." In point of thought she was easily the winner. She showed that America's great need is not for power, for wealth, for liberty, or for peace. Our greatest need is rather for a spirit of service and honesty and truth. In this day of corruption and graft the character of the individual is most in demand. Her concluding thoughts were that America's duty is first to build up a strong republic, and second to propagate our principles to other nations.

"Jamestown" was the subject of the third oration by Miss Anna Mendenhall. She dwelt on the history of John Smith's and Sir Walter Raleigh's work in founding colonies in America and of the founding and progress of the Jamestown colony. A pleasant reference was made to the great State of Virginia, and her place in history as evidenced by such men as Washington, Jefferson, Madison and Monroe. She then showed that the spirit of the coming Exposition should be industrial and educational and not toward militarism. On this point the speaker was emphatic in declaring that the emphasis on

the military spirit is out of harmony with the spirit of progress and peace. The oration was well received.

Miss Elsie White spoke on "The Friend of the Indian," and to her was awarded the prize, a beautiful gold medal. Her oration was based more particularly on William Penn's dealings with the Indians in Pennsylvania. She showed that Penn never took land in an illegitimate manner as other settlers did, but rather he paid them for everything he received. Particular emphasis was laid on the peaceful period from 1710 to 1740. The climax to the oration was that the Quakers of the present day are still true to the Indians, schools having been established for them in New York, Oklahoma and other places. The Friend is always found to be working for the upbuilding of the Indian wherever he is found. Miss White's delivery was very good.

The fifth oration, "Heroes of the Past and Present," was delivered by Miss Mabel Raiford in a charming manner. She made reference to our Colonial heroes, and then showed that a new era of industrial progress has come. But with this era of progress has come wealth and corruption. The political boss, and especially Addicks, of Delaware, was dealt with in a conclusive manner. Again a reference was made to President Roosevelt as being the embodiment of American genius. The great point of the oration was the need of moral heroes.

The last speaker, Miss Margaret Davis, delivered a very instructive oration on "The Red Cross and its Work." She showed that the last half century had witnessed a remarkable progress in the growth of universal brotherhood. The Geneva convention of 1863, the work of Florence Nightingale in Europe, and Clara Barton's great service in America from 1881 to 1900 were carefully explained and praised. Wm. H. Taft is now President of the Red Cross Society, and Japan is excelling in the work. The principle of the Society is that of brotherhood. Miss Davis's articulation was almost perfect.

The Philagoreans were unfortunate in securing judges. Solicitor Hammer, Mrs. Lucy Robertson, of Greensboro Female College, and Mr. A. B. Kimball, of Greensboro, had been chosen, but at a late hour gave notice that they could not

come. In their absence President Hobbs, Professor Newlin and Mrs. S. H. Hodgkin acted as judges. The prize was delivered by Professor Newlin.

Miss Lillian Jennett acted as president, and Miss Alma Edwards, assisted by Misses Kittie John, Ollie Leak, Georgia Holt and Bessie Carson were the marshals.

ATHLETICS.

Guilford has opened the base-ball season under very auspicious circumstances. The team shows to be fully as strong as it was last year. Indeed there are only two changes in the line-up. At present Hill is suffering with a lame arm from an injury he sustained in the last game. We trust he will soon be able to be in the game again. An account of the games played up to date appears below:

GUILFORD-DANVILLE.

The initial game of the season was played on the home grounds with the Old Dominion Club of Danville. Guilford used her three pitchers, and altogether the visitors succeeded in making only one hit. Being young and inexperienced they were unable to give our team a really good practice game.

Score by innings:												
										R.	H.	E.
Guilford	2	0	4	1	5	2	3	0
Danville	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
					5—22					17		1
					0—0					1		15

GUILFORD-LAFAYETTE—(FIRST GAME.)

The second game was played in Greensboro with the heavy team from Pennsylvania. This was their seventh game in the State, five of which they had won. Price did the slab work for Guilford and was in fine form after the first inning, when he allowed six hits and five runs. After this innings he allowed only two hits and struck out eleven men. Guilford was not able to bunch her hits and succeeded in scoring only two runs in all.

Score by innings:

R. H. E.

Guilford.. . . .	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0—2	9	0
Lafayette.. . . .	5	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—6	8	4

Batteries: Guilford, Price and Hobbs; Lafayette, Edwards and Kelly.

GUILFORD-CAROLINA.

For the first time in the history of Guilford-Carolina athletics we succeeded in defeating the boys from Chapel Hill—the thing for which we had been working so hard all the year. Carolina had been reported to have a very strong team, and Guilford went down to Greensboro, both team and student body, on Saturday, March 30, not confident but determined to give the Tar Heels the best we had in stock. Early in the game it was evident that Guilford could hit Morrow, Carolina's crack pitcher, and in the third inning it was evident that we could do more, when L. Hobbs scored and Murrow drove out a home run with two men on bases. Carolina succeeded in putting two men across the rubber in her part of the fourth, but after that their hopes were blasted. The features of the game were Hobbs' pitching and Murrow's hitting. Altogether "Pat" scored five runs by his drive over the fence in the third and another drive against the same fence in the fifth. On the whole it was a great game for Guilford, and we hope to maintain our record in the second game at Chapel Hill May 1.

Score by innings:

R. H. E.

Guilford.. . . .	0	0	4	1	3	0	0	0—8	9	5
Carolina.. . . .	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0—2	7	4

Batteries: Guilford, Hobbs and Hobbs; Carolina, Morrow, Racey and Rogers. Summary: Earned runs, Guilford 3, Carolina 1; home runs, Murrow; two base hit, James; struck out by Hobbs, 12, by Morrow 10, by Racey 3; bases on balls, by Morrow, 5; left on bases, Guilford 13, Carolina 6. Umpire, Mr. Brandt, of Greensboro. Attendance, 1,000.

GUILFORD-LAFAYETTE (SECOND GAME.)

On Easter Monday in Greensboro Guilford suffered another

defeat at the hands of the very fast Lafayette team, and this too in the first inning when the Pennsylvanians scored their only runs. Doak relieved Price after this inning and was so effective that only four hits were made off his delivery in the remaining eight innings. Guilford scored one run in the ninth and missed an excellent chance to tie the score. However, we did not, and we have this only to say that Lafayette has the best team we have ever played.

Score by innings:														R. H. E.		
Guilford..	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—1	5	4
Lafayette..	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—2	8	3

Batteries: Guilford, Price, Doak and Hobbs; Lafayette, Schneider and Kelly.

The fifth game was arranged to be played with Delaware College on the home diamond, April 5, but just as the game was about to begin rain came and there was no game.

Manager Carroll announces the following schedule for the remaining part of the season:

V. P. I.—Guilford, April 10.

Davidson—Greensboro, April 13.

A. & M.—Greensboro, April 16.

Catawba—Guilford, April 18.

William and Mary—Greensboro, April 25.

Wake Forest—Guilford, April 26.

Wake Forest—Greensboro, April 27.

Davidson—Charlotte, April 29.

U. N. C.—Chapel Hill, May 1.

Wake Forest—Wake Forest, May 2.

A. & M. (probably)—Portsmouth, Va., May 3.

Baltimore Yanigar's—Portsmouth, Va., May 4.

A. & M.—Raleigh, May 6.

Exchanges.

D. M. PETTY, '07.

We have a large number of magazines to peruse this our last time, and much have we enjoyed the touch of Easter and Springtime that pervades the greater part of them. The spirit of spring has taken hold of the verse writers and they are glad, and the editors are wearing the smile that won't come off because they are glad. And the readers, especially the Exchange men, are rejoicing for they all love a good poem.

Since this is our last time at the bat, so to speak, we want an unusually pleasant task, so we are going to read with care seven of the women's college magazines on our table.

The opening poem of *The Acorn*, entitled "The *The Acorn*. Miracle of Sorrow," gives us a good start. It is a well-written poem with a noble sentiment. "The Hand of the Invisible Empire" smacks of Thomas Dixon and like all such stories, whether true life or in fiction, is exciting. "Historic Homes of North Carolina" and "North Carolina Heroines" are both well written pieces of history that cannot fail to interest a Tar Heel. The editors of *The Acorn* are to be congratulated on this, their second effort. We hope it will never fall into careless hands for it has had a good beginning and should grow from year to year.

The printer owes an apology to the author *The Criterion*. of the opening poem for omitting the title.

As we turned farther over we were well entertained with short stories which are well written in a lively style. "The Origin and Significance of Easter" is a very instructive article showing that the author knew her subject. The departments are well conducted, especially the "Exchanges," and we would place at the foot the editorials, not on account of their structure but because of the subjects. "Starving Russia" is a good subject for an essay, but ill fitted for the topic of an editorial of a college magazien. "The Imi-

gration Conference" and "A Reunion" come nearer being fit subjects, but neither are exactly proper. Editorials should deal with affairs of the college life in a serious way pointing out the places in which they are proper and improper. But after all we enjoyed *The Criterion*.

The last *Ivey* to reach our table was the gay *The Ivey's* valentine number, which from a typographical standpoint is one of the best magazines on our table. The poem, "Her Valentine" is well written and deserves commendation. "The Red, Red Heat" is a very readable story full of the sentiment of love that is faithful. The other articles are fairly good and taken in its entirety *The Ivey* is a very good little magazine.

When we come to *The Palmetto* we always expect something of a treat in the way of short stories and poems, and the February number proved no exception to the rule. It has been said that girls think of boys as a lot of Jacks, Dicks and Bills. This may be true and it may not, but in seven short stories we found four Jacks, two Dicks, and two Billies. Nevertheless these stories are all interesting and like the remainder of the magazine well written. In choosing the best article we would not hesitate in saying that "The Jew of Malta," "Merchant of Venice" and "Volpore Compared" was far above the others and in reality it is the only serious article outside the departments. The editorials are very good and are truly editorials, for they deal with the affairs of the student life. The exchanges are well written in a bold, outspoken style which makes us "sit up and take notice," personally we admire it. The locals are full of humor as well as news and reflect credit to the editor. And lastly we congratulate the editor of the Alumni column on her good work. We like *The Palmetto*.

From our fair neighbors of the Gate City we received for March a magazine well worth reading. It is well balanced, containing just enough serious essays to keep it from being frivolous and just enough humor and short stories to keep it from being heavy. The only thing we missed was the poetry and we

usually find several poems in *The College Message*. "Robert E. Lee, a Type of a True Southern Gentleman" is a very enjoyable article reflecting credit on the writer for the manner in which she handled such a worthy subject. And we liked the "Sketches." This is a variety of literature very little used but very effective in college journalism. From beginning to end we enjoyed *The College Message*.

As usual we find several good poems, among *The St.* which "Easter Lilies" is especially worthy of *Mary's Muse*. note. We believe that the poetry is the best part of the magazine, in fact we were a bit disappointed in the other parts.

The stately *State Normal Magazine* for *The State Normal* March is loaded with essays. We failed *Magazine*. to find a single story and the only thing to break the monotony was the poetry, which was all good. The essays, "Poetry, an Essential Part of a Liberal Education" and "Why We Should Study Poetry," are both well written and show the high class of work the English department is doing. The other articles are of a high class. But out of all your girls, Madame Editor, you should get a story. We know it is hard to find them sometimes, but we also know that there are many girls among your students who can and would write a story if urged to do so.

Besides the above we beg to acknowledge the following: *The Tiger*, *The Trinity Archive*, *The Crescent*, *The Wake Forest Student*, *The Erskinian*, *George School Odes*, *The Georgia Tech*, *University of Virginia Magazine*, *The Collegian*, *The Hamptonia*, *Wofford College Journal*, *Randolph-Macon Monthly*, *The Red and White*, *Ouachita Ripples*, *The Earlamite*, *The Buff and Blue*, *The Courier*, *The Comenian*, *The Carolinian*, *St. John's Collegian*, *Park School Gazette*, *Greensboro High School Magazine*, *The Haverfordean*, *Davidson College Magazine*, *The Clemson College Chronicle* and the *Brown and White*.

Clippings.

Contributors to this department will please write their jokes on thin paper so the editor can see through them.—Ex.

What is the future tense of "to flirt?" To divorce.—Ex.

"You should marry me; I saved your life."

"That's nothing; the man I'm to marry has saved *money*."
—Ex.

THE NIGHT BEFORE EXAMS.

Now I lay me down to sleep

In my little bunk,

Hope I die before I wake

And thus escape a flunk.—Ex.

A Freshman stood on the burning deck,

And, so far as we can learn,

He stood in perfect safety, for

He was too green to burn.—Ex.

Fall from the quarter deck,

Fall from above;

Fall down and break your neck,

But never fall in love.—Ex.

HE WAS SUPPLIED.

Tommy sat way back in the church with his mamma. It was his first experience. Everything was wonderful to him. By and by the collection was taken, but imagine the surprise of Tommy's mother when the usher passed the plate, to hear Tommy say:

"No, thank you. I've got some money of my own!"—*American Home Monthly*.

CHANGES OF TIME.

One hundred years ago today,

With wildernesses here,

With powder in his gun, the man

Went out and got his deer.

But now the thing is somewhat changed,
And on another plan,
With powder on her cheeks, the dear
Goes out and gets the man.—Ex.
Mary once had fifty cents,
But down her throat she let it go;
Now she's using Fleishman's yeast
That she may raise the dough.—Ex.

Mary had a little waist,
Where waists are meant to grow;
And everywhere the fashions went
Her waist was sure to go.—Ex.

Little Johnnie having in his possession a couple of bantam hens which laid very small eggs suddenly hit upon a plan. Going next morning to the foul run Johnnie's father was very much surprised to find an ostridge egg tied to one of the beams and above it a card with the words: "Keep your eye on this and Do your Best."

There are meters of accent,
There are meters of tone,
But the best of all meters
Is to meet her alone.—Ex.

QUALITATIVE ANALYSIS—TEST FOR A GIRL'S AFFECTION FOR YOU.

Collect and concentrate her affections; add a drop of interest by relating some pathetic event. If she dissolves into tears, you may know she is not of the acid group, and that her specific gravity is great. Now boldly drop your arm around her waist; if she flames up and burns with indignation, it is at once seen that she has been too much oxidized; but if there is a precipitation around your neck, you know that she is of a combinable element. Carefully collect the ppt., and preserve it for future use—non Fresenius, Vol. II.—Exchange.

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The Guilford Collegian.

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NO. 8.

THE QUESTION OF WAR.

BY R. J. M. HOBBS.

(Oration winning first place in the Henry Clay Contest.)

There is a problem of the utmost gravity not only before the United States but before the world, a problem which has as yet received comparatively little attention and which, if not given a fair amount of careful consideration, threatens the destruction of the most prosperous of our countries. It is The Question of War.

In order to see why such a tremendous conclusion is drawn from a subject so little agitated, let us consider the effect of a war policy on the people of the past. The fact that the ancient empires crumbled into ruins because of excessive taxation for warlike purposes is well known, therefore we will pass at once to more recent times.

In the period known as the Hundred Years' War, France and England were in the deadly grip of bitter conflict, the soil of France was strewn with ashes and drenched in the blood of her noblest and bravest sons; and when at last the struggle was brought to a close by a succession of British victories, the strength of France was so completely shattered that she scarcely emerged from the contest alive.

In 1629 Germany was torn and devastated in a similar manner by the Thirty Years' War, which had even a worse effect than the Hundred Years' War in France. The people, driven to the mountains, were reduced to savagery and famine and so thoroughly was the country ravaged that the wild beasts again held full sway. It took Germany four hundred years

with all her splendid thrift to regain her former prosperity, and even till this day Prussian mothers quiet their restless babes by breathing, "Hark the Swedes are coming!" Again a few years later, we see Louis XIV. with his draining policy sucking the vitality from the very veins of France in order to war with his peaceful neighbors; while across the channel we behold a nation maturing into the greatest power of Europe under Lord Burleigh, who advocated "peace at any price."

In 1853 the commercial people of England saw a tiny speck on the eastern horizon. With a crazed abhorrence they watched it grow from an insignificant spot into an ever-darkening cloud, then into a towering mass of blackness with the Crimea as its focal point; and at last they beheld a horrible monster reaching out his devouring tentacles over all Europe. English trade was paralyzed with this sickening picture of destruction, and so great was the consternation that they lost on account of the rumor alone the sum of two hundred million pounds.

Summing up the effects sustained by these warring nations, we find that instead of a far-seeing policy for the upbuilding of trade and commerce they followed a policy of blood-thirsty barbarous greed, at no time promoting the interests of either the people or the nation. But with the limited vision of selfish tyranny both were ground down by taxation into debt and poverty. At the same time England by the policy of Burleigh was becoming a powerful and respected nation; yet others followed him who debauched her into the most useless of wars.

The immortal John Bright has said that, "War is the only thing the cost of which is not carefully considered beforehand." It is true that nations rush blindly into war not once counting the cost, the result of which is as uncertain as a throw of dice. But under the light of modern economy and especially in the United States where it is characteristic of the people to crave wealth, the financial side of the war proposition is taking a deep root. Business men recognize the fact that since the world has come to the economic age, war is a tremendous waste. It is for the destruction of this enemy to trade that they are plotting. Already there is a large league of this

energetic class which has taken stringent measures against a military policy. In time of war industry takes such gigantic strides that short-sighted business men mistake an unhealthy impetus for a grand stimulus to their trade; but, when the brief conflict has swept over, they behold in its wake smoldering ashes where once beautiful cities stood stretching their stately spires toward heaven and a country where abounded happiness and plenty reduced to a wilderness. It has been said that "Trade follows the flag." At first thought we take this as a great and noble statement, but it withers and falls before modern statistics; and on the contrary we see that trade always goes where it finds customers.

Let us next consider the effect of a war policy on the common people, the body that bears both the brunt of battle in the field and in the payment of taxes at home, the class that is least prepared to withstand the ravages of such a policy. In the sunny land of France instead of a happy, prosperous and thrifty people we find an oppressed and degraded peasantry, barely eking out from hand to mouth a miserable existence; while their government in the face of a long stationary population is exerting every effort within its power to keep pace in armament and military equipage with nations that double their taxpayers every half century. The French say that they are prosperous, yet they give fifty millions of dollars yearly to enterprises that are not self-sustaining, and allow their rivers to fill with mud and flood their beautiful valleys, thereby stripping the peasant of both his crop and soil, his only means of life. In Ireland we find similar but worse conditions. In Germany we see every farmer bearing the burden of one soldier. In India we behold eighty millions of the nations going half fed, while stretching far off to the north is bleak Siberia filled with a people large of size, housed in miserable huts, with black bread and half rotten sauerkraut as their chief article of food. Here these able-bodied, intelligent men barely exist from the exhausted soil which they scratch with primitive tools. Still that bankrupt empire finds funds enough to wage a war with Japan and to maintain a large standing army. Even our own rich and prosperous land has not escaped the

ravages of war, and that, too, one of bloodiest that reddens the annals of history; the results of which are seen to this distant day in our hills gutted with gullies, our bottoms sunk in swamps and a vast water power unbridled and untamed rolls on in its unprofitable course to the sea—conditions that are possible today only because of the ravages and rapine of Yankee soldiers and Northern bigotry and ignorance which inflicted upon us a cruel and unnecessary war. In the districts that furnished the field of conflict our people suffered the direst need for the necessities of life; oftentimes our own soldiers took the last cent from its hiding place and the dinner off the table from the half fed, ragged children. Nor did the suffering cease with the war, but the people were left with a worthless currency, poor stock, no fences, freed slaves and the heads of families either crippled or dead. Yet the South has risen from that condition under a policy of peace and liberty to one of the grandest sections of the Union.

The marvelous development in destructive machines and warlike weapons within the last twenty years renders a modern war ten times more disastrous than ever before. Each nation has become crazed with the thought of surpassing its neighbors in the construction of more deadly arms. The greatest mechanics and inventors of the present era are laboring incessantly to contrive something a little more effective, and they have not labored in vain. Our modern rifles will pierce six human bodies at a distance of a mile and a half against the old guns that would only kill one a few hundred yards away. To increase the accuracy of the soldiers with modern arms our government spends millions every year. Wireless telegraphy brings into action a vaster force than ever before was dreamed of, and war automobiles render its operations twice as effective. Balloons that drop bombs of terrific explosive power mangling, suffocating and poisoning a sleeping enemy are employed in the deadly work. With the aid of smokeless powder these modern weapons belch forth their deadly missiles and give the enemy no target for return fire.

Is it possible to wage a war under such revolutionized conditions? If in the future a war be fought to the finish, it will

mean mutual annihilation to the belligerents and will decide no political crisis, but will bring on such a financial panic that neither nation will recover for generations.

In the dim but ever brightening future I can discern two grim, determined figures advancing side by side with a heavy, decided tread. Their names are Commerce and Labor. In them is concentrated much of the strength and power of our land. They are bent on banishing a system that has long been eating like a canker the very heart out of their interests. Can the nation turn them aside? Sooner could it turn the Gulf stream from its course than the purpose of this stalwart pair. The shallow-minded warriors who sue at law for the empty, glittering glory of war will go before them as chaff goes before the wind, and our nation will be set on a rock that will endure all tempests and withstands all assaults. These two, Commerce and Labor, united in their purpose, shall keep guard over her destiny and shall strengthen her in the strong band of peace.

“Till the war-drum throb’s no longer and the battle flags are
furled

In the Parliament of man the Federation of the world.

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in
awe,

And the kindly earth shall slumber lapt in universal law.”

A BUTTON OF TAN.

BY "RANTHA."

"Leasboro! Next stop Leasboro!" rang the shrill voice of the porter through the car. The heavy door slammed, and the interrupted conversation once more blended with the rumble of fast-moving wheels.

"Lets swing off and find something to talk about," suggested a light-haired boy from a group of college-fellows, as the train began to slacken speed for the last stretch. A few more yards, and the line of cars jerked to a standstill before a small, brown-painted station, just as a flash of red down the smooth white road that led to the village, dashed up, and stopped—a great puffing machine! A small graceful figure in tan auto-coat and veil leaped from the step, and, running swiftly across the yard, gained the car platform.

"Why, Uncle Jack, you're no runner at all! I've been here a long, *long* time," called a clear girlish voice from beneath the tan veil, as the gentleman addressed stopped panting beside her.

"Dot, you tiny nuisance, you're a tease! But, quick! off with this toggerly! The train is moving already."

"No, no, Uncle Jack! There's no time! A coat isn't much trouble and you can call for it at 'The View' next week! I'm in Trent for a day you know! Goodbye!" and a handkerchief fluttered as the great train moved away.

The new passenger entered the car and was turning into a seat when a pair of blue eyes accosted hers, and a boy, hat in hand, stood beside her.

"Pardon, please! But a button dropped from your coat just beneath the steps, and the pleasure of finding it was mine," and—— there was a tan-pearl button upon the extended palm. Helen glanced down her coat front. There! one button was missing!

"Oh, thanks very much, sir! 'Twas kind of you!" and a smile gleamed through the tan veil—just a smile! Dan wished

that he might see the face; but did not know that fascinated eyes from under the screen were upon his handsome face!

The boy bowed and turned back to his companions. Helen sank into her seat and gazed out upon the passing fields. But she was thinking of a pair of blue eyes. A college boy, of course, but where? She looked at the romantic button, gently pressed it, dropped it into her pocket—and forgot!

Meanwhile, Dan was gazing at a small well-poised head several seats in front of him. The tan veil was drawn closely to the front, but did not conceal the auburn curls that were coiled upon the delicate neck.

"Gee whiz, but she's interesting; wish that veil was off!" the boy thought; and, was it mental telepathy? For there! the tan veil was being unpinned! "Frank, I'm over in the smoker," came in an excited voice as Dan stepped into the isle. At the door he glanced over his shoulder, but the face was turned away, and he saw only the curls!

The smoker became unbearable. "Bill I have to speak to Frank a minute," and the return trip was made. But alas! the face was buried in a magazine, and only the auburn hair!

"I'm in love with the back of her head! That sounds ridiculous! Oh, Frank!" and the sleeve of that young gentleman was fiercely plucked, "do something outrageous, so everybody will look around."

Frank raised amazed eyes from an interesting story, "For what reason, would you be so kind as to explain?"

"Oh, nothing! You've no sentiment whatever," and Dan looked disgustedly away.

Fresh air, his suit case and numerous objects afforded means of exploits—but, merely the auburn curls!

The train pulled up under the shed at Trent, and every person grasped their baggage. Dan followed with his eyes the broad tan hat—until it disappeared! He was frantic, but the head with its coil of curls had gone!

* * * * *

It was the evening of the Newbury reception, an annual social affair given by the Newbury students to Greenshaw, the girls' school just across the country.

The great festive hall was thronged with happy boys and girls who were free for this one night's pleasure. Dan was at his best, and easily drew the favorite of the evening to his side. "Miss Randal, don't you want me to tell you about the only love experience of my life? It is rare and racy, be you sure."

"It has a very interesting introduction, Mr. Lyons. I should be pleased, of course," answered the girl.

"Well, you see it was like this: I didn't fall in love with the *girl*. It was her hair—the back of her charming head, you see! Do you happen to know the young lady?"

"She's one of my intimate acquaintances. I assure you! But her hair? What color, and all that? You know that is essential in a love story."

"Auburn! And little silky curls too; all gathered back just like a real heroine! Yes, and a tan hat, and a veil—a long filmy veil that hid her face!" described Dan as he warmed to the subject he had well-nigh forgotten in his older years.

"Oh, Mr. Lyons, wait! I do know a girl precisely like that, and in school at Greenshaw!"

Dan grew enthusiastic!

"She told me only a few days ago that she was to spend the summer at Rocky Inn. Be cunning and you'll yet win your youth's dream!"

"Thanks, Miss Randal, you've fanned the spark of romance that was dying," and Dan's plans for the summer were decided!

* * * * *

Dan Lyons was on his way to Rocky Inn. He had seen Miss Randal at the stop-over in Trent the day before, and the announcement that his love had preceded him had made him happy. He boarded the train with a light heart, and imagined faces of every caste as the miles flew by. Of course the face would be beautiful! With hair like that it could not be otherwise! The dreamer looked up; and, there, just two seats ahead were the auburn curls, coiled as they were four years ago! And the tan hat—and the veil!

Dan sat for a moment dazed. Could it all be so perfectly his

vision of four long years! He again sought the smoker—and looked over his shoulder. Was he dreaming? No!

"Miss Randal! It isn't possible!" cried the astonished boy, as he grasped the small tan-gloved hand that was extended to him. A pair of dark eyes sparkled up into his, and a flash of memory brought back the gleam of a smile he had seen through a floating tan veil years ago.

"Perhaps I may identify myself," answered the girl, as she took from her pocket a small tan pearl button. "It is still missing you see!" she added, and glanced down the length of her long tan coat.

"But—Miss Randall—how, er—it has been four years—and—those curls!" stammered Dan, as he stepped back and gazed at the little silky coil he had pictured so often.

"But, Dan, you didn't recognize me any other way—and I've kept the button, the veil and all—and, well, you see I wanted you to know that I am just *Helen*—that little maiden that boarded the train at Leasboro one September morning—for *you*!" Dan grasped the girl's hand, and, taking the tan button—there before all the sympathetic passengers, pressed it to his lips!

WHY A YOUNG MAN LEAVES THE FARM.

BY A. D. HOPKINS.

This is an occurrence which we often see—a young man turning his back upon the dearest spot on earth, as he is apt to realize in after life. Does he realize what he is doing, or does he wander away ignorant of the many blessings so bountifully bestowed upon him? Does he know the value of a father's kind advice or the worth of a mothers' counsel? If so, then we should ask ourselves the question, why do so many young men leave the farm. This question can be better answered by summarizing some of the things which entice him to leave home.

It is natural for a young man to seek modern pleasures and advantages. Consequently, as many of our farms are destitute of the sources of wealth and happiness, he is led to towns and cities. From his early boyhood, he has looked upon the farm as a place of drudgery. He has wondered why his home was not attractive like those which he sees in town. His yard is not kept mowed nor his flowers blooming. His horses are not as round and sleek, nor his buggies as new as those of his city friends; and nowhere does his home present that neat, tidy appearance. And again he thinks his work to be much harder; for while he is forking hay or following the plow his city cousin is standing behind the counter. While he has stood leaning upon his hoe with honest sweat trickling down his sun-burnt cheeks and watched the great locomotive speeding onward, he has envied the engineer his place in the cab or wished to wear the brass buttons of the conductor. With this state of affairs he decides that the farm is no place for him. With this idea kept constantly in his mind, he is ready, as soon as he is from under the all-guiding hand of his father, to leave at the first impulse.

No doubt at first he feels somewhat elevated at the thought that he is no longer a country boy, but instead he is a city gentleman. Time rolls on and as his plans fail to bring the expected wealth and happiness, doubtless he soon begins to feel that he has acted the part of the prodigal.

But we must not attribute too much to the lack of home attraction. Ever since the little lad first entered school he has been taught to abhor the farm and look to the so-called higher things. From this early period of life until he is through college this same idea is constantly kept in his mind, until he comes to believe that unless he can get away from the farm, he will be worthless to mankind. Can we then wonder why so many of the brightest youths of the country forsake their native freedom for the tainted atmosphere of the city?

But where can a young man receive training should he choose agriculture for his profession? It is not taught in our rural schools and the large majority of our colleges pay no attention to agriculture. When we know that two-thirds of the young men of the State will make agriculture their profession, then why not give them a training for their life work? With the exception of one or two colleges where can a young man receive an agricultural training in the State?

There is no business carried on with as little knowledge as agriculture. Let our great banking system be carried on in the same ignorant, negligent way as agriculture, and in six months it would be ruined. Yet many of our farmers toil on from year to year with just knowledge enough to know when to sow and when to reap. With such a condition of affairs, can we expect our state to reach the high-water mark of civilization? Can the State any longer neglect this great need? As the sun is the center of the solar system, so is agriculture the center of all professions. Other professions are merely parasites hanging on and drawing their existence from this one profession—agriculture. Do we expect agriculture to advance and keep pace with the progress of other professions, when almost daily our brightest young men are called upon to occupy the leading places in other professions?

Again the question stands out before us, what shall we do to prevent this leaching of vitality from the country? This problem can be solved only by the same methods which other professions use to attract the brightest minds. Should we not then apply some of these methods? First the house and surroundings should be so kept, as to fill the owner with joy

and pride and enable him to say with Payne, "There is no place like home." When the southern farm is as attractive as our cities, then will the young men cease to seek employment elsewhere. But instead of leaving home, they will be willing to remain, and there become noble citizens worthy to be masters of any model farm.

Teach the youth the beauties of nature, cultivate in his youthful mind a love for the beautiful and show him that the woods, meadows, orchards and fields of waving grain all have charms which are not to be found elsewhere. If he would be a scholar then he should choose agriculture for his profession, for truly there is no other which has so wide a field for study. A single spade of dirt now contains more curiosity than once did the solar system. With this love of nature once instilled into his youthful mind you need not fear that the old farm will ever be in need of some one to love, protect and beautify it.

However, if agriculture is to attain to that height of perfection so much desired by all, the sons of farmers must have more in their minds than a mere love. How can we love or enjoy anything, when we know nothing about it? Yet this is exactly what a great many farmers are trying to do today. If a man thinks of entering any other profession except agriculture the first thing he does is to spend four or five years preparing; while in agriculture he enters without any training whatever. "Knowledge is power" has been said and truthfully said, nor is agriculture an exception to this rule.

In time past it has been a custom for men of other professions to consider the farmer as an inferior person both in opportunities and achievements. But that idea is numbered with past history. The American farmer can today mingle with men of all professions and feel that he is their equals.

With these combined influences brought to bear on agriculture, our State would soon present a different appearance. If our people could realize the great possibilities there are along agricultural lines and possess the knowledge to utilize these possibilities our State in a single generation would be made to blossom as a garden from the mountains to the sea.

Sketches.

AN AUTO RIDE.

One evening last summer a friend and I, while out for a ride in his auto, passed the home of two pretty young ladies. He asked me if I was game to go back and take them for a ride. Of course I answered in the affirmative. So we turned around and went back. When we left the house I was sitting on the front seat with the prettiest of the pretty girls and she would keep on gently pressing the horn and the merry "honk! honk!" constantly sounded the alarm.

As we got on the outskirts of the city I increased the speed and when we got to a sudden curve in the road the machine actually stood on two wheels. My little maid was so frightened that she did something that she would not have done at any other time. I expect the one in the back did the same to my friend, but he would never say so.

What is an auto without a lady?

W.

A SNIPE HUNT.

When I first arrived at college I trusted everything and everybody. Consequently when I was invited to go snipe hunting one night by some fellows I gladly assented. About eight o'clock we started. After falling down a bluff back of the dormitory and nearly breaking my shins I decided to quit, but was told, that since I had had such hard luck I would be allowed to hold the sack that the snipe was to be driven into. They stationed me in a little thicket and went to beat up the snipe. The first half hour I was very still and cautious, the next it began to dawn on me that something was wrong, and at the third half hour I was cursing myself for a fool and wearily climbing the bluff.

A.

NOISES OF THE NIGHT.

"Once upon a midnight dreary,
As I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a problem tiresome and algebraic,"

there came a sound through the stillness that jarred upon my over-strung nerves as the notes of a piano jar upon a Sunday's stillness. Not only did this noise jar upon my nerves but it also jarred the ceiling and the walls of my den. It was as the rumbling, tumbling, roaring and clashing of an earthquake, thunderstorm and dog-fight; it rose and fell upon the stillness of the night and shook plastering down upon me; it seemed as if the demons of the "upper regions" were at war with each other.

Sleepily I endeavored to work out the cause of the disturbance with a simultaneous quadratic equation, but in vain, for the known factors were indeterminate. Finally summing up sufficient courage and driving away sleep from my tired eyes, I proceeded to investigate the matter; but my heart was in my mouth all the while. At last upon nearing the center of disturbance I found that all this tumult was caused by a friendly (?) tussle among the inmates in the room above me. Truly it was "much ado about nothing." K.

"SHOT."

The heat of summer was approaching, so our family moved to a summer resort, not far from the city. As the last term of school had not ended, my brother and I went to the city in the mornings and returned in the evenings, usually on the seven o'clock train. One evening, while resting easily in the train and talking of lessons and teachers, I said to my brother, "Alvin, did you 'shoot' him," and Alvin answered, "Yes, I 'shot' him dead." When the train stopped at our station, we jumped off, and had walked but a few steps when we were

suddenly grasped by the neck by the half-intoxicated constable. He told us that we were arrested as suspicious characters, and then he took us to the calaboose, where we spent the night. The next morning we were taken before the judge, and in a few minutes we found that the constable had overheard the part of our conversation in which I had said, "Alvin, did you 'shoot' him," and Alvin had answered, "Yes, I 'shot' him dead." This had caused the constable to think we had killed somebody. We explained to the judge that "shot" was a slang expression for a perfect recitation in the schoolroom. The judge then said, "I'll set 'you-all' free, but 'you-all' better 'cut out' using slang."

F.

AN OLD SAYING PROVES TRUE AGAIN.

A few years since a crowd of young people, myself included, decided to camp for a week on the seashore. Part of the boys went down Saturday night to put up tents, and the rest of us, with the girls, went down Sunday. Words cannot express the grandeur of that Sunday morning when I first saw the sea. As far as the eye could reach was nothing but the bluish-green water, and the foam-capped waves, while on either hand stretched miles upon miles of white sandy beach. This scene was more beautiful than ever by moonlight, and on these nights any number of couples could be seen promenading the beach.

But this was too good to last. The wind changed, bringing rain every day. This of course kept everybody indoors, and it seemed as though we wouldn't have much fun. But some of the boys had real soft places in their hearts for the ladies, and being shut up in the house with them for several days with nothing to do but talk, and allow their hearts to soften more and more, we were not much surprised when on the night before we left one of the couples decided that they would try life in double harness. And after they had announced the fact, we heard the boy say as they walked away, "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good."

T.

GUILFORD'S BELLS.

(With apologies to Edgar Allen Poe.)

Hear the loud, deep-throated bells,

Rising bells!

What a day monotonous their monody foretells!

How they clamor, clamor, clamor,

In the darkness of the morn!

While the restless iron hammer

Doth no happy dream enamor

Of yesterday's social born;

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the tintinabulation that so very early wells

From the bells, bells, bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells—

From the jangling and the clanging of the bells.

Hear the mellow "social" bells—

Welcome bells!

What a time of happiness their harmony foretells!

Through the balmy ear of night

How they ring out their delight!

For with their molten notes,

Are all in tune.

Now from out their study cells,

Comes a rush of well-groomed "swells!"

Now each tells

His mind dwells

On such maiden. With their "Nells,"

Oh, the rapture that impels

At the swinging and the ringing

Of the bells, bells, bells,

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells—

At the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the slow, alarum bells—

Lecture bells!

What a tale of failure their turbulency tells!

For the study hours of night,

Writing notes his love to plight,

He has spent. He cannot speak

When Professor trim and sleek

Calls on him.

In his desperate (?) endeavor to get something on the text,

In a mad expostulation he hears the verdict "next."

And at this he is not vex'd, vex'd, vex'd,

And without the least pretext,

Shows no resolute endeavor,

Now, now to sit and ever

In the seat of him who knows,

Oh, the lecture bells!

What a tale their terror tells,

Of defeat!

Tho' they clang and clash and roar

Yet no horror they outpour

Unto him who's pondered o'er Latin,

Greek, Playfair

For to him who knows he knows

All the twanging

And the clanging

Mark not danger's ebbs and flows.

In the jangling,

And the wrangling,

His ambition swells and swells

In the swelling or the softening of the tones of the bells,

Of the bells,

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells,

In the clamor and the clanging of the bells.

The Guilford Collegian.

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Henry Clay, Philagorean and Websterian Literary Societies

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A. E. LINDLEY, '08, CHIEF, *Clay*.

ESSIE E. WHITE, '08, *Phi*.

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Editorials.

With this number of the COLLEGIAN the newly-elected staff enters upon its work for the ensuing year, and we greatly appreciate the confidence the students have manifested in us by electing us to such responsible duties. We feel our inefficiency to do this work as it should be done. And yet, realizing that a college is judged in a large degree by its magazine, we are resolved to do our very best to make the GUILFORD COLLEGIAN worthy of the body it represents.

In order to do this we must have co-operation. Not only do we ask the support of the faculty and the alumni, but of

the whole student body as well. One of the primary objects of a college magazine is to develop literary talent in the students, therefore, you should support it. Only by the combined forces of the faculty, the alumni, the staff and the students can the high standard that has been set for the COLLEGIAN be reached. Help to make it a success by supporting it, both in finance and in literary productions.

One thing which attracts the attention of foreigners is that the national holidays in our country are so few. Upon recounting them we find only six, and of these Washington's birthday is the only one to be found among the number which would make our youth revere the memory of our honored dead; while in England and other countries days are set apart for doing homage to many of their great men. Among the six holidays of the United States Decoration Day has been the last to gain national recognition. For many years the South observed the 20th of May as its Decoration Day, while the North has always held to May 30th. That May 30th is now observed both North and South shows that the people of our great country are becoming more united instead of fostering the old spirit of animosity. Shiloh, Malvern Hill and Gettysburg are names made sacred forever by deeds done there, and by the dead who there lie side by side in a common grave. Here the blue cloth and the gray have alike faded into dust and there is now naught to tell them apart. How fitting that a spring day, fresh after rain, and fair with blossoms should help to keep their memory pure and sweet.

A great deed is an oasis in the vista of life and as we strew the graves of these brave dead with flowers, we should ever be mindful of their sacrifice for the country so dear to them. Probably the South has not been so loyal to the wearers of blue as it might have been, and the North has felt an equal reticence in honoring the gray, yet we can but believe that all

are now ready to honor the hero who remained true to his principle whether it proved a lost or a victorious cause. Also that on the 30th of May, 1907, all will recall the noble deeds of our brave countrymen, whether clad in blue or gray, and will say with Longfellow:

"The silent tents of green
We deck with fragrant flowers;
Yours has the suffering been,
The memory shall be ours."

On the evening of April 25th the members of the new COLLEGIAN staff were initiated into the mysteries of their new duties under very auspicious circumstances. We refer to the reception given by the retiring staff to the incoming one.

We believe that this is a side of our social life that should be encouraged, and we are glad to note that it has received more attention in the past school year than heretofore. It seems to us that such occasions as this are a great deal more enjoyable and beneficial, to those participating in them, than the ordinary social, in which all the couples sit tete-tete for an hour or two and talk about—, but of course we do not know, what they can find to talk so confidentially about. Now we do not mean to say that this sort of social should be entirely done away with, but we do believe that receptions such as those given by members of the faculty to the different classes, and those similar to the above-mentioned reception, in which we may have some pleasant and instructive speeches and in which each one of the guests is not only seeking to enjoy himself but is also looking after the welfare of the other guests, should be encouraged.

Locals and Personals.

ANNA D. GORDON, '08.

D. WORTH ANDERSON, '10.

Don't eat, sleep, or rest, for tomorrow you may flunk.

The Senior class spent a very enjoyable evening, May 2, with Professor and Mrs. Newlin.

Dr. W. W. Comfort, of Haverford College, delivered a very interesting lecture before the student body on the afternoon of April 26. His subject was, "The Value of Studying Live Languages."

Professor (in Physical Geography)—"What does Botany treat of?"

G. G. M.—"It is a study of animals."

The missionary forces of Cuba have recently been strengthened by the arrival of a new daughter at the home of Joseph and Una Bulla Purdie.

✓ Edgar T. Snipes, '03, has recently closed a most successful year of teaching in Corinth Academy, Conley, Va. Professor Newlin delivered the commencement address April 24.

Miss Cassler, Y. W. C. A. Secretary for Carolinas, spent some time at the college a few days ago. Mr. Daniel, who holds a similar position in the Y. M. C. A., has also visited us in behalf of the Asheville Conference.

Professor White—"This example works out in *regular order*."

✓ ^{arriving} M. Hardin, '04, completes his course in law in the University of South Carolina this year.

President Hobbs, Professor White and Dudley Carroll attended the Southern Educational Conference at Pinehurst, April 15-17.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Coffin, from Boise, Idaho, visited the college recently. Mr. Coffin is a grandson of Elijah Coffin, who gave the land on which the college was built.

Professor Davis and F. S. Blair attended the Peace Conference in Wilmington, N. C., May 4.

Benbow Whittington, a student at Guilford last year, is a member of the University of North Carolina quartette.

On the evening of Friday, April 12, the Juniors were very delightfully entertained by Mrs. Hobbs in honor of the class president, Henry A. Doak.

Leland Becton, a member of last year's Sophomore class, now a student in the Engineering course at A. & M., visited dear friends (?) at the college April 26-28.

A—"I wonder whom Tate Hill is sending flowers to at Founders."

G—"Do not worry, she's a 'White' girl."

President Hobbs and Professors White, Newlin, Hodgin and Wilson attended a Haverford College banquet given at the home of Mr. W. A. Blair in Winston for the Haverford Alumni of Virginia and Carolina, on the evening of April 26th. At this time it was decided that a similar meeting shall be held annually.

It has been whispered that Mr. Bristow and Mr. Coble are going into the poultry business. Look out, neighbors!

Arthur Lyon, '91, is the inventor and patentee of a saw for cutting chair legs, a mechanism which is destined to revolutionize the chair business. The capacity of this new machine is six hundred chairs per hour. Mr. Lyon married Miss Berta Tomlinson some years ago, and has for some time been in the chair business in High Point.

The members of the Botany class wish to extend thanks to Professor Binford for the rest given from his delightful tramps during his absence with the ball team.

Eugene Coltrane preached in the Friends' church of Greensboro Sunday, May 5.

Dr. Geo. H. Detwiler, pastor of West Market Street Methodist Church of Greensboro, delivered an address before the Y. M. C. A. May 9, on the "Call to the Ministry."

The musical entertainment given April 20 by the German musicians, Herr Robert Roy and Herr Conrad Lahser, of Greensboro, was one of the most enjoyable occasions of the season. The music was of an excellent quality. The violin and flute were important features, and Miss Papworth had perfect control of the piano.

Bonner (writing poetry for Freshman class):

You ask me to write a poem,

I know not how to begin,

Nothing's original with me,

Except original sin.

Christian Associations.

Y. M. C. A.

Those men who are especially interested in the work of the Association, as the end of the school year draws near, look forward with great interest to the Southern Student Conference. This Conference means more to the real genuine college life than almost any other movement, and the work of the Association depends to a great extent upon having a good strong delegation attend this Conference each year. For the past few years we have sent delegations to this Conference, which has meant a great deal to the development of a strong religious sentiment. This year we have planned to send four or five men in whom we place great confidence, and trust that they will bring back to the Association next year that spirit which pervades the entire Conference.

The great problem that confronts an Association in sending a strong delegation, and one which must be met, in every great movement, is that of raising money. This year we are working upon a new scheme and to our minds the only business-like way of raising the amount necessary to send these men.

At a recent mass-meeting of the Association what is known as the Permanent Conference Fund was launched. The subscriptions at this meeting were not very large, yet it gave an impetus to the work. We feel encouraged and fully believe that this is a work begun which will bring untold good to the Association and to the life about the college.

At the recent North Carolina Student Conference it was decided to establish the Permanent Conference Fund at Wake Forest, A. & M., Trinity, Davidson, the University and Guilford. Since that time other institutions have been working toward the same end. In fact wherever this fund has been thoroughly explained plans have been made to establish it.

To those who do not perhaps fully understand what this fund is, we will give the following explanation:

The fund is an amount ranging from \$50.00 to \$500.00,

which is loaned by the Association to students in amounts of from \$10.00 to \$15.00 for the purpose of helping them to attend the Summer Conferences.

After being out of college one year the delegate returns the amount loaned him. If he is unable to refund the amount when due he agrees to pay interest at six per cent. until he is able to pay the amount. If for instance, the fund is \$300.00, and ten Sophomores, '09, borrow \$10.00 each this year; next year ten Sophomores, '10, each borrow \$10.00, and likewise the third Sophomore class, of '11, the year following, when the fourth Sophomore class of 1912 enters the Sophomore class of '09 will have been out of college one year and will thus have refunded the amount advanced to them in 1907. Or suppose only \$100.00 is secured this spring. This is loaned to the present Sophomore class, '09; next year a similar amount can be secured, and the third year a similar amount. The fourth year will witness the return of the amount loaned to the class of 1909, and the Permanent Conference Fund will then have been established.

What are some of the advantages of this fund? First it makes the Association work permanent by causing Association leaders to attend the Summer Conference every summer. Every three or four years the best Associations have a slump in their delegations. The result is that the splendid possibilities for the Association the following year are unrealized. Often it requires several years for an Association to overcome this handicap.

The second great advantage is that if there is a Permanent Fund the money now raised each year for sending men to the Conference may be spent for missions, for social services in the college, and for strong speakers or lectures. The best Associations today are placing an increasing emphasis on these things.

Another advantage of this fund is that it will cause the strongest leaders to attend the Conference. Occasionally a delegate is selected on account of his popularity without much thought of his leadership. When a student borrows money he

is in earnest and will undoubtedly serve his college the following year.

The following rules shall govern this Permanent Conference Fund:

1. No one shall receive any money from this fund who has not been elected or appointed as a delegate by the Association.

2. The personal note of each person using this fund shall be taken, payable within one year after he leaves college. If the amount cannot then be paid it shall draw interest at six per cent. per annum until paid.

3. The treasurer shall keep a separate account for this fund, notifying the men when their notes fall due and collecting all money when due.

4. The faculty member of the committee handling this fund shall be chairman of this committee. At the first Association meeting, in May each year he shall make a report of the fund to the Association.

With this explanation we feel sure that students, faculty, alumni and other friends of the college will give more readily than they otherwise would, knowing that they are giving to a cause that will bring great results and establish a fund that will remain in our midst.

Y. W. C. A.

Our Young Women's Christian Association has had this year seventy members, few of who are associate. There have been supported two mission classes enrolling forty members and two Bible study classes of thirty-five. We believe the Association has vitally touched the lives of more girls in this way than by any other means, and we hope each year to place more and more emphasis upon a knowledge of the mission fields and upon systematic Bible study among students. Both the committees on these two phases of the work have been very earnest and efficient in their service.

Miss Anna D. Casler, Setretary for the Carolinas, has paid two visits to the college this year. At her last visit in April, besides meeting with the cabinet to discuss the local Associa-

tion work, she met separately each committee assisting the chairmen with the renewal of policies for the coming year, and making many helpful suggestions about the general work of the Association. At a meeting of all the girls Miss Casler spoke on the progress of the Association, not only within the Carolinas, but as a world-wide movement. Her impressive words were an impetus to all who heard her. She seems most especially devoted to the work in which she is engaged. Her thorough acquaintance with the problems with which all Associations meet breeds confidence in her ability wherever she goes.

The Southern Student Conference for Young Women will meet in Kenilworth Inn, Biltmore, from June 7th to 17th. We are planning to be represented by five delegates, and we believe that with this number returning full of inspiration from the conference next fall, the Association interest will be greatly promoted. We hope soon to establish a conference fund so that we may always be sure to have among our girls the delightful influence of these conferences.

The new cabinet has entered upon its work very enthusiastically. The committees are better organized, and the work better planned to increase our budget than it has ever been before. It is purposed to conduct a business meeting on the first Saturday morning in each month in order that our members may acquire a more thorough acquaintance of the financial conditions and of the general movements of the Association.

RECEPTION.

One of the most notable events of the year in Guilford's social life, was the banquet given by the COLLEGIAN staff of 1906-'07 to the staff of 1907-'08, on the evening of April 25. Invitations had been issued requesting the new staff to be present at 8 o'clock, and with pleasant anticipations, the merry company assembled in the parlor at "Founders" in due time.

The hearty greetings that each member of the new staff received from those of the retiring staff, proved that all anticipations were soon to be realized. After all were made to feel welcome, the happy party was ushered to West Hall, where supper was served in the most elegant style. Prof. Hodgins acting as toastmaster, then called on Mr. E. J. Coltrane, who responded very eloquently.: The theme of Mr. Coltrane's speech was "The Ideal College Magazine," and in a very simple manner he brought out some of the things that go to make up such a magazine.

Miss Shamburger then followed Mr. Coltrane with a speech on "The Crosses of the Local Editor." Several other speeches then followed which were encouraging to those just entering into the responsibilities that are necessarily associated with a college magazine.

Next and last on the program was a speech by Mr. A. E. Lindley in which he presented thanks in behalf of the new staff.

A "happy good-night" was then passed around and the light-hearted few passed to their rooms with impressions long to be remembered.

B.

THE PHI RECEPTION TO THE WEBS.

What will a Phi reception be

Half century from today?

Each year 'tis better than the last,

What 'twill be then—we cannot say.

But this we know and very well
Though time flits by so fast,
The Web will n'er the Phi forget
Nor the reception lately past.

The 19th of April is past. The Phi reception to the Webs is over. The greatest happiness of the year has been enjoyed. And now the only satisfaction to the Web is the hope that they may enjoy such supreme happiness again.

After the long line of Webs had marched into the Phi Hall, the Phi President, Miss Jinett, called the meeting to order and the evening exercises began. First was a debate, "Resolved that the honor system should be employed in our schools and colleges." The affirmative was presented by Miss Gordon in a very interesting and attractive manner. Following came Miss Raiford, who upheld the negative side of the question. It is needless to say that the argument was logically arranged and presented in a convincing manner. When the judges rendered their decision it was seen that the affirmative had won.

The next number on the programme was a quartette rendered by Misses Pauline White, Lucy White, Fannie Sue Griffith and Annie Mendenhall. This was greatly enjoyed by all and showed the talent of the four young ladies. After a short recitation by Miss Carson and a few words of appreciation by the visiting Webs, including Professor Hodgin, the meeting adjourned.

From the Phi Hall the Webs were ushered into West Hall, which was decorated with the Phi white and yellow, blended with the Web silver and blue. Mid this scene of true loveliness there flitted hither and thither, like so many butterflies in a garden, beautiful fairy-like creatures, clad in all colors, making a spectacle dazzling to the eye and that would have been a pleasing sight to the gods.

After delicious refreshments had been served and a beauti-

ful souvenir picture of the Phi Hall had been presented to each visitor the occasion to which the Webs had so long looked forward to was at an end. With lingering goodbyes the Webs departed from a scene of true loveliness and a real fairyland.

C. C. F.

HENRY CLAY ORATORICAL CONTEST.

On the evening of April 27th the Henry Clay Society held its annual oratorical contest. This was the twenty-first contest, and closes one of the most successful years of the Society. W. R. Pritchett was the presiding officer and performed his duty with great dignity.

The program began with an instrumental duet by Misses Pauline White and Pearl Bain, which was well rendered. This was followed by the first oration of the evening, "Our Commercial Awakening," delivered by Fred S. Hill. Mr. Hill showed very conclusively that the United States is awakening thoroughly to this great need of our country. Joseph E. Thore next spoke, whose subject was "The Twentieth Century Slave." He pictured the great horrors caused by child labor in our factories and the degrading influences brought about by it. Mr. Henry A. Doak, the third speaker, chose for his subject, "The Need of Immigration in the South," and delivered it in an able manner. He showed the need of immigrants in the South, to develop our resources. The thought of his oration was good.

The audience was then favored with a chorus by the "Boys' Glee Club." Richard J. M. Hobbs followed speaking upon the subject "The Question of War." Mr. Hobbs presented this subject in a very able and forcible manner. The last speaker of the evening was O. W. Jones, who chose as his subject "The Reclaiming of our Desert Lands." The need of irrigation in our desert lands was impressively described by the speaker. The program closed with a chorus by the Girls' Glee Club. In thought the orations were of a splendid type and the con-

test was a success. There was considerable doubt as to who was the successful orator. After a long deliberation the judges, Mr. Chas. Van Noppen, Capt. F. P. Hobgood and W. G. Lindsay, decided that the prize should be awarded to Richard J. M. Hobbs. Mr. Chas. Van Noppen delivered the medal.

Mr. Chas. D. Benbow, Jr., acted as chief marshal, assisted by Messrs. John Wharton, Henry Davis, Chas. C. Smithdeal and Lucas Cambo.

Exchanges.

R. J. M. HOBBS.

The first magazine that we happen upon this time is *The Wake Forest Student*. This magazine contains perhaps the greatest number of pages of any that comes to our table. It not only contains a great deal of material, but it is literature of a high class. Among the poems we like the one on the first page best. This issue is well supplied with fiction which is mostly good, although some of the stories are nothing new, for instance, "How We Won," ends in a very common manner, by saying that in the last half of the eleventh inning, with two men out and two strikes and three balls on the batter he knocks a home run and wins the game and the praise and congratulation of his girl.

The Clemson College Chronicle comes to us this month with some fairly good fiction, but it is lacking in poetry, a great factor in a good magazine. We like very much the article entitled "The Uses of Adversity in Character Building." It is well written and contains good and helpful thought.

The April issue of *The Randolph-Macon Monthly* is one of the best magazines that comes to us this month. It contains a great deal of excellent poetry and on the whole is a magazine that many of our colleges should strive to equal.

In *The Red and White* we only find one story. Although there is no real good obtained from stories, still they add much to the magazine. "To California in an Airship" is a well-written article, containing some good thought, but we find little in it that the average student who reads does not know. "The Boozier" portrays clearly and pathetically the misery that accompanies a drunkard's life. It is an excellent poem.

The article in *Ouachita Ripples* on "Self Government for College Students" is a good one and is both forcibly and clearly expressed, but there are some points on which we don't

agree with the author, for instance when he says, "Under faculty rule the average student has nothing to be honorable for." Also when he says that the student has no standard of right, honor, or anything else. This is, indeed, a grievous state of affairs if it exists so widely as stated. On the contrary we think that the students are few who come to our colleges not knowing the right thing to do. We say this not in defense of faculty rule but to correct what seems to be a mistake.

We gratefully acknowledge our usual exchanges this month.

Clippings.

Sing a song of sixpence, a stomach full of rye,
Four-and-twenty keyholes dance before his eye,
When the door is opened, his wife begins to chin,
"Isn't this a pretty hour to let a fellow in?"—*Ex.*

A LOVE LYRIC.

"May I print a kiss on your lips"—he asked,
And she smiled a sweet permission,
They went to press and I rather guess
They printed a large edition.—*Ex.*

A curling iron, a curling curl;
A powder box, a pretty girl;
A little rain, and away it goes—
A homely girl with a freckled nose.—*Ex.*

"Professor," said the weeping graduate, "I am indebted to you for all that I know."

"Pray, don't mention such a trifle," was the reply.—*Ex.*

TO THE FLIRT.

The breezes love the butterflies;
The butterflies the rose;
And I love you, and you love—
Not one amongst us knows!—*Ex.*

Why is it that you are always behind in your studies?
Because if I were not behind with them I could not pursue them.—*Ex.*

"I fear you are forgetting me,"
She said in tones polite,
"Indeed I am for getting you,
That's why I'm here tonight."—*Ex.*

On a summer afternoon, in de flow'ry mont' of June,
I was walkin' wid my Katie dear.

Says I, "You is de sweetest coon dat eber libed 'neat' de moon,
An' ob me, my darlin', hab no fear;
You is my darlin', you is my honey;
I lubs you mo' dan I lub money;
You is my turtle-dove, you is my coon,
And if you says so, we'll git married soon."
Den Kate lugs up at me wide de sweetest smile I eber see;
Says she, "I's no 'jection to be married soon."
Den I takes her to my heart; to her feet she sho' did start:
"Who tol' you to be kissin' me, you ugly nigger coon?"
Den I lugs 'round wid wonder like if I'd been struck by tunder,
Says I, "Why, Katie, darlin', you said we'd be married soon."
"I said I'd be married soon, in de flow'ry mont' ob June,
But not to you, you imp—to annudder coon."—*Ex.*

The politician is my shepherd. I shall not want for anything during this campaign. He leadeth me into the saloon for my vote's sake. He filleth my pocket with good cigars; my cup of beer runneth over. He inquireth concerning my family, even unto the fourth generation. Yea, though I walk through the mud and the rain to vote for him, and shout myself hoarse when he is elected, straightway he forgetteth me. Although I meet him at his own house he knoweth me not. Surely the wool has been pulled over my eyes all the days of my life and I shall dwell in the house of a chump forever.—*Exchange.*

Directory.

Guilford College.

L. L. HOBBS, PRESIDENT.
GEO. W. WHITE, TREASURER.

Literary Societies.

PHILAGOREAN.

Lucy White, President
Blanche Bichnell, Secretary

HENRY CLAY.

Ovid W. Jones, President
A. E. Lindley, Secretary
Henry Davis, Marshal

WEBSTERIAN.

John Anderson, President
R. E. Dalton, Secretary
C. C. Frazier, Marshal

Young Men's Christian Association.

A. E. Lindley, President
G. W. Bradshaw, Secretary

Young Women's Christian Association.

Elsie White, President
Georgia Holt, Secretary

Joseph Moore Science Club.

Prof. E. V. Floyd, President
John Anderson, Secretary

Athletic Association.

H. A. Doak, President	G. C. Haynes, Secretary
D. D. Carroll, Base Ball Manager	Louis L. Hobbs, Base Ball Capt.
R. E. Dalton, Tennis Manager	E. J. Coltrane, Track Manager
R. S. Doak, Basket Ball Manager	

Classes.

SENIOR CLASS.

E. J. Coltrane, President
Alma Edwards, Secretary

JUNIOR CLASS.

H. A. Doak, President
Elsie White, Secretary

SOPHOMORE

Henry Davis, President
Agnes King, Secretary

FRESHMAN.

B. T. Hurley, President
Annie Mendenhall, Secretary

The Guilford Collegian.

L. XIX.

JUNE, 1907.

NO. 9.

THE EDUCATED IMMIGRANT.

BY N. RUSH HODGIN.

(Oration winning first place in the Websterian Contest.)

The surrender of Yorktown has long been history. The brave men who fought and shed their blood for this country's freedom have passed away but they have left for us that priceless heritage of liberty and a country of which we all are justly proud. It is, therefore, our duty, to our forefathers and to the coming generation, to protect this land from the thousands of degrading immigrants which land upon its shores each year.

We are not prejudiced against the people of any country, remembering as we do that our ancestors were immigrants who, when oppressed, and denied the right of freedom of speech and of service to their God in accordance with their faith, sought the shores of a land of freedom where a liberty-loving people had begun the building of a new nation. Millions of honest Christian men and women have had their hearts gladdened by the sight of America, and have realized that they would at last stand on free soil, and enjoy the advantages of a free government, as well as the society of a free people.

We should not underestimate the value to our country of the aliens who in former years came to our land and endured the hardships and privations of an early settler on the plains or rugged hills and mountains that lie to the North and West. It is an undisputed fact that without this immigration from other countries the United States could never have been the

nation she is today. By the aid of our foreigners we have built towns and cities, and opened up highways of commerce; in peace and in war they stood for the country's prosperity and its flag. The hardy sons and daughters of England, Germany and Northern Europe, who have sought our shores to enjoy the advantages which they offered, have in this way thus aided in the growth and expansion of this one great nation.

Today, however, we have a far different problem. Thirty years ago only nine-tenths of one per cent of the entire number of immigrants to this country came from Southern and Eastern Europe. At that time the few who did come represented the best element and came for the purpose of becoming permanent citizens; but this situation has changed, and the change has brought us face to face with a danger we cannot afford longer to ignore. Only last year over a million immigrants landed in the United States; 75 per cent of which represented a class who are not fit for the standard of citizenship which has obtained in this country, and which must be maintained if we are to safeguard and perpetuate our free institutions. They are not only unfitted for the high duties and responsibilities of citizenship, but the majority of them are so ignorant as to cause us to abandon all hope of their becoming good and desirable citizens in the future.

There came to us last year 230,000 illiterate immigrants. These ignorant Syrians, Poles, and Hungarians that are pouring in upon us year after year cannot be compared with the ignorant American. From the beginning of their lives up to the time they come to these shores their associations have been those of ignorance. Coming to us as they do brought up in ignorance, without any conception of the principles of liberty or of freedom, without the knowledge of the principles of self-government, and in many instances with their hearts filled with hatred towards all law and government, they gain nothing which goes toward making good and useful citizenship. They gain nothing after they arrive by association and contact with our people; because they settle mostly in large cities where they are so crowded as to require whole families to occupy one or two rooms, in equally crowded tenements, where

thousands are huddled together in narrow streets and alleys which teem with poorly clad children and sickly men and women.

Under our present laws thousands gain admission, and within a very short while become public charges and inmates of charitable institutions. It is believed that the time has come when the people should determine what classes of aliens shall be admitted, and that the United States should no longer be the "dumping ground" for criminals, and for the poverty stricken of Europe.

New York has a million and a half of foreigners, constituting more than 37 per cent. of her entire population. Last year she had over 14,000 persons of foreign birth in public institutions, and the State is paying annually \$10,000,000 for the support of alien born insane. The two leading hospitals in New York City have been obliged to suspend part of their activities on account of the burden of the foreign patients. During last year there were admitted to seven of the largest hospitals of that city over 27,000 patients; of whom 60 per cent. were of foreign birth and 75 per cent. of these had to be treated free. We have seen for many years this low grade of immigrants pouring into our great cities, and how to distribute these people is a question which confronts us at the present time.

In the farming regions of our country, and in the South especially, there is a great demand for labor and a need for immigrants. Of the aliens who come to our shores today, very few care for an agricultural career, and those who are willing to go to the country the States do not want. Although the South is in great need of labor, our doors are not open to the class of illiterate immigrants that are settling in the slums of our large cities. What we want is a class who are healthy, intelligent, self-supporting, and who come to our country to adopt our habits and customs and make it their home. To accomplish this we must put further restriction on our laws and debar from our shores this class which is rapidly lowering our standard of citizenship, and who are forcing their children

to enter the factory and mine in ignorance of the blessing of a common school education.

The immigrants that labor in our coal fields and mines have done much towards developing the resources of this country; but they have also greatly aided in our labor disputes and have caused many of our Western States to be noted for their strikes and riots.

The aliens employed in our mines know nothing of our principles of government, and coming to us as they do from countries where they have been oppressed, they consider our laws and institutions as they do their own. When stirred to madness by the leaders of a strike, they care nothing for what they do and therefore many acts of violence have been committed.

If there is ever to be anything better in this country than the almighty dollar, and the almighty greed for it, then the sooner we remove the ignorant foreigner from the controversy between capital and labor the better. All through her history the United States has stood for the highest and the best development of mankind; and if we are to maintain this record, the time has come for a change in our methods of admitting the ignorant and the vicious to our shores.

By adding an educational test to our present system, we would greatly relieve the situation. If no immigrant could land upon our shores unless he was able to read and write his own language, about 70 per cent of those from Southern and Eastern Europe would disappear from our list and we would no longer have our public institutions crowded with foreigners; because ignorance is the mother of anarchy, poverty and crime.

By an educational test we would be admitting a class which every State would be glad to welcome. Throughout this old country we will see a class of people transformed from one ignorant and uncivilized to a class we are glad to accept as American citizens.

Those who come to this country with a fixed purpose of making it their home, for the purpose of adopting our customs and habits, of learning our language and becoming a part of this

nation, for the purpose of making themselves true and loyal citizens, ready to defend its flag and able to comprehend the genius of its free institutions:—these are the men who are to help make America great.

From the valley of the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains we will see the land yielding bushels upon bushels of grain. We will see our government land taken up and turned into well cultivated farms. The slums of our large cities will no longer teem with poorly clad and sickly children. The vast stores of wealth which have been embosomed in our mountains for centuries will be riven from their resting place. We will see the mighty force of our rivers transformed into power for a vast network of electric car lines furnishing easy communication and rapid transportation. In the South we will see the country develop as never before. Not only will millions of spindles be running daily, but we will again become the great agricultural South, and cotton will continue to be king.

On our western shores as well as on the Atlantic seaboard will spring up mighty cities, sending from their sheltered harbors numberless lines of steamships carrying the trade of the world.

From East to West, from lakes to gulf, and on the islands of the sea, will dwell and work a happy and prosperous people developing in themselves and in us a higher type of citizenship, ready not only to say but always intensely to feel

“My country ’tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty of thee I sing.”

COMMENCEMENT.

No commencement in the past history of Guilford College has passed off so smoothly as the one just passed. From beginning to finish the weather was ideal, and on Wednesday, commencement day proper, the auditorium was packed with an eager and attentive audience. On account of the coming of Speaker Cannon a massive crowd assembled that they might hear this great leader of the people, who for the first time since his childhood had come back to the "Old North State."

Commencement opened on the evening of 25th with the musical recital under the direction of Miss Papworth. The auditorium was filled and the music was of a high order.

On Sunday morning at 11 a. m. the annual baccalaureate sermon was preached by Rev. Robert E. Pretlow, pastor of Friends church in Brooklyn, N. Y. His subject was "The Debt of Service." The sermon was full of excellent thought and contained good advice for those young men and young women, who are just entering upon the duties of life. He showed very conclusively the more important duties resting upon the college-trained man or woman and that they owed a great debt to those who had not had the advantage of a college education. At 8 o'clock W. A. Lambeth gave an impressive address before the Christian Associations of the College, on the subject of reclaiming the waste lands. With his persuasive eloquence and calm appearance he poured forth the gospel truth, and showed the great field open to both young men and young women for consecrated service. This address was a great inspiration to both Associations.

On Monday evening at 8 o'clock a large and attentive audience was gathered in Memorial Hall to listen to the five young men chosen by the Websterian Literary Society to represent them in their twenty-first annual oratorical contest. Each young orator acquitted himself with due honor and upheld the standard of his society. To our minds this was one of the best contests ever held at Guilford College. We believe the training that young men and young women get in the Literary Societies at Guilford College is an important feature of their

college life, and that the student who does not avail himself of this opportunity has not gained all that is in store for him.

Monday and Tuesday were not taken up with heavy duties of college life, but were given over to those of enjoyment, unknown to non-college students and even to some who have been within the college walls for four long years. To one casting his eyes over the college campus there might be seen sitting here and there about the campus little companies of two, who had forgotten the duties that had culminated with examinations and were talking of past, present and future times. This all came to an end too soon to those engaged in it.

At 8 o'clock Tuesday evening Jos. H. Peele, of the Class '91, gave the annual address before the Alumni Association. This was a splendid address. After the address the annual alumni banquet was held in the College dining hall. Speaker Cannon was the honored guest and delivered a short address before the Alumni.

Wednesday, commencement day proper, was filled with various exercises. At 10 o'clock the auditorium was filled, and never in the history of the College has such a crowd assembled to witness the final close of the year's work.

Many distinguished visitors were present, among whom were Prof. J. Y. Joyner, State Superintendent of Public Instruction; State Senator Aycock, State Senator J. Allen Holt, ex-Congressman E. S. Blackburn, Congressman Page, Judge Shaw, Solicitor Brooks, J. Elwood Cox, Col. W. A. Blair, and many others.

The following is a program of the day: Chorus, "Praise Ye the Father;" orations by members of the graduating class—Cyrus Clifford Frazier spoke upon the subject of Centralization; The Interparliamentary Union and Its Work was the subject chosen by Carina Linnie Shamburger; Eugene Jarvis Coltrane spoke last upon the subject, "The National Spirit of the South."

President Hobbs, after a few chosen remarks, conferred the degree of Bachelor of Science upon two members of the class, and the degree of Bachelor of Arts upon the remaining twelve members. This was followed by a chorus, "A Spring Song."

The baccalaureate address was given by Dr. Francis P. Venable, president of the University of North Carolina. He was then followed by Hon. Joseph G. Cannon.

BACCALAUREATE ADDRESS.

After the close of the exercises of the graduating class, President Hobbs introduced Dr. Venable, who spoke upon the subject, "The College-bred Man." It was a most scholarly address. He began by congratulating President Hobbs for the seventy years of work done by Guilford College for education. In part he said:

"I plead for no sectionalism when I plead for the South. The one governing passion of my life is to see the South again take the place in the nation to which it is entitled. There is danger of the flood of gold that is being poured into the South, and it may give us wrong ideals. We must have trained leaders to meet this emergency. 'Ye learn the truth, and the truth shall make ye free,' said the Master. To be strong men and women we need the truth. Who are to train men in this truth, but the teachers in such halls as these? To hear the truth is the purpose of man. It is pitiful not to know the truth; it is a shame to know truth and not to hear it. Is the truth worth bearing witness to? What is the truth? There are those who would have men believe there is no truth. But there is truth and those who seek aright find it. The college is the place for one to seek the truth. For four years the boy lives a life that is free from the effects of wrong ideals of wealth and fame. In college the young man studies the lives of other men, who have made glorious the past and from this receive high ideals.

"I do not pretend to say all college ideals are high—this is not true. Neither do all who go to college come under the influence of these ideals. The college man often does not grasp the opportunities that are in his reach. There may be those who, like Pilate, will say, 'What is truth?' and then fold their hands and add, 'All things will come out right.' We have been educated that we might give to others—that we might bear the truth. The masses must be educated. If they

are not our government must face greater problems than we have yet solved. The neglect of this has given the people generally and even many right-thinking men wrong impressions of our country. Our only hope lies in the teaching of the Great Master and the sooner we realize it and teach them the better. The appeal is to the college young man. Let him help those around him. The supreme object of education is to put the most possible in life, not to get the most possible out of it.

"The fundamental principal of education is right. The gospel of sound learning must be preached. He who teaches the truth brings the only light and liberty that there is.

"The race problem is one of our greatest. I seek to avoid it, because I think it almost too great for human minds. There has never been such a condition in any country, where two races, with different ideals and purposes reside. We need in this time college men and women to bear the truth. If the teaching of the Master—the truth of which I have spoken—be applied to the case the result will be satisfactory."

SPEAKER CANNON'S ADDRESS.

President Hobbs introduced Mr. Cannon with a few well-chosen words. Mr. Cannon said I can best express myself by indorsing what the graduating class, President Hobbs and Dr. Venable have said. Today I stand near the place of the setting sun, and yet stand with my face toward the rising sun. He spoke of the great advancement that is being made by the United States, and especially in the South, and said that the "Old North State" was doing her part well. People once went away but now are coming back. There have been great problems before the minds of the American people and there will continue to be problems, but we must prepare ourselves to meet them. The solving of great problems makes strong men and strong men make a strong nation.

Mr. Cannon showed the great advancement of wealth in the South since the civil war and gave due honor to those men who worked for the upbuilding of the "Old South."

Mr. Cannon's address was enjoyed by all who heard him and

every North Carolinian must feel proud of the man who wields so much power in our legislative halls.

In the afternoon the corner-stone of the new dormitory (New Garden Hall) for girls was laid. Mrs. Hobbs had charge of the exercises. The dedicatory oration was made by W. A. Blair, of Winston-Salem, N. C. These exercises were closed with the singing of "Carolina." This closed one of the most successful years at Guilford College.

THE GRADUATING CLASS.

BY X. Y. Z.

The class which has just graduated has many marks of distinction. It was the largest class in the history of the institution and also the one of most varied interests and temperaments. The frequent clashes of opinion among its members and the imperturbable disposition of each one for his or her own way have led many to pass unjust criticisms on the class as a whole. But after all every one must recognize that there has never gone out a stronger and more devoted class. Despite the different tendencies of its members—which, we might say in passing, is really an indication of strength—there was a manifest interest on the part of all for the general good of the college and a hearty co-operation whenever the general interest demanded it. We believe that there was marked development of a liberal spirit, and that a policy of united action will be carefully pursued in the future. A word might be said of each member of the class.

Taking them up alphabetically we come first to John Anderson. John entered the Freshman class four years ago, having previously completed the course in the Charlotte Graded Schools. While in college he has been active in athletics, having played one year on both base-ball and foot-ball teams. He also played three years on the basket-ball team, of which he was captain for the last season. Anderson has done good work in the class room, although it was never his ambition to

make high grades. He was an active member of the Y. M. C. A., attended two Summer Conferences and served as chairman of the membership committee. His greatest efforts were in behalf of the Websterian Society of which he was twice president. His future can hardly be forecasted, but he is likely to enter the University of North Carolina next year.

Dudley D. Carroll, the recipient of the Haverford College scholarship, spent four and one-half years at Guilford. He has been a brilliant student and a strong Y. M. C. A. man, having attended one summer conference and having served as chairman of two important committees. He was much devoted to athletics and managed the base-ball team during the last two seasons. His labors for the Henry Clay Society have been unceasing, and his efforts in this field will doubtless yield abundant fruit. He was president at least four times and won the orator's medal in the contest of 1905. After his year in Haverford he expects to engage in the teaching profession.

Eugene J. Coltrane has been on the hill six years, beginning in the Preparatory class, and having spent five years in college and one year as principal of the Guilford Graded School. As a student his record speaks for itself. He was a devoted member of the Websterian Society, of which he was twice president, and the winner of the orator's prize in 1903; was editor-in-chief of the COLLEGIAN the past year, and three times editor of the hand-book. His greatest efforts have been for the Y. M. C. A., in the interest of which he has attended three summer conferences and the International Volunteer Convention in 1906 and has twice served as president of the Association. His chosen work is the ministry, but he will serve next year as General Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in the University of Tennessee.

Alma Taylor Edwards, of Columbia, S. C., has been with us only two years, but she has made a most enviable reputation during her short stay in our midst. As a student she has not had a peer, and to her was awarded the Bryn-Mawr scholarship. She has been a most active member of the Y. W. C. A., having attended one summer conference and served as president of the Association during the past year. Miss Edwards

was a member of the Philagorean Society and proved herself to be an able debater. She was a member of the COLLEGIAN staff and contributed frequently to its columns. Next year she will be at Bryn Mawr, after which she will teach for awhile.

C. Clifford Frazier came to Guilford four years ago from the Greensboro Graded Schools. He has been diligent in the pursuit of his studies, and has also taken an active interest in outside affairs. His voice has been in prominence both as an orator and a member of the college quartette. He was famed for his devotion to the Websterian Society, and was the winner in the contest of 1906. In his Junior year he served as business manager of the COLLEGIAN. His chosen profession is law, and he expects to pursue his studies in this branch next year at the University of North Carolina.

A. Wilson Hobbs, better known as "Hick" or "Big" Hobbs, has made a reputation in athletics of which we are all proud. As pitcher on the base-ball team for three years, one year tackle on the foot-ball team, and two years center on the basket-ball team he has done much for the college. He was equally efficient in the class room as one who hears him read Latin and Greek, would judge. During his last two years he was a strong member of the Websterian Society. Next year he will study at Haverford.

His brother, Louis, is of equal fame as an athlete, having caught four years on the ball team. As a jolly good fellow no one surpasses him, and he gives due attention to his studies. He has studied here four years and before coming here had spent some time in the Westtown and Haverford schools. He was a loyal Websterian, and although never a great debater, he was always willing to do anything for the welfare of the society. Next year will find him at either Haverford or Chapel Hill.

Annie Lois Henley spent five years at the college, having entered the preparatory class in the beginning. Her work as a student was of a high order, and her labors in the general interest of the college community were equally efficient. She served for three years on the COLLEGIAN staff, and was actively

engaged in the Y. W. C. A., having attended one summer conference, and having served one year as president of the Association. The Philagorean Society reaped the benefits of her efforts. In her first year she won the improvement prize and later the orator's medal. Teaching is her chosen work.

Ida Hutchens was with us only little more than a year. During her short stay she proved her abilities in the regular course, and if we may be allowed to judge from her work in the class room we must conclude that her abilities are strong in other directions. Teaching is her chosen work.

Lillian Lenora Jinnett spent four years in the College course, and proved her excellence both as a student and also as a factor in the making of college life. She was secretary of the Y. W. C. A. for one year and served faithfully in other positions of the Association. Her contributions to the COLLEGIAN, while appearing under a pseudonym, were highly appreciated. She as an active member of the Philagorean Society and represented it with credit in different contests. She will probably choose teaching as her future work.

Waller S. Nicholson has been at Guilford longer than any other member of the class. As a student he has shown ability to comprehend a subject with little difficulty, and in this respect has surpassed almost every member of the class. His interest in the Y. M. C. A. has been unflagging, and he has attended two summer conferences and served as business manager of the hand-book one year. He was a loyal Websterian, and worked hard for the success of his society. He expects to enter Y. M. C. A. work as a boy's director, and will probably be located in St. Louis.

Wiley R. Pritchett entered Guilford six years ago as a Preparatory student, and since that time he has been diligent in the pursuit of his work. He was out one year, one half of which was spent at Davidson. As a foot-ball man he made good, and was captain of the last team the college put out. His work in the Y. M. C. A. and for the College magazine, although very inconspicuous, has been of a salutary and abiding nature. He has given freely of his energies to the Henry Clay Society, and has served as its president no less than three

times. He won the orator's medal in 1904. The ministry will be his future work. In preparation for this, he expects to teach one year, and then take a course in the seminary.

David M. Petty enjoys the distinction of having done four years' work in three year. He has handled the sciences with amazing ease, and bids fair to become an electrician of the first rank. He will leave shortly for Lehigh University to pursue his studies in this direction. He has shown an unbounded interest in the practical affairs of the college, having been an excellent agent, a concise schemer, and an untiring prosecutor of his plans. He served as treasurer of the Y. M. C. A. one year. His general oversight of the Websterian Society has been responsible for its successful work during the past year. As an athlete he has shown ability and we may expect to hear from him at Lehigh.

The last, but by no means the smallest, member of the class is Corina Linnie Shamburger. She spent four years at the College and did her work in an excellent manner, although many obstacles were thrown in her way on account of sickness in her home. She was connected with the editorial work of the COLLEGIAN one year and contributed frequently to its columns. The Y. W. C. A. received a great deal of her attention, and to her was due the improved social condition of both Association. She attended the summer conference of 1906. As a Philagorean her work was effective both in the hall and on the stage, as she won the orator's medal in 1905 and was a commencement speaker. Next year she will act as governess of a school-room.

Much more might have been said about each member of the class, but if any one feels a lack of justice, that one may apply to the writer for a more careful and imparital account in a later issue of the COLLEGIAN.

The Guilford Collegian.

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Henry Clay, Philagorean and Websterian Literary Societies

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NO. 9

Editorials.

VACATION.

Vacation! What does this word mean to each of us? To some, we dare say, it means work, to others play. But in whatever we engage during the summer months there should always be in our minds and hearts the desire to help someone else. To most of us these nine months spent in college have meant much. We have acquired more knowledge by careful study and research. But this is only a small part of a college education. Our views and ideas have been widened and we have learned how to live among all kinds of people. Our sympathies

have been enlarged and now we can appreciate people more for what they are. It is this idea of "passing on" the good we have received which should be ever before us as we begin and spend our summer vacation. We do not want to awake in the fall to learn too late that these months have passed without our having accomplished anything. So we should begin at once to try and brighten some one else's life. Only thus can our vacation mean what it should to ourselves and others.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

The one great feature of College life presenting itself to the person just entering College, is his or her duty to the course of study, which they are to pursue. We would not place this in the background, yet there are other duties that the College young man or young woman must take hold of if they make the best of their opportunities.

We will only take up one phase of this work and that is the value of the training derived from a Literary Society. The person who goes out as a College graduate, having finished only the work laid down by the College authorities is not in a true sense a College graduate.

Everyone needs to be able to express himself and nowhere can he learn to do this so well as in a Literary Society. Often men are called upon in public meetings to express their views and they are utterly at loss what to say, because they have not had training along this line.

Young men and young women go out from the College walls as leaders of the people, having received that training which the majority of people do not have, thus it is imperative that they go out as trained men and women.

Not only do they receive the faculty for expressing themselves, but they receive the training for organization and for carrying on business. In every community there is need of just such men and women. Thus it behooves us as College students to improve our opportunities and by so doing help those about us.

BASE-BALL COACH AND PHYSICAL DIRECTOR.

In a mass meeting of the boys, about a week before commencement, a movement was inaugurated toward getting a physical director. The need of such a man is certainly most apparent and imperative, and we see no reason why we should not have one for next year. A base-ball coach we must have—one that will stay in the College and have the training of the team entirely in his charge.

We say that we must have and are going to get a base-ball coach for next year, but we are not going to be contented with the accomplishment of this purpose. We are working to get a man who will direct the physical exercise of the students, and by that means develop the talent which any of them may have for certain forms of athletics.

In the past year we only put out a basket-ball team and a base-ball team, and devoted a little attention to tennis. All the other sports we either neglected or entirely ignored. Both the basket-ball and the base-ball teams showed a lack of systematic training, and although the base-ball team made a pretty fair record it was very evident that all we needed to have won the undisputed championship of the State and even of the South was the development of two or three new players out of the good material that we had, and the training of the old players so as to get some good team work out of them. It is a well-known fact that base-ball does and perhaps ought to occupy first place in College athletics in all the Southern Colleges, but track athletics, gym. work, basket-ball, tennis and the other college sports should receive due attention in their season, and in order that they may get the attention that is due them we must have a trainer who will look after and encourage all the phases of College athletics.

This movement has the hearty support of the students and faculty and if the members of the Alumni Association and trustees will only do their part as nobly as the students have done theirs the success of the movement will be assured. We are sure that if the authorities once see the good that a physical directors can accomplish we will not be without one in the future.

Locals and Personals.

ANNIE GORDON, '08.

D. WORTH ANDERSON, '10.

Commencement!!

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered.

✓ David
D. M. Petty leaves for Lehigh University June 13, where he will take an extended course in electricity.

The Y. W. C. A. has chosen Misses Kittie John, Annie Gordon, Elsie White and Agnes King as delegates to the annual conference to be held at Kenilworth Inn, Asheville, N. C., June 7-17.

Messrs. E. S. King, Leroy Miller and A. E. Lindley will go to the Y. M. C. A. Conference held June 14-24 at Asheville Farm School.

The improvement medal of the Philagorean Literary Society was awarded to Miss Flora White. That of the Henry Clay to Henry A. Doak.

Mrs. Florina Worth John, '89, attended the funeral of her little nephew, Willard Worth, May 25.

Professor S. H. Hodgin delivered the commencement address at the Oxford Graded School, Oxford, N. C.

✓ Use we
E. J. Coltrane has accepted a position as Y. M. C. A. Secretary in the University of Tennessee.

S.—What was that woodpecker doing in the library?
Prof. Binford—Eating book-worms.

J. Waldo Woody, '01, has returned home from the Union Theological Seminary at Richmond, Va. He will finish the course there next year.

Miss Edith F. Sharpless left the 30th for Charlottesville, Va., where she will visit for a short time.

Miss Osborne will attend the reunion of her class at Earlham College June 11. From thence she will go to her home at Fairmont, Indiana.

✓ Terry D. Sharpe, '05, graduated at the University of North Carolina this year.

O. V. Woosley, '05, was chosen to deliver the Alumni address for 1908. J. Oscar Redding, '98, was elected president of the Alumni Association, and Miss Emma King, '01, was re-elected secretary.

Professors Binford and Floyd will spend the summer at the College. Professor Binford will be occupied in pursuing some special studies and Professor Floyd will be engaged in tutoring some of the students who are wishing to make up back work.

Miss Julia White returned from Asheville May 29 where she had been attending a meeting of the National Librarians' Association. She left immediately after commencement for Haverford, Pa., where she will attend the commencement exercises of Haverford College. "Miss Julia" will also attend the summer school at Bryn Mawr.

Professor. R. N. Wilson will spend the summer in Gainesville, Florida, where he will aid State chemist, Augustine W. Blair, in making some chemical analyses.

Professor and Mrs. Newlin are taking an extended tour of the North and West. Professor Newlin will deliver four addresses to the summer school of New York Yearly Meeting and after that he and Mrs. Newlin will travel westward to Whittier College, California, where he will deliver the baccalaureate address June 12. Professor Newlin will also attend the California and Oregon Yearly Meetings during his stay in that country.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwards (nee Mollie Roberts) lost their year-old daughter, Louise Osborne, on May 10th. The readers of the COLLEGIAN will feel much sympathy for "Mollie" in the emptiness of her home.

We were glad to see the members of the Alumni who were present at commencement, among whom were: John T. Benbow, S. Addison Hodgins, Marion Chilton, Chas. F. Tomlinson, Sidney H. Tomlinson, Henry A. White and wife, Hiram B. Worth, Isabella Woodley, Annie F. Petty, David White and wife, F. Walter Grabs, Vernon L. Brown, Ottis E. Mendenhall and bride, Oscar P. Moffitt, Walter E. Blair, Newton F. Farlow, Kearney E. Hendricks, W. C. Hammond, Harold C. Taylor, J. Carson Hill, Thos. B. Hinton, Irvin T. Blanchard, A. Homer Ragan, M. Alice Cartland, Edgar T. Snipes, E. P. Dixon, Wm. P. Henley, Joseph D. Cox, Fred B. Hendricks and L. Gertrude Wilson.

THE WEBSTERIAN CONTEST.

The annual oratorical contest of the Websterian Literary Society was held on Monday evening of commencement week. The weather was ideal, and very conducive of the large and appreciative audience which filled Memorial Hall to hear the five orations that had been prepared for the occasion.

President John Anderson welcomed the audience and at a few minutes after the appointed hour the exercises began with a quintette by Messrs. Binford, Wilson, Anderson, Frazeir and Hurley. The five orations were delivered in the following order:

- I. A Struggle for Liberty—Hugh D. White.
- II. The Significance of China's Awakening—W. Ernest Younts.
- III. Civic Righteousness—William T. Boyce.
- IV. The United States as a World Power—George W. Bradshaw.
- V. The Educated Immigrant—N. Rush Hodgins.

Between the third and fourth orations Miss Pauline White rendered a very beautiful solo.

When the contest was over the judges, Hon. E. J. Justice, Speaker of the House of Representatives, Mr. W. E. Blair, of the class of '98, and Rev. F. W. Grabs, '94, retired to render their decision. While they were deciding who the successful contestant should be, Mr. E. T. Snipes, '03, delivered the improvement medal to Mr. W. P. Holt. When the judges returned Mr. Justice delivered the orator's prize, a beautiful gold medal, to Mr. Hodgkin, and in doing so, he stated that the judges had had great difficulty in reaching a decision. Indeed they were nearly half an hour in coming to a conclusion, which even then was not unanimous.

Considering the contest on the whole, it was the best given by the Society in a number of years. The orations were strong and well delivered, and the medal could have been awarded to any one of the five contestants without much objection by the audience.

The officers of the contest were: President, John Anderson; secretary, R. E. Dalton; marshals, C. C. Frazier, chief, A. W. Hobbs, James Anderson, D. M. Petty and B. T. Hurley.

After the exercises were over all the old and new members of the Websterian Society who were present met in the hall and effected a permanent organization of the old members. This movement was a step greatly in advance of anything which has been done by the Society and will doubtless be of lasting good to the entire organization.

THE CLAY-PHI RECEPTION.

The excitement began when the president of the Phi's asked the secretary to read the invitation which was on the table. When we found that it was an invitation to visit the Clays every girl was ready to accept it and our joy was made known by a vigorous applause.

The evening of our anticipation came and a slow rain came with it, but the hopes of the Phi's were not dampened and when

the marshal of the Clays came to escort us to their hall we did not once think of the weather, but of the good time which was before us. As we entered their hall we noticed two new oil paintings, one of John Marshall and the other of Joseph Hughes. The colors of the two societies made beautiful decorations. The debate, "Resolved, That the class of immigrants admitted into the United States will prove a desirable addition to our citizenship," was very ably discussed on the affirmative by Alva Lindley, and on the negative by Henry Doak. The speakers showed much knowledge of the subject and the good work which the society is doing. The eulogy on Dr. C. D. McIver by Wiley Pritchett also spoke well for the society and gained credit for the speaker. After the literary exercises the social part became an important feature. When each Clay had found his Phi they were all given cards on which was a hidden author contest. The successful girl received a beautiful leather-bound volume of the Courtship of Miles Standish.

Then came the refreshments which were by no means last in quality or quantity. Never did any refreshments taste better than when we ate them in the Clay hall in communion with the Clays.

But there must be an end to all things. The Phi's could not always visit the Clays, and before any one was ready the bell at Founders announced the time of parting. With sorrow we heard it for we knew that we must come down to everyday life again. Although May 10 is past in experience it is not past in the memory of the Phi's and we most truthfully say,

Is the time when the Phi's can visit the Clays," '09.

Is the time when the Phis can visit the Clays," '09.

Athletics.

The season af base-ball closed on May 8 was not all that we once anticipated it would be, but on the whole we can say that it was very satisfactory. Guilford lays no claim to the State championship, but we do claim the third place in the standing of the State teams, as the *Charlotte Observer* of recent date explained, and had it not been for the illness of two members of the team we believe our standing would be much higher. Out of a total of thirteen college games played eight were won which gives us an average of 615 per cent. We consider this a credit to our institution. A record of all games not previously reported appears below:

GUILFORD-V. P. I., APRIL 10.

This game was played on the home ground and was so unilateral as not to be particularly interesting.

Score by innings:

R. H. E.

Guilford ..	0 1 0 2 4 0 1 3 1—12 11 6
V. P. I.	0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0—1 4 12

Batteries: Guilford, Price, R. Hobbs and L. Hobbs; V. P. I., Worthington and Fontaine.

GUILFORD-DAVIDSON, APRIL 13.

The first game was played with our greatest rival in Greensboro. The weather was very inclement, and Hobbs could not pitch his usual game on this account. Davidson made a run in each of the first three innings and Guilford tied the score by three runs in the third. After this time up to the ninth neither side scored. In the last trial, however, the Presbyterians pushed three men over the plate and the game was won. Lanford knocked a home run in the third inning.

Score by innings:

R. H. E.

Guilford ..	0 0 3 0 0 0 0 0 0—3 4 3
Davidson ..	1 1 1 0 0 0 0 0 3—6 10 3

Batteries: Guilford, Hobbs and Hobbs; Davidson, Lanford and Sherrill.

GUILFORD-A. & M. APRIL 16.

The only game with the Farmers was played in Greensboro, and was perhaps the hardest game of the season. Not until the fifteenth inning was the decisive point reached. Price was on the rubber for us and pitched an excellent game. The team played well behind him, but failed to hit at the right time. A number of times during the game a single would have scored two runs. For our opponents we can say that they have the strongest State team we have played.

Score by innings:

R. H. E.

Guilford	0 0 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0—2	5	2
A. & M.	0 0 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 3—5	11	5

Batteries: Guilford, Price and Hobbs; A. & M., Sexton and Thompson.

GUILFORD-CATAWBA, APRIL 18.

Catawba came down to meet us on our own ground confident of giving us a close game, but their hopes were soon blasted and had it not been for an error they would never have pushed a runner beyond second base. Hobbs pitched the entire game, and for the first time showed to be gaining his former speed and control. The Catawba team was weak at the bat, and on the diamond, but the outfield was strong.

Score by innings:

R. H. E.

Guilford	0 0 0 3 0 2 1 0 1—7	10	5
Catawba	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0—1	3	9

Batteries: Guilford, Hobbs and Hobbs; Catawba, Yount and Brown.

GUILFORD-WAKE FOREST, APRIL 26-27.

The first game was played on the home ground and the second in Greensboro. Our team had improved considerably and showed to be much superior to our Baptist friends. Hobbs pitched the first game and Price the second, and both were so effective that only six hits were made off their delivery. Just here it occurs to us to say that we value very highly our friendly relations with Wake Forest, and we trust that we

may always have the pleasure of dealing with such gentlemanly fellows.

Score by innings (first game):

R. H. E.

Guilford	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	0	—7	10	5
Wake Forest	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	—1	4	3

Batteries: Guilford, Hobbs and Hobbs; Wake Forest, Gay and Hamrick.

Score by innings (second game):

R. H. E.

Guilford	..	3	0	4	0	0	0	0	2	0	—9	10	0
Wake Forest	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0	2	7

GUILFORD-DAVIDSON, APRIL 29.

The second game with Davidson was played in Charlotte before more than a thousand spectators, and our boys evened up for the defeat of only two weeks before in Greensboro. Hobbs was in fine form and held the opposing batters to only one hit and struck out ten men. Lanford was hardly so effective but kept the hits well scattered. Both teams played gilt-edged ball, and the game was never decided until the last man was out.

Score by innings:

R. H. E.

Guilford	..	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—1	4	2
Davidson	..	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0	1	1

Batteries: Hobbs and Hobbs; Davidson, Lanford and Sherrill.

GUILFORD-CAROLINA, MAY 1.

In the second game Guilford defeated the State University in a twelve inning contest on their own grounds. The people of Chapel Hill said that it was the finest game of the season, and our boys were willing to take their opinion, because Price allowed only two hits, one of which was a home run by Story, and the team behind him made only two errors. Thompson was not so successful and allowed eight hits which were well scattered. Our athletic relations with Carolina this year have been most pleasant and we hope they may continue to be so.

Score by innings:															R. H. E.		
Guilford	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—2	8	2	
Carolina	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—1	2	1	

Batteries: Guilford, Price and Hobbs; Carolina, Thompson and Rogers.

GUILFORD-DAVIDSON, MAY 8.

The deciding game with the Presbyterians was played in Charlotte, and much to our sorrow the news came back that our boys had lost by a score of 3 to 1. Hobbs pitched the first two innings and allowed one hit which coupled with two errors netted our opponents one run. On account of a sore arm Price relieved Hobbs and during the remainder of the game pitched the finest ball seen in Charlotte for years, as stated in the *Observer*. Not a single hit was made off his delivery in seven innings and twelve men fanned the air in their efforts to find his speedy curves. Things went against us, however, and by a series of four errors two more runs were given to Davidson. In the ninth Guilford batted out one run, but it was too late to win the game.

Score by innings:															R. H. E.		
Guilford	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—1	4	6		
Davidson	0	1	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—3	1	2		

Batteries: Guilford, Hobbs, Price and Hobbs; Davidson, Lanford and Sherrill.

E.

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